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*The Australian*

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**SEVEN SUMMER PATTERNS — See pages 40-41**



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

JANUARY 9, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 32

## THAT YOUNGER GENERATION!

IT is customary to compare the younger generation unfavorably with the one that went before it, usually the generation of the critic.

Children of today, critics say, are ill-mannered, precocious, queer, or generally unlike they were in that fabulous era quoted as "my day."

All sorts of specious arguments are advanced to prove these theories. Statistics are produced, dress styles are noted, and manners are compared with those of twenty years earlier.

Whenever some unfortunate child is involved in crime or violence, elders settle back in their armchairs and say, "I told you so, the younger generation is going to the dogs."

Statistics, a relatively modern science, are no barometer for measuring children.

Two hundred years ago nobody compiled statistics of the window-breaking rate per 10,000 of children under 10.

As always, there are crazes today — bodgies, rock-'n'-roll fans, and motor-bike czars. And some of the followers are vicious, criminal, and violent.

But there have always been such children. (Remember the "flaming youth" of the 'twenties?)

Children do not change basically. In every generation there are potential delinquents.

Some of these are saved by wise parents and teachers.

And the wisest of these are those whose memories of their own youth have not been falsified by the passing of time.

## Our cover:

● Geraldine Branson, aged 19, is our cover girl. She was chosen by Sydney artists as model of the year in 1955, and was one of the top ten chosen by photographers in 1956. The picture was taken by Clive Thompson. He tried it first with bubbles blown by an ordinary bubble pipe, but they flew too high and burst before he could get the shot. So he enlisted the aid of a bubble machine.

## This week:

● In the illustration for "Dead Man's Folly" on pages 4 and 5 you'll notice that the yacht is flying an unusual flag. Our artist, John Mills, himself a yachtsman, has gone to particular trouble to use the correct flag. It is the United States yacht ensign, flown by all American yachtsmen.

● We have moved the crossword to the page inside the back cover, below Teena, where it will be placed every week.

## Next week:

● You'll find the section on remodelled homes in next week's paper of special interest. There are five pages, three of them in color, and the homes include one which was formerly old stables, and another, a modern penthouse, made over from what were originally storage rooms. There's a kitchen shown in color, too, illustrating how an old and inconvenient kitchen can be turned into one that's modern and attractive.

● The seafood dishes in next week's color cookery page are specially good. There are some excellent fish recipes, one for fried Tasmanian scallops, another for buttered prawns, and there's a recipe for fried rice, which is very suitable as an addition to a hot fish dish.

● As well as the usual three complete stories next week we have an extra-long one, "The Love Letter," by Phyllis Gordon Demarest, popular English writer. You'll enjoy, too, the story "Holiday End" by Margot Neville, who forsakes her usual theme of murder, and writes a love story set in Paris.

## BOOK REVIEWS, by AINSLIE BAKER

### King Og's iron bedstead wasn't a bed at all

- A book that seeks to authenticate the Bible in the light of modern archaeological discovery provides some fascinating reading.

IN "The Bible as History," Werner Keller quotes a wealth of scientific evidence to show the historical basis of biblical events and rebuilds the world through which its great figures moved.

The findings of geologists, botanists, astronomers, biologists, and nuclear physicists are co-related as evidence of the historical accuracy of the Flood, the fall of Sodom, the Star of Bethlehem, and the miracle of the manna and the quails (Exodus, chapter 16).

The author, one of Germany's leading scientific journalists, manages to be scholarly without being in the least dull.

His easy handling and presentation of the mass of material gathered from five years' study of the leading

biblical discoveries of the past 150 years is an achievement.

But the author's real triumph is in the excitement and sense of discovery he transmits to the reader on subjects so diverse as submerged forests in the Dead Sea, the Burning Bush, and King Og's iron bedstead.

The Burning Bush (Exodus, 3:2) was possibly gas-plant or Fraxinella, which is covered with tiny oil glands that burst into flame if approached by a naked light. Another theory places it as the crimson mistletoe twigs growing on acacia trees.

King Og's bedstead (Deuteronomy, 3:11) was in reality a burial place.

Despite the essentially serious nature of this work, no thoughtful reader can fail to become absorbed in the piling up of documentation that brings to life Solomon's king-

dom, Babylon, and the Roman colony known to Jesus of Nazareth.

This remarkably interesting book is finely illustrated with photographs and reconstructional drawings.

Published by Hodder and Stoughton. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

JOHNNY GOES NORTH, by Desmond Cory (Shakespeare Head). The redoubtable Johnny Fedora, working for British Intelligence, again breaks all the rules and gets away with it. A fast and thoroughly satisfactory thriller.

BLACK COCKATOOS MEAN SNOW, by Elyne Mitchell (Hodder and Stoughton). Pleasant though undistinguished reading of the light romantic type, with a sheep-farming valley of the Australian Alps beloved of the author as background.



## Boys will be Boys

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# Human Interest

By ADRIEN HILLIER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

It was difficult in the busy Saturday morning street to keep one person in sight for long, but that was just what Kathy was doing, to the detriment of many indignant people around her.

Surely, she thought, no two men could have quite the same set of shoulders, or their hair curling in exactly the same way on the backs of their necks. It seemed incredible that two people could walk in just the same nonchalant, carefree manner. And even if it were possible, she argued with herself, after twelve years wouldn't it be better to just let him slip out of her sight again?

Much better, she resolved, just as he dropped a couple of parcels right in the path of the impatient crowd. That settled it—he'd always been a great dropper of things at the wrong time.

His head was bent as he tried to retrieve the packages, and she reached him quickly, all her resolutions silenced by the heat of her heart. She knelt beside him.

"Don't look now," she said, "but guess who."

His eyes, she thought, as he straightened up, were just as blue, his brows just as thick and dark.

"I always knew you'd end up with eyebrows like a Scotch terrier," she said breathlessly.

"Kathy!" he said, and looked around wildly. "We're holding up the traffic—quickly, into that doorway."

In the doorway, they stood close together, away from the crowd.

"Have you been following me?" he asked. "How did you know it was me?"

"You still swagger," she told him, and smiled a little tremulously as his free hand came down over her own.

"Look," he said, "I've been overseas for five years—only got back last week. I've got a nice steady job and I've just found a nice cosy flat. Life is blessedly uncomplicated—or it was until a few minutes ago."

"Until you started dropping things?" she asked guilelessly.

"Let's see," he said eagerly, "you're thirty-one. You must be married by now. You've probably got hundreds of children. In that case I don't mind your pursuing me."

She held up her hands, the fingers innocent of jewellery. "How many wives have you divorced?" she queried him.

"Five," he said. "I'm the incompatible type, but, of course, you know that."

A man beside them indicated abruptly that he was about to close the iron grille across the doorway.

"We'll have to move on," she said. "I've got a train to catch, too. I won't pursue you, Lex. I just had to see if it was really you."

She heard him sigh as they walked out into the crowd.

"It's Saturday," he said. "It's sunny, and I suppose it's no use fighting fate. If you'll go home and change that dress I'll stop by and we'll drive out into the country and get the reunion off our chests."

She looked down at the neat grey frock.

"What's wrong with the dress—it's my office frock."

"It's deceptively demure," he said. "A fraud, in fact. Besides, I'm an extrovert—I like color—"

"Light and shade," she interrupted, chuckling. "I've heard you say that before."

"Two o'clock," he told her. "I have to take these parcels back to the flat."

It was still sunny when he opened the car door for her.

"I saw the curtains move," he told her. "Were you spying on me?"

"Not really, but I had the feeling that if I didn't watch for you you wouldn't come."

"I know," he said, suddenly serious. "Once I watched at windows, too."

"Not any more?" she teased.

"Thirty-five," he said, "is the age of reason."

The grass beneath them was soft and green when he spread

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"Look, Kathy," Lex said, interrupting his shaving, "I told you I'm difficult in the mornings."







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# DEAD MAN'S FOLLY

Third instalment of our mystery serial

By **AGATHA CHRISTIE**

THE murder hunt organised by mystery writer ARIADNE OLIVER as a novelty for the fete at Nasse House, Devon home of SIR GEORGE STUBBS and his wife, HATTIE, turns into grim reality when MARLENE TUCKER, 14-year-old Girl Guide who was playing the role of "murder victim," is found strangled. This confirms an intuitive fear which had impelled Mrs. Oliver to invite detective HERCULE POIROT to the fete, ostensibly to present the prizes for the hunt.

Others who took part in the fete include widowed AMY FOLLAT, whose husband's people originally owned Nasse House; MRS. MASTERTON, the local member's wife; CAPTAIN WARBURTON, his agent; AMANDA BREWIS, Sir George's secretary; ALEC LEGGE and his wife, PEGGY, who was telling fortunes; and architect MICHAEL WEYMAN.

INSPECTOR BLAND, working on the case with SERGEANT COT-TRELL and CONSTABLE HOSKINS, finds inconsistencies in some of these people's statements.

He also finds that Hattie Stubbs has not been seen for some time, and orders a search to be made for her. And though Hattie that morning told Poirot she was upset by unexpected news that her yachtsman cousin, ETIENNE DE SOUSA, was coming on a visit from the West Indies, De Sousa tells the Inspector that she knew weeks previously of his intended visit. The Inspector asks to see Mrs. Follat. NOW READ ON:

MRS. FOLLAT was at that moment being talked to by Hercule Poirot in the big drawing-room. He had found her there leaning back in a chair in a corner of the room. She had started nervously when he came in. Then, sinking back, she had murmured, "Oh, it's you, M. Poirot."

"I apologise, Madame. I disturbed you."

"No, no — you don't disturb me. I'm just resting, that's all. I'm not as young as I was. The shock — it was too much for me."

"I comprehend," said Poirot. "Indeed, I comprehend."

Mrs. Follat, a handkerchief clutched in her small hand, was staring up at the ceiling. She said in a voice half stifled with emotion, "I can hardly bear to think of it. That poor girl. That poor, poor girl . . ."

"I know," said Poirot, "I know." "So young," said Mrs. Follat, "just at the beginning of life." She said again, "I can hardly bear to think of it."

Poirot looked at her curiously. She seemed, he thought, to have aged by about ten years since the time early in the afternoon when he had seen her, the gracious hostess, welcoming her guests. Now her face seemed drawn and haggard, with the lines in it clearly marked.

"You said to me only yesterday, Madame, it is a very wicked world."

"Did I say that?" Mrs. Follat seemed startled. "It's true . . . Oh, yes, I'm only just beginning to know how true it is." She added in a low voice, "But I never thought anything like this would happen."

Again he looked at her curiously. "What did you think would happen, then? Something?"

"No, no. I didn't mean that." Poirot persisted. "But you did expect something to happen — something out of the usual."

"You misunderstood me, M. Poirot. I only mean that it's the last thing you would expect to happen in the middle of a fete like this."

"Lady Stubbs this morning also spoke of wickedness."

"Hattie did? Oh, don't speak of her to me—don't speak of her. I don't want to think about her." She was silent for a moment or two and then said, "What did she say — about wickedness?"

"She was speaking of her cousin

Etienne De Sousa. She said that he was wicked, that he was a bad man. She said, too, that she was afraid of him."

He watched, but she merely shook her head incredulously.

"Etienne De Sousa—who is he?"

"Of course, you were not at breakfast. I forgot, Mrs. Follat. Lady Stubbs received a letter from this cousin of hers whom she had not seen since she was a girl of fifteen. He told her that he proposed to call upon her today, this afternoon."

"And did he come?"

"Yes. He arrived here about half-past four."

"Surely—d'you mean that rather handsome dark young man who came up the ferry path? I wondered who he was at the time?"

"Yes, Madame, that was Mr. De Sousa."

Mrs. Follat said energetically, "If I were you I should pay no attention to the things Hattie says." She flushed as Poirot looked at her in surprise and went on: "She is like a child—I mean, she uses terms like a child—wicked, good. No half shades. I shouldn't pay any attention to what she tells you about this Etienne De Sousa."

Again Poirot wondered. He said slowly, "You know Lady Stubbs very well, do you not, Mrs. Follat?"

"Probably as well as anyone knows her. Possibly even better than her husband knows her. And if I do?"

"What is she really like, Madame?"

"What a very odd question, M. Poirot."

"You know, do you not, Madame, that Lady Stubbs cannot be found anywhere?"

Again her answer surprised him. She expressed no concern or astonishment. She said, "So she has run away, has she? I see."

"It seems to you quite natural, that?"

"Natural? Oh, I don't know. Hattie is rather unaccountable."

"Do you think she has run away because she has a guilty conscience?"

"What do you mean, M. Poirot?"

"Her cousin was talking about her this afternoon. He mentioned casually that she had always been mentally sub-normal. I think you must know, Madame, that people who are sub-normal mentally are not always accountable for their actions."

"What are you trying to say, M. Poirot?"

"Such people are, as you say, very simple—like children. In a sudden fit of rage they might even kill."

Mrs. Follat turned on him in sudden anger.

"Hattie was never like that! I won't allow you to say such things. She was a gentle, warm-hearted girl, even if she was—a little simple mentally. Hattie would never have killed anyone."

She faced him, breathing hard, still indignant.

Poirot wondered. He wondered very much.

Breaking into this scene, P.C. Hoskins made his appearance. He said in an apologetic manner, "I've been looking for you, Ma'am."

"Good evening, Hoskins," Mrs. Follat was once more her poised self again, the mistress of Nasse House. "Yes, what is it?"

"The Inspector's compliments, and he'd be glad to have a word with you—if you feel up to it, that is," Hoskins hastened to add, noting, as Hercule Poirot had done, the effects of shock.

"Of course I feel up to it," Mrs. Follat rose to her feet. She followed Hoskins out of the room. Poirot, having risen politely, sat down again and stared up at the ceiling with a puzzled frown.

The Inspector rose when Mrs. Follat entered and the constable held the chair for her to sit down.

"I'm sorry to worry you, Mrs. Follat," said Bland. "But I imagine that you know all the people in the neighborhood and I think you may be able to help us."

Mrs. Follat smiled faintly. "I expect," she said, "that I know everyone round here as well as anyone could do. What do you want to know, Inspector?"

"You knew the Tuckers? The family and the girl?"

"Oh, yes, of course, they've always







*"You think I conceal the murderer on board my yacht?"  
De Sousa said, seeming amused rather than upset by the  
arrival of the detectives.*

been tenants on the estate. Mrs. Tucker was the youngest of a large family. Her eldest brother was our head gardener. She married Alfred Tucker, who is a farm laborer—a stupid man but very nice."

She paused, then went on, "Mrs. Tucker is a bit of a shrew. A good housewife, you know, and very clean in the house, but Tucker is never allowed to come anywhere further than the scullery with his muddy boots on. All that sort of thing. She nags the children rather. Most of them have married and gone into jobs now. There was just this poor child, Marlene, left and three younger children. Two boys and a girl still at school."

"Now, knowing the family as you do, Mrs. Folliat, can you think of any reason why Marlene should have been killed today?"

"No, indeed I can't. It's quite, quite unbelievable, if you know what I mean, Inspector. There was no boy-friend or anything of that kind, or I shouldn't think so. Not that I've ever heard of, anyway."

"Now what about the people who've been taking part in this Murder Hunt? Can you tell me anything about them?"

"Well, Mrs. Oliver I'd never met before. She is quite unlike my idea of what a crime novelist would be. She's very upset, poor dear, by what has happened—naturally."

"And what about the other helpers—Captain Warburton, for instance?"

"I don't see any reason why he should murder Marlene Tucker, if that's what you're asking me," said Mrs. Folliat composedly. "I don't like him very much. He's what I call a foxy sort of man, but I suppose one has to be up to all the political tricks and all that kind of thing if one is a political agent. He's certainly energetic and has worked very hard over this fete. I don't think he could have killed the girl, anyway, because he was on the lawn the whole time this afternoon."

The Inspector nodded. "And the Legges. What do you know about the Legges?"

"Well, they seem a very nice young couple. He's inclined to be what I should call—moody. I don't know very much about him. She was a Carstairs before her marriage and I know some relatives of hers very well. They took the Mill cottage for two months and I hope they've enjoyed their holiday here. We've all got very friendly together."

"She's an attractive lady, I understand."

"Oh, yes, very attractive."

"Would you say that at any time Sir George had felt that attraction?"

Mrs. Folliat looked rather astonished.

"Oh, no, I'm sure there was nothing of that kind. Sir George is really absorbed by his business and very fond of his wife. He's not at all a philandering sort of man."

"And there was nothing, you would say, between Lady Stubbs and Mr. Legge?"

Again Mrs. Folliat shook her head. "Oh, no, positively."

The Inspector persisted. "There's been no trouble of any kind between Sir George and his wife that you know of?"

"I'm sure there hasn't," said Mrs. Folliat emphatically, "and I would know if there had been."

"It wouldn't be, then, as a result of any disagreement between husband and wife that Lady Stubbs has gone away?"

"Oh, no," she added lightly. "The silly girl, I understand, didn't want to meet this cousin of hers. Some childish phobia. So she's run away just like a child might do."

"That's your opinion. Nothing more than that?"

"Oh, no. I expect she'll turn up again quite soon. Feeling rather ashamed of herself." She added carelessly, "What's become of this cousin, by the way? Is he still here in the house?"

"I understand he's gone back to his yacht."

"And that's at Helmmouth, is it?"

"Yes, at Helmmouth."

"I see," said Mrs. Folliat. "Well, it's rather unfortunate, Hattie behaving so childishly. However, if he's staying on here for a day or so we can make her see she must behave properly."

It was, the Inspector thought, a question, but although he noticed it he did not answer it.

"You are probably thinking," he said, "that all this is rather beside the point. But you do understand, don't you, Mrs. Folliat, that we have to range over rather a wide field? Miss Brewis, for instance. What do you know about Miss Brewis?"

"Well, she's an excellent secretary. More than a secretary. She practically acts as housekeeper down here. In fact, I don't know what they'd do without her."

"Was she Sir George's secretary before he married?"

"I think so. I'm not quite sure. I've only known her since she came down here with them."

"She doesn't like Lady Stubbs very much, does she?"

"No," said Mrs. Folliat, "I'm afraid she doesn't. I don't think these good secretaries ever do care for wives much, if you know what I mean. Perhaps it's natural."

"Was it you or Lady Stubbs who asked Miss Brewis to take cakes and a fruit drink to the girl in the boathouse?"

Mrs. Folliat looked slightly surprised.

"I remember Miss Brewis collecting some cakes and things and saying she was taking them along to Marlene. I didn't know anyone had particularly asked her to do it or arranged about it. It certainly wasn't me."

"I see. You say you were in the tea tent from four o'clock on. I believe Mrs. Legge was also having tea in the tent at that time."

"Mrs. Legge? No, I don't think so. At least I don't remember seeing her there. In fact, I'm quite sure she wasn't there. We'd had a great influx by the bus from

Torquay, and I remember looking round the tent and thinking that they must all be summer visitors. There was hardly a face there that I knew. I think Mrs. Legge must have come in to tea later."

"Oh, well," said the Inspector, "it doesn't matter." He added smoothly, "Well, I really think that's all. Thank you, Mrs. Folliat, you've been very kind. We can only hope that Lady Stubbs will return shortly."

"I hope so, too," said Mrs. Folliat. "Very thoughtless of the dear child giving us all so much anxiety." She spoke briskly, but the animation in her voice was not very natural. "I'm sure," said Mrs. Folliat, "that she's quite all right. Quite all right."

At that moment the door opened and an attractive young woman with red hair and a freckled face came in and said, "I hear you've been asking for me?"

"This is Mrs. Legge, Inspector," said Mrs. Folliat. "Peggy, dear, I don't know whether you've heard about the terrible thing that has happened?"

"Oh, yes! Ghastly, isn't it?" said Mrs. Legge. She uttered an exhausted sigh and

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# The Green Glove

A short story complete on this page

By **CRAVEN WYLD**

**T**HELMA'S gloved fingers beat an impatient tattoo on the steering wheel of the car as she waited for the traffic lights to change. Now that she had made up her mind to stay with Miffy for a few days, she was eager to leave behind the worry and hurt of the past few days.

Miffy! What a ridiculous name. But then, everything about Miffy was a little ridiculous. Even in her teens she had never really cared how she looked, and had been the despair of her friend Thelma, who was conscious of her appearance at all times.

Thelma hadn't seen Miffy for several years, and even their correspondence had been reduced to an occasional Christmas card.

Thelma glanced at her diamond wrist-watch, one part of her mind registering the fact that she would reach Fenton in time for tea, whilst the other told her that with her social position and money she had outgrown people like Miffy. Yet, strangely enough, when she found out that Howard had been unfaithful to her, none of the friends she now possessed encouraged in her the feeling of wanting to cry on their shoulder.

Instead, she recalled the plump amiability of Miffy, who had listened with great patience to Thelma's recitations of woe in the past, and knew that she wanted the comfort of Miffy's calm personality.

Thelma left the heavy traffic behind her, and buildings gradually gave way to trees and open country. Thelma had not warned Miffy of her coming, she was sure of her welcome. Poor Miffy had never married, and since her parents' death must be very lonely. She would be glad of some company.

Heaven knows why she went on living in that old-fashioned house with hardly any modern conveniences, but she always told Thelma she loved it because the garden was a great pleasure to her and she would never be happy living in the city. She was right on that point. Miffy could never lead the sort of life that pleased Thelma and had once pleased Howard.

And once more that led Thelma

back to her miserable reverie. Howard!

Where had their marriage gone wrong? She had been a good wife, a charming hostess to his friends. Well, perhaps they were more of her friends than his, but, after all, they were the type of friends he needed, influential, and very, very chic.

No, Thelma knew she had not failed him there. Of course, there were no children, but Howard well knew that Thelma was not strong enough, and, really, what with entertaining and redecorating the house from time to time, what chance did they have of raising a family?

Neither could Howard complain of her appearance. At forty Thelma had kept her slim figure, and Howard never saw her face except when it was carefully made up, because she always kept the cold-creams and chin-straps for the privacy of her own bedroom.

It was that little snippet Julie Benson, Thelma was sure of it. Not that Howard had mentioned any names, the old fox was too cunning for that. But why else would a middle-aged man hire a secretary so young and attractive?

"Because she is efficient," Howard had stormed. "And I am blown if I'll get rid of her just because you've got some bee in your bonnet about her sitting on my knee while taking dictation, like—like some dumb blonde in a cheap cartoon."

Of course, Howard hadn't always spoken to her like that. Thelma recalled when he had been completely smitten by her fragile beauty. How Miffy had envied her in those days, helping her to dress when Howard came calling, and standing back in admiration as Thelma pivoted in all her finery before the mirror. Oh, yes! she had been the envy of all the girls in her set, because Howard was so very handsome, and so very, very rich.

Even poor little Miffy had had a crush on him. Thelma managed a chuckle, remembering Miffy's plain face blushing when Howard kissed her cheek as he and Thelma prepared to leave the wedding reception for their honeymoon.

"You have been a wonderful friend to Thelma," Howard had told Miffy. "Whenever you come to the city I want you to stay with us, and feel that our home is yours." Then he had kissed her. Miffy was the only bridesmaid Howard had been permitted to kiss, for even then Thelma could not bear that Howard should even admire another woman, let alone embrace her.

But Miffy had stayed with them only once. Neither Miffy nor Thelma enjoyed her visit. Miffy was too tongue-tied for Thelma's smart new friends, and Thelma was impatient and ashamed of Miffy's gauche manners.

They had said their goodbyes with a certain relief that neither of them had quite managed to hide from the other. It was an experiment that they hadn't repeated and Thelma was glad that Miffy was tactful enough not to expect any more invitations.

Thelma gave the car a fresh burst of speed. Strange how she couldn't wait to see Miffy. There was no doubt about it, when you had troubles old friends were best. Howard had thought himself so smart, but he was startled out of his smugness when Thelma had confronted him with the green suede glove she had found in his overnight case. Business trips, indeed!

Then he had brazenly admitted that he was in love with another woman, had been for some time. He would not tell her name, but Thelma knew it was Julie Benson, and had derived a spiteful satisfaction in knowing that Julie had a much larger hand than she would have supposed.

Once again she tried to see Howard's point of view, to understand

*Thelma could hardly believe her eyes when she found the green suede glove in her husband's travelling bag.*

how he could turn from her to someone like Julie. Of course, she was pretty, but she hardly seemed to have a brain in her head. Certainly she never had a word to say for herself on the occasions when Thelma saw her in Howard's office.

Miffy was cutting flowers in her front garden when Thelma arrived. She wore an old tweed skirt and faded blue sweater and when she heard the car she glanced over her shoulder, an amazed expression on her face. Thelma was equally surprised. In her thoughts Miffy had grown plainer with the years, but with her flawless complexion and soft brown eyes she was a very attractive woman.

"Darling! I just had to come." Thelma had only to think over the last dreadful scene with Howard to make the tears spill from her blue eyes. Miffy looked flustered, then, dropping the flowers and scissors, put a comforting arm about Thelma's shoulders, and drew her into the house.

Nothing had changed, Thelma noticed, glancing about the faded sitting-room. Still, like the owner, the house was a warm friendly haven. Thelma's troubles burst from her lips as soon as she sat down. She told Miffy everything, about finding the glove, and of Howard's blatant admission that he loved another woman. The expressions which flitted across Miffy's face varied

from blank amazement to calm acceptance.

"I am going to make a cup of tea," she said calmly. "There is nothing more soothing for the nerves than a nice hot cup of tea. After, we can discuss this whole thing sensibly, and decide what is best to do."

Thelma removed her hat after Miffy had gone and ran her fingers through her fair hair. Already she felt better. It was just like the old days. She had shifted the load from her own shoulders on to Miffy's, and she didn't have to worry any more, because in some magical way Miffy would fix it.

Thelma decided to help Miffy with the tea, and made her way to the kitchen. Miffy was not there, but Thelma could hear her talking to someone on the telephone. Well, Thelma would surprise her friend and make the tea herself. She filled the kettle and carried it over to the fuel stove.

The top of the stove was off, and Thelma wrinkled her nose at the burning smell which came from it. It looked as though one of Miffy's pot-holders had fallen in the fire. Thelma rescued it with the poker.

Even before Thelma became conscious that Miffy was beside her she knew that the charred object on the end of the poker was the remains of a green suede glove.

(Copyright)





"I daresay this is Soho."

# ALL SHE WANTED

**S**ALLY ANN KIRBY sat on the top deck of a double-decker red bus and looked at London. The part of the view that interested her most was the bowler hat in front of her.

Sally Ann had always been certain she would burst out laughing the first time she saw a bowler hat being worn. They looked so comical in photographs, like bobbing black apples with the owners' ears so pink and prominent underneath. Yet here was a young man wearing a bowler hat and not looking funny at all. The hat seemed to belong there. It actually was a hat. She accepted it without astonishment and went on to examine the profile beneath it, which itself was studiously examining the personal column of the morning newspaper.

The profile was fine and fair and beaked in rather an attractive way that reminded Sally Ann of The Scarlet Pimpernel. For the space of several stops she wondered what daredevil missions the young man in the bowler hat might have accomplished in another, more romantic century; and for the space of several more she wondered what he actually had done in this present century—why, in fact, he went to work at eleven o'clock in the morning and what he did when he got there.

Sally Ann was not normally interested in strange young men, but she had been in London for more than a fortnight, and her overwhelming popularity in Hogan Falls, Nebraska, had ceased to console her. Besides, there were no strange young men in Hogan Falls. Everyone knew Marshall Kirby's flourishing drugstore; everyone knew his pretty daughter; and Sally Ann had been used to a stag line all her own from the moment

she shook the golden curls of her first permanent at her first school prom.

Aunt Dorrie, who had been planning every detail of this trip ever since her favorite niece left college and who now sat beside her in the bus, didn't seem to think it necessary to know anyone in London. She had waved aside all offers of introduction: "We'll be far too busy to look anyone up. Sally Ann and I are going to see everything."

Which was all very well when you were Aunt Dorrie's age—well over sixty—but for Sally Ann just seeing was not enough. It was all very well if you had a card-index mind for dates and facts and catalogued them neatly away like Aunt Dorrie, but Sally Ann was more interested in people.

Suddenly it became very important for her to make at least one acquaintance in London. She looked speculatively at the bowler hat again, decided it would do for a start, and embarked on a sure-fire campaign.

The bus had just swung into Oxford Street, and Sally Ann looked down at the hurrying shoppers below, waved a hand carelessly at a few stalls in the side streets, and announced, "I daresay this is Soho."

Aunt Dorrie, whose bump of location was notoriously bad, accepted the statement meekly, but Sally Ann observed with satisfaction that the bowler hat, quivering with disapproval, longed to contradict her.

"This must be Leicester Square and the Strand," she went on calmly as the bus swung around Oxford Circus and turned into Regent Street.

The bowler hat half-turned, squirmed uncomfortably, and

then rattled back into the personal column. English reticence was proving more difficult than Sally Ann had imagined, and she decided her next remark would have to be quite outrageous.

"This is Trafalgar Square," she said, pointing to Piccadilly Circus. "I thought there were fountains, but perhaps they've been moved. The statue of Nelson's there, anyway."

Even Eros must have turned round at that remark. The bowler hat certainly did, but Sally Ann pretended not to notice. She was quite absorbed in collecting guidebooks, picking up Aunt Dorrie's umbrella, and edging her way along the top deck. "Now let me help you, Auntie. We'd better start trying to get downstairs now, because we'll have to get off at the next stop if we want to go to the Tower of London."

The bowler hat dipped, it looked embarrassed, it rushed after her in agitation.

"Please — Excuse me — What I mean is — Please don't get off the bus."

Sally Ann turned, lifted her shining eyes, and looked at the young man blankly.

"You're quite wrong about it," he stammered, suddenly overwhelmed by the hypnotic effect of that round, candid gaze. "That is, I know how easy it must be to get confused in London, but you're not near the Tower of London at all."

"Good heavens! Oh, how kind you are! Aunt Dorrie, I'm so sorry. Wasn't it nice of this young man?"

Aunt Dorrie smiled warmly but absently. Sally Ann, however, starting to express her full gratitude, was caught by a sudden lurch of the bus and toppled into the young man's

"This is Trafalgar Square."







"This must be Leicester Square."

# WAS LOVE

A gay, romantic story  
By **ALISON WALPOLE**

ILLUSTRATED BY THEO BATTEN

arms. He helped her into a seat and sat down beside her to explain how to get to the Tower of London.

But Sally Ann became quite dense. She laughed at her stupidity and said they had better take a cab. But that the young man would not allow. By this time he had come under the spell that had hit Hogan Falls some years ago when Sally Ann first learned its potential effects. Nothing else would do; he would be only too happy to give up his entire morning to conduct them around the Tower of London.

But when they got to the Tower, it appeared that the young man had never been there before in his life. He supposed he must have been there some time, but he couldn't actually remember it. Aunt Dorrie's rapid questions soon had him completely flustered, and he could only mumble that the Beefeaters' costumes were probably traditional like their names, and the Tower was indeed very—er—traditional. Which was not quite good enough for Aunt Dorrie, who liked her history to be accurate, detailed, and thoroughly documented.

She very soon switched her attention to an official guide and became happily absorbed in the fascinating historical side-lights he could divulge. Sally Ann trailed along in her wake with their self-appointed amateur guide and absorbed material more fascinating to her.

The young man's name, she discovered, was Geoffrey Trenchard. He was a barrister and had been on that particular bus on his way to The Temple. He was going to work at eleven o'clock this particular morning because, being a fairly new barrister, he did not have a great deal of work to do when he arrived.

A barrister, he explained to Sally Ann, worked up his practice gradually, and it was often several years before he found himself fully occupied. In the meantime he "devilled" for more successful colleagues, but that could be done at any time on some other more convenient day. How long, he asked, edging in his first question, would Sally Ann and her aunt be in London?

"Weeks and weeks," said Sally Ann tragically, tilting her perfect little nose to give him a better view of her profile.

"Of course, it's all marvellous," she added politely, "but I wish there weren't quite so many museums. You see, Aunt Dorrie is very scornful of tourists who rush at everything. She likes to see it all very slowly and thoroughly."

The young man brightened perceptibly, and, eyeing Aunt Dorrie's rigid back, said yes, he could see that her aunt was very—er—thorough.

"We took two days for Kew Gardens," sighed Sally Ann. "And three for the National Gallery. And we haven't even started on Westminster Abbey or the Victoria and Albert Museum."

Geoffrey Trenchard could see that the Tower of London was not going to be dismissed with a mere morning, and he had the presence of mind to suggest a halt for lunch, which Sally Ann welcomed with enthusiasm.

"How absolutely yummy. We never go to real London restaurants at all. Aunt Dorrie says it wastes so much time. So we just take sandwiches and eat them on the spot," she finished wistfully.

Miss Dorrie Kirby did indeed say that she would prefer

to eat her sandwiches at the Tower, but added rather absently—between inquiring about the exact dimensions of the Crown jewels and the accurate date of some suits of armor—that Sally Ann could go off for lunch if she was back at the Tower before it closed at five.

"Yippee!" squealed Sally Ann, skipping along beside her first English escort. "Can we go to the Cafe de Paris? I'd never get there with Aunt Dorrie. It's not historical enough."

It was explained to her that night-clubs were not usually open for lunch, but Geoffrey Trenchard took the hint and suggested they go there one evening.

"That would be yummier," said Sally Ann with satisfaction. "Aunt Dorrie goes to bed at eight every evening to rest for the next day's sight-seeing."

He had, reflected Geoffrey Trenchard with contentment, plenty of time and a clear field; so he set about his courtship of Sally Ann Kirby in a leisurely, conventional manner in keeping with his leisurely, conventional English upbringing.

He took pains to extend his attentions to Aunt Dorrie, and, after taking her niece out for three consecutive evenings, politely invited them both for a drive at the weekend.

He took them to Cambridge, where he mollified Aunt Dorrie by being quite knowledgeable about his own college, imparting some interesting historical facts that were not even in the guidebook. With his credit thus established, he took Sally Ann to a theatre the following week, several cosy dinners, and a cricket match the week after, a Chelsea pub, a river trip to

To page 42

"We get off next stop for Tower of London."

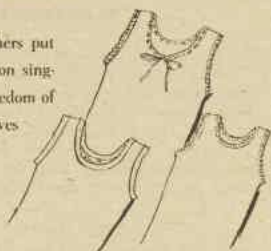






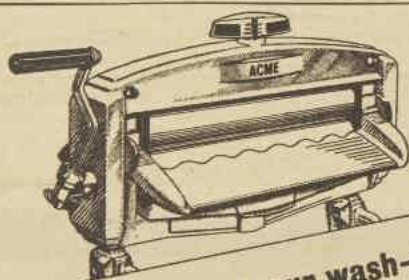
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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

FOR some years after we left England with our teenage family and settled here, our hearts and thoughts were on what we had left and lost. We felt uprooted, especially my husband and myself—not being as transplantable as the children. When the Olympic Games came we were conscious of no change in ourselves, yet as those young Australians took their places for the events our hearts seemed to beat with theirs in our anxiety lest anyone should beat them. We found ourselves sitting on the edges of our chairs, tense with excitement, and no one was more proud than we at their magnificent performances. We hope that others, new to Australia, felt as we did, for surely now we can truly say, "We belong."

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. C. Fox, The Rectory, Whitemark, Flinders Island, Tas.

PARENTS frequently refuse to listen to the views of their children, irrespective of what is being discussed, saying that the children cannot possibly know as much as their parents. What some parents fail to realise is that these days children are being educated to have worth-while views on a wide variety of subjects. Clear thinking is necessary in the higher grades, and it is disappointing when parents fail to give their children a chance to express their opinions.

10/6 to Miss J. Belcher, Victoria St., Rochester, Vic.

ALTHOUGH driving is itself a full-time job, it is common to see young children travelling in the front seats of cars with no one other than the driver responsible for their safety and conduct. Surely we can heed the advice of road safety authorities and exercise the little commonsense and discipline required to train children to accept the "back seat, windows up and doors locked" routine. This safeguards not only the children but other users of the road.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Arvier, 25 Love St., Northgate, Qld.

I HAVE five children under six years, and am frequently the subject of pitying looks and the exclamation: "How on earth do you manage?" Yet I declare I am a lot happier than those mothers with only one spoilt child. I believe the remedy for a spoilt child is to have another baby. With a family, the children are so busy helping look after the baby that they haven't time to think of themselves all the while. Nor has Mum.

10/6 to Mrs. Margaret Gibson, 29 Airlie Rd., Montmorency, Vic.

DISCUSSING button days with my friends, we decided these would meet with a greater response and be more profitable if the useless buttons were replaced by a suitably inscribed lead pencil. Buttons are soon thrown away, but a pencil would serve as a reminder of the cause.

10/6 to Mrs. Jean Craig, 52 McMichael St., Maryville, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Count those tablets

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Monson (19/12/56) the goods should be sealed by the manufacturers. Mrs. Monson's vanishing cream had been opened and used. My "take down" was a well-known brand of tablets. I became curious when I found an odd tablet left in the bottle, as I take two each time, and the number stated on the bottle is even. I began to count each new bottle of tablets, and in some cases found as many as four or five tablets missing. My mother has had the same experience.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Smith, 64 Brett St., Waratah 2N, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

I USED to have a lot of trouble with my small son continually pulling away from me whilst crossing the street. Finally I hit on the idea of having HIM mind ME. It worked wonderfully. He wouldn't let me cross the street if there was a car in sight, and always held my hand so that I wouldn't fall. I have had no trouble at all with my three-year-old daughter, who loves to look after Mummy crossing streets.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Phoebe Adams, 9 Venice St., Long Jetty, N.S.W.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE sometimes wondered why Hollywood people get divorced so often.

It can't be much fun for them. Well, I just read something that throws a bit of light on the matter. It was said by Michael Todd, stage and film producer, in explaining why his marriage to Joan Blondell was not permanent.

He said: "To live with an actress you gotta be able to worry about her hair."

Mr. Todd is an eminent man in his profession, but he seems to be rash where marriage is concerned.

After all his trouble over Joan Blondell's hair, he is engaged to marry another actress, Elizabeth Taylor.

The marriage will take place, it is said, as soon as his fiancée gets a divorce from her husband.

Will they live happily ever after? I wonder.

In an ordinary marriage, a husband worries about his wife's hair only when there is a special reason.

He may worry if it falls out or catches on fire.

Otherwise all he needs to do is glance at it sometimes.

### SPLITTING HAIRS

He should notice if it changes color or style, and say perhaps: "Gee, that Chinese urchin cut does something for you!"

But in show business, if we are to



believe Mr. Todd, a lot more is expected.

No wonder the men get fed up.

In the early stages of Mr. Todd's marriage to Elizabeth Taylor he will doubtless make an effort to please.

He will come home one night carrying a parcel.

"Darling, I'm worried about your hair," he says.

"There's no need to. It's just that I've washed it, and I can't do a thing with it."

"I don't mean that. I mean it's getting too straight. Do you know what I've got here?"

"A wig?"

"No, a home perm outfit. I'm going to give you a perm."

"You dear, thoughtful hubby!"

But a year or so later it may be a different story.

The Todds are having dinner; Mr. Todd is reading the paper.

Suddenly his wife bursts into tears.

"You didn't even notice!" she sobs.

"Notice what?"

"That they've dyed my hair green for 'The Green Goddess.'"

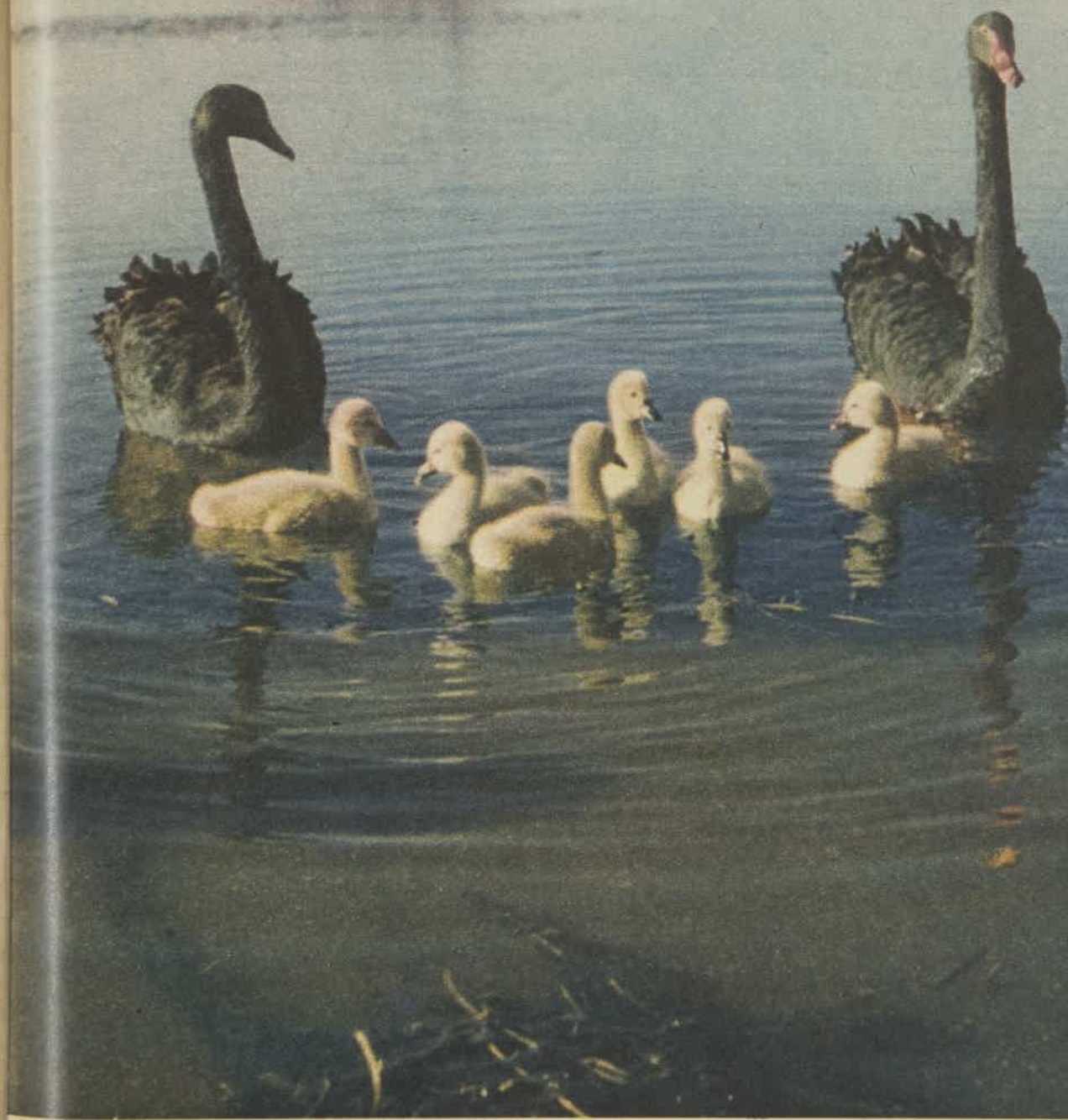
"I've got more important things on my mind."

Mrs. Todd accuses him of mental cruelty. It is the beginning of the end.

No, I wouldn't like to be married to an actress.

The only snag about being married to a non-actress is that she tends to worry about your hair-cuts.





## THESE ARE AUSTRALIANS

*Second of a series*

BLACK SWANS and cygnets covered with light grey down make a graceful picture on Lake Wendouree, Ballarat, Victoria. Black Swans (*Chenopsis atrata*) are confined to Australia and were first seen in Western Australia on the Swan River (which thus obtained its name) by members of the Dutch expedition under Willem de Vlamingh in 1697. The crew took several birds to Batavia and presented them to the Governor-General of the Dutch Indies. The swans created a sensation in Batavia—as they have wherever introduced—but did not survive. When a British settlement was founded on the Swan River in 1829 the Black Swan was chosen as the colony's emblem. It is still the Western Australian emblem. In war-time the Australian Government presented some Black Swans to Sir Winston Churchill. Picture by Mrs. B. Strange, of Vic.



# Duke of Kent—no demon king of Mayfair debts

REPORT ON A YOUNG  
MAN IN THE NEWS

By MARSHALL PUGH

The Duke of Kent has decided to stay in the Army. For at least the next five years the possibility of his taking a large part in public life, or "opening and shutting things," as one of his friends described it, is remote. It has not been officially discussed.

THE Duke is in no hurry to assume the Royal Prince's burden. He makes no secret of the fact that he would consider it ridiculous for a subaltern to take the salute at a march past.

His sister, Princess Alexandra, has already begun to play her part in public life and has a lady-in-waiting. The Duke has no secretary and no personal staff.

It is not possible for a member of the Royal Family to be, or to behave, like a member of some ordinary aristocratic family.

## Tank course

BUT within the obvious limitations the Duke has identified himself with the Army officers of his generation as closely as a Windsor can.

He is at Bovington, in Dorset, absorbed in an Armoured Corps officer's routine training course on the advanced handling of tanks and the maintenance of equipment.

When the course is finished he will return to "C" Squadron of the Royal Scots Greys, stationed in the khaki wilderness of Catterick Camp. Officially in command of 20 men and four Centurion tanks, he will take part in the training of Armoured Corps recruits.

Meantime, the madly gay social whirl of late-night London is slowing down and the normally unreliable society "information sources" are drying up.

It should prove difficult for some time to link the Duke's name with yet another girl or yet another escapade.

This should come as a relief. Rarely has a member of the Royal Family been so misinterpreted, even by the keyhole and crystal-ball method.

Why the Duke has been presented as a jiving cavalier is not particularly clear.

He is not, as is commonly supposed, very much richer than other officers in his mess. In Britain the Queen alone is exempt from income tax.

When the Duke of Kent has added his Army pay he has less than £2000 a year. Unlike the Duke of Gloucester he has no official grant.

On his 21st birthday he inherited Coppins, his father's home. This is an unpretentious house at Iwer, Buckinghamshire, with only two guest bedrooms.

Although Coppins is officially the property of the Duke of Kent, it remains the home of his mother. There the young Duke has a room.

## Army first

THIS supposedly wild young bachelor does not have a flat of his own and he spends most of his nights in camp.

In the Army he is accepted for what he is . . . a shrewd, aloof young man who is not a particularly good mixer, who is interested in the Army, mechanical things, social life, photography, in that order.

His regiment is not inclined to talk about him, but one of his senior officers was prevailed upon to comment.

"We try to treat the Duke as an ordinary chap," he said. "He does no more and no less than any other junior officer—and he does it well."



THE DUKE—shrewd and aloof.

A trooper of "C" Squadron, untroubled by protocol, added: "This is a tough mob, but the Duke never lays it on too thick and he never starts throwing charges about unless he has to. In fact, I can't remember anybody being charged by him."

This is the highest praise an honest other rank can offer.

One of the most unlikely charges of his trial by innuendo is that he was gently pushed into the Army. The decision was entirely his own.

Just before his 17th birthday he accompanied the Duchess of Kent on her tour in the Far East. While the Duchess made official visits an informal programme was arranged for her son.

The Army units which he visited were instructed not to mount guards of honor and to hold their reserves of blanco against more dire emergencies. No officer above the rank of major was to entertain the Duke.

He climbed in and out of tanks, examined the field of fire of machine-guns, liked

the junior officers he met. Of the three Services he chose the Army.

He is, not unnaturally, suspicious of any hint of favoritism. At Sandhurst he had no need to worry. No one is favored by the Royal Military Academy.

There an irate instructor once shouted at the Duke of Gloucester: "Mr. Prince Henry, sir! If I were your father I'd . . . I'd abdicate!"

## Popularity

THERE the Duke of Kent became a junior under-officer, won a prize for modern languages, and was awarded a second-class French interpretership. He passed out in 44th place among 220 cadets. Above all, he won popularity.

With no desire to become a young Guards-officer-about-town, he joined the Royal Scots Greys.

Since then Kent has had his fair share of time off. He has spent it with his family and his friends, few of whom would come within the category of visiting firemen.

They remain: Miss Charlotte Bowater, niece of a former Lord Mayor of London, and Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, daughter of the chairman of B.O.A.C.; his cousin Gerald Lascelles, who shares his enthusiasm for jazz; Shaun Plunket, brother of the Queen's equerry; his former tutor, Giles St. Albans, who is as interested in motor-cars as the Duke is; Jocelyn Stevens, nephew of a wealthy publisher.

In common with perhaps 150 other eligible young men the Duke of Kent is invited to all the best or most ambitious parties.

He attends all that he can, when he happens to be in London. Is this an unusual taste for an Army bachelor, aged 21?

It may come as a grievous shock to many to learn that he has little interest in drink.

The Duchess of Kent has been known to sit through an entire late-night party on three glasses of tonic water. Her son has inherited the gift.

While Reservists were assembling for Suez the Duke of Kent was reported to be having a wonderful time in Dublin. Certain reluctant recruits complained to their members of Parliament, pointing out that while they could not get leave a Regular, who should set an example, was gambolling about.

## Not with Tony

THIS might have been a reasonable protest, except for one small point.

The Duke was not, and had not been, in Dublin. He was in Dorset playing with nothing more frivolous than a 50-ton tank.

Towards the end of last year a French magazine produced pictures of him at the never-to-be-forgotten rock-n-roll drollery of Tony Moynihan.

The Duke was not at the party. He has never met Tony Moynihan.

The pictures, which showed him in jeans and colored shirt, had been taken some long time before at a chalet hop in Switzerland.

Since then the Duke has been acclaimed as a leader of fashion. In July of this year he appeared at the wedding of the Marquess of Hertford. With morning dress he wore Glen Urquhart check trousers.

This was considered to be bold and dashing, more original than dog's tooth or even shepherd's check.

No one bothered to point out that the Duke was carrying on his father's habit of wearing Glen Urquhart check trousers with morning dress. He has all the young Army officer's hatred of deviations in dress.

But, since he is 21 years old, interested in parties, young women, nightclubs, jazz, and the dances of his generation, he must be seen as a wild oat, the centre of skiffle society.

## "The maddest"

A WEST German newspaper looks upon him as the first man of "the maddest, most spendthrift, and most discussed season since England went off the gold standard."

In Antwerp a cabin boy impersonates him.

An American magazine with a vast and specialised knowledge of smut finds space for him in its columns.

This wilderness of waffle has grown upon a tiny patch of truth. The Duke has attended two parties which were the subject of questions in Parliament and he has been directly involved in three car crashes.

Both parties took place on the same night. From the Thames steamer Royal Sovereign two wild wits jumped into the river for a wager. Very properly the Duke did



not throw a lifebelt to them. He was not aware of the incident.

In any case, the adjutant of his regiment was present.

At the second, later the night, guests threw bottles from a roof in Mayfair.

Although the Duke had left the party before this sport began, his name was linked with the affair. Kensington Palace tracked down the man who began the rumor. He said the "a waiter" had told him the Duke was there.

## Knocked out

CONSIDER the car crashes. He had a head-on collision at eleven o'clock on a clear morning along the main London to Devon road. Kensington Palace asked that the police should prosecute if there was any suspicion that the Duke was at fault.

The police replied that both drivers had been knocked out and had no clear memory of what had happened. They were no independent witnesses.

The second and third accidents took place at night, one when the Duke's brakes failed and he skidded into a tree and once when he was tired and fell asleep at the wheel.

He made his own decision not to drive for the following six months.

It is not true that the Duchess of Kent ordered him to stop. Still the suggestion is repeated, so there is the false innuendo that he was not sober when he crashed.

The Duke of Kent may be accident-prone. He is certainly publicity-prone.

It is his, and Britain's, misfortune that a Royal Prince trying to adjust himself to normal living, should be presented as a demon king of debutantes.



THE DUKE (second from left) receives instruction on a range-finding device attached to a Centurion tank soon after his graduation from Sandhurst.





**READY** three-bedroomed tent pitched at Narrabeen has plenty of kitchen space. Mrs. A. Bedwin cooks while children Dianne (11), David (2), and Valda (13) play. The Bedwins had the tent built to their own design.

## They say they're far better off in a tent

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Tentwork replaces housework for the women whose families make up the canvas communities around Australia's coastline during the holiday season.

**H**OLIDAY or not, these camping grandmothers and mothers cannot escape the routine of cleaning, washing, ironing, and cooking.

But most of them began camping as children, loved it, and have made it a habit with their husbands and youngsters.

They trot round barefooted or in sandals, wearing cool shirts and shorts, getting things shipshape by 8 a.m. so that they can be free until mealtimes come round.

When staff photographer Ron Berg and I toured Sydney camping areas from Narrabeen Lakes to Palm Beach, a cool nor'easter was blowing into shady tents, bringing the smell of the sea inside.

At Narrabeen Lakes a tent, elaborate as a Bedouin's,

housed Mr. and Mrs. Alwin Bedwin, of St. Ives, N.S.W., and their children, Valda, 13, twins Dennis and Dianne, 11, and two-year-old David.

Mrs. Bedwin led us into the specially made tent, which had three bedrooms, fully furnished, with walls of green-and-white striped canvas.

Like a hallway, the dining-room separated the bedrooms, then widened out like the base of a T into kitchen space.

"The tent was made to our design," Mrs. Bedwin said.

"It measures 24 feet by 16 feet. We brought the furniture from home.

"I've been camping here since I was ten. My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter, have their tent next door.

"Cooking? We have a double primus stove, I baked

the Christmas dinner on it."

Not far away, in another tent, grandmother Mrs. W. Jenkins, of Auburn, N.S.W., watched over the bassinets where her grandson Brian, three months, slept under a mosquito net.

Brian is the son of Mrs. John Berryman and brother of 10-year-old Margaret. The Berrymans have the tent next to Mrs. Jenkins.

"You'll never get a drop of rain through this tent," said Mrs. Jenkins proudly. "An old sailor made it and it's really weatherproof."

The canvas tent floor got muddy last year but she boiled it white again.

Mrs. Jenkins has camped



**AT Palm Beach, Mrs. Alf Williams catches up on thank-you Christmas mail and Mr. Williams relaxes. At their boat are Suzanne (11) and Keith (13).**

at Narrabeen since before the war.

Just moving in was Mrs. John Phillips, of Glebe, N.S.W., and her son John.

"Holidaying here is cheap," said Mrs. Phillips. "A carrier brings our furniture down. With the return trip, that runs into £8. Rent is 22/6 a week."

Narrabeen has blocks for showers, washing, and conveniences. Families carry water to their tents for cooking or washing.

From Manly, Queensland, came Mr. and Mrs. Walter Russell, their children, Gary, 3, and Jeanette, 5, and Miss Ailsa Russell.

Their car towed a trailer filled with camping gear.

After the tent was set up the trailer became a bed for the children.

At night the marquee is lit by an acetylene lamp, or by a light from their nearby car.

At Palm Beach Mr. and Mrs. Alf Williams, and their children, Keith and Suzanne, of Gladesville, N.S.W., had found a perfect camp site in Governor Phillip Park.

The beach was almost at their door, and at high tide the water was only 15 feet away.

Mr. Williams, a worker at



**SITTING BESIDE** the bassinets of her three-month-old grandson, Brian Berryman, is regular Narrabeen camper Mrs. W. Jenkins, of Auburn, N.S.W. Mrs. Jenkins, like most campers, has a well-equipped tent.

the White Bay Powerhouse, was stretched out in a deck-chair under a beach umbrella.

Mrs. Williams and her mother were writing letters in the tent near the parked caravan.

"My husband made the caravan and everything in it," said Mrs. Williams.

"There are folding beds, an ice-box, oven, cupboards for everything, and even flower-vases on the walls."

If they have their way, the Williams will be down next year with the caravan-tent home "Sukcalka."



**PET GALAH** and budgerigar went camping at Narrabeen with Mrs. J. Phillips and her 11-year-old son, John.



**QUEENSLANDERS** at Narrabeen finish washing - up before surfing. Mr. Walter Russell reads, while his wife (left) and sister, Miss Ailsa Russell, work. Gary (3) and Jeanette (5) are ready for the water.





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# Models don't marry millionaires

After five years as a top model, Jean Dawney, the girl who overcame her "ordinary" looks to work for Dior and other famous designers, has retired, to become fashion adviser to advertising agencies. In this issue she concludes her story, detailing for girls who would follow in her footsteps the secrets of her success—hints on clothes, make-up, and style, with an insider's views of the glamor profession.

THE idea that all models have minks and marry millionaires and riches is a complete fantasy.

Very few English models have a mink, few are able to have money because of the enormous outlay and upkeep in modelling, and most are married to men who earn less than themselves (as in New York).

They work hard looking after their husbands and children, just like any housewife, as well as doing a strenuous, tiring job.

Few models have married millionaires. Two favorite examples are Ann Cumming Bell, who married the Duke of Rutland, and Jane McNeil, who married the Earl of Dalkeith.

Catherine Boyle was already married to Viscount Boyle before she was a model, and as none of these three came

from the back of beyond, they married the kind of people they most likely would have married whether or not they were models.

Working as a model for nine years has taught me a few basic rules of fashion which, although I often break them, form a guide when in doubt.

It has taken quite a long time for me to find how I look my best, but now that I've found it I stick to it and don't keep chopping and changing, which only dilutes the impact of your personality.

I have learnt never to shop indiscriminately, buying things without first thinking how they fit into the overall plan of my life and wardrobe. This takes a lot of willpower.

I was inclined to say, "I haven't a thing to wear," when I had a special date, and dash off and buy something new. I'd wear it once and then discover it didn't suit me.

I used to accumulate a lot

By  
**JEAN DAWNEY**

of clutter that I never used, which took up valuable wardrobe space. I would hang on to everything stubbornly, thinking: "It may come in useful some day" or "It's too good to throw away."

Now I'm ruthless and clear out anything I don't really use, keeping only the things I wear a lot and making sure I have all the appropriate accessories for each. The rest I give away or sell.

Having cut my wardrobe to a minimum, I now am able to take more care of everything I have. The result is I look more groomed (I'm told!) There is room in my cupboards for everything to

## Wardrobe "musts"

hang or be folded away properly, and I can see at a glance what to put on in the mornings instead of being muddled by too much choice.

Another thing I learnt was that simplicity of line is all-important. Photography first taught me that the clean, uncluttered line in accessories and dress always looks far more elegant than the "busy," complicated styles.

I also learnt that you should never look as if you are trying too hard to be chic. Really good style should have a nonchalant unawareness and look completely spontaneous and instinctive, as if it has taken you no trouble at all (though in actual fact you may have spent a lot of careful thought on it).

You should spend as much time as possible planning your appearance and then forget all about it. There are so many fascinating things to do in life that it's a bore to waste too

much of it on fashion and beauty.

On the other hand, I like to have my cake and eat it, and, as I want to look attractive and well dressed, I have tried to eliminate all unnecessary chores and establish a regular routine.

The mainstays of a model's wardrobe are a plain black dress and plain black court shoes; she can wear the dress for hat shows, fur shows, and for photographs. My black dress has long sleeves and a high neckline, and zips down the back, and the shoes are a necessity for practically every job except sports or country wear.

Apart from the black court shoes, of which a model usually needs several pairs (I have them in suede, leather, and satin), she also needs some medium-heeled shoes and some flat ballet-type pumps to wear with all things varying from tweeds and twinsets to velvet cocktail trousers.

A model needs a good handbag with plain lines for photography, a long umbrella if it is in fashion, and plenty of costume jewellery.

Other necessities are a good strapless brassiere and a good roll-on or girdle.

Models generally wear their panties inside their girdles, as it makes a much smoother line under a dress or suit, with no bumps or wrinkles.

If they wear a petticoat at all, it's usually a waist slip (apart from a good plain tailored slip for wearing under blouses), but more often than not they don't wear them, as they are a hindrance. When you are trying to change quickly in a show, full-length slips get rucked up under your skirt and have to be straightened.

Models need several skirts—a plain dark one in black or navy, a light-toned one, perhaps in grey, and a tweed one, together with one or two plain classic belts, all mainly for jumper and blouse photographs.

Necklines are another thing models have to have plenty of, either dresses or jumpers or suits with a variety of different necklines, for hats and jewellery photographs.

When the agency says: "Take necklines, gloves, and jewellery," you know the job is modelling hats and that plenty of scarves also are needed. Finally, you need at least one narrow and one full-skirted evening dress.

Unlike most models, I prefer shows to photography. I think shows are much more exhausting and demanding because you are "giving out" more, but they are also much more satisfying, because you



JEAN DAWNEY looks back on her successes. She has achieved all her ambitions—she has modelled for Dior, travelled the world, and met many of the famous.

are in contact with the audience and using your personality to put a dress over.

A good model can literally "will" an audience to like a real horror frock, and she can make even a sack look "chic," whereas photographic modelling depends on a good photographer.

Ways of showing clothes vary tremendously with the type of audience and the clothes themselves. In the Eng-

lish provinces onlookers prefer a natural style, with big smiles all round, and on the whole they are the best audiences, as they are appreciative and quick to show it by clapping.

In London a more reserved approach is expected.

When you show on TV you have to move much more slowly and be careful not to make any jerky movements.

You are told to look right at the centre camera and smile naturally at it, which gives the effect of smiling directly at the viewers.

Once on TV I was so nervous when I showed my first dress that I could feel my mouth trembling as I tried to smile. To cover it up, I put my hand to my face and

stroked the side of my nose, trying to appear nonchalant. Showing to Royalty is always a great pleasure as well as an honor, because the members of the Royal Family are always so keenly interested.

Princess Margaret, for whom I've modelled on many occasions, is an intelligent audience. She arrives with a lady-in-waiting and sits smoking cigarettes from a long holder. Her large, beautiful eyes, with their perceptive look, take in everything.

Models look so incredibly slim in their photographs that a lot of people wonder if they really are as slim as that, or if the photograph has been retouched.

This is sometimes done, but only slightly; just to clean up a few lines here and there. Most girls are as slim as they look.

A model's work is strenuous and disciplined; she rushes from place to place, pulls clothes on and off all day, poses under hot lights, bolts through meals or misses them altogether, and generally lives on her nerves.

Models also set each other a good example, which keeps them up to scratch. They automatically clinch in their



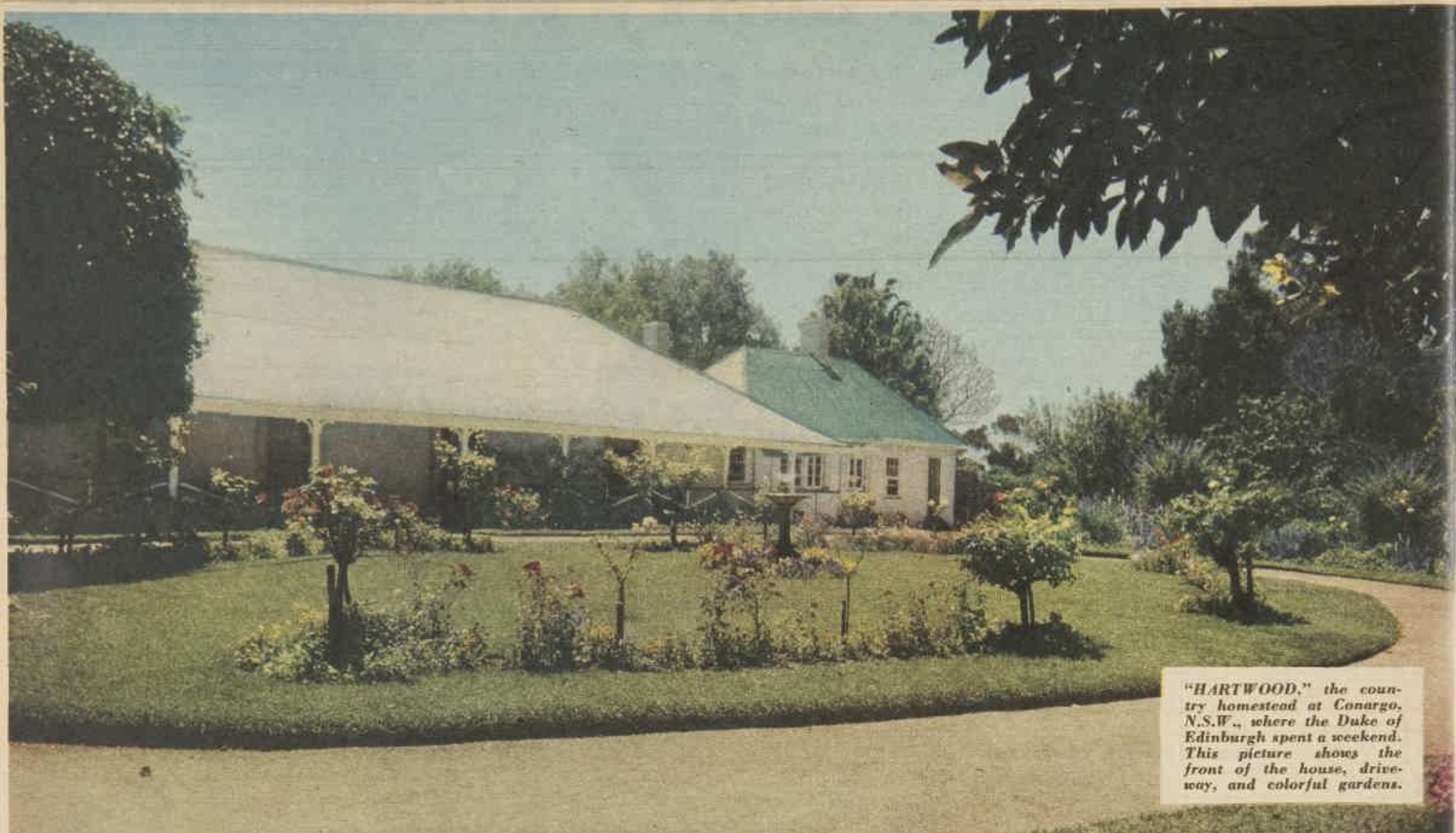
MAINSTAY of a model's wardrobe is a plain black dress, and Jean poses in one.



MODELS need clothes with a variety of necklines, says Jean. When an agency requests, "Take necklines, gloves, and jewellery," you know the job is modelling hats, she says, and is prepared when asked to show a feather-trimmed hat.



# Where Duke enjoyed country weekend



"HARTWOOD," the country homestead at Conargo, N.S.W., where the Duke of Edinburgh spent a weekend. This picture shows the front of the house, driveway, and colorful gardens.



## Visit was second Royal stay at Conargo

**L**EAVING the engagements of his Australian tour for a few days, the Duke of Edinburgh spent a weekend in the quiet country atmosphere of "Hartwood," Conargo, about 35 miles from Deniliquin, N.S.W.

"Hartwood," one of the show places of the rich Riverina district, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Patterson.

The sprawling white homestead is set in four acres of gardens. The shrubs, lawns, and bright flowerbeds are a striking contrast to the sun-parched country outside its boundaries. And the Billabong River flows by a few yards from the back of the house.

The original homestead, built 110 years ago, was made in two sections, with a driveway for coaches in the centre.

One wing of the original house is still standing. The walls are made of pine logs—hewn from trees on the property—and the spaces between the logs are filled with boards, covered with a type of mud plaster and painted. The original shingles are still under the roof of the verandah.

Newer sections of the house were added to preserve the look of the original homestead and have been built round a courtyard, where a palm tree gives shade on hot days.

The Royal suite is in the old wing.

**IN THE COURTYARD,** Mrs. Hunter Patterson (left) and Mrs. Alan Robinson, of Macorna, Victoria, sit in the shade of a sun umbrella. Mrs. Robinson was a house guest when the Duke was at "Hartwood."

The Duke occupied the same rooms on a previous visit to "Hartwood" in 1940.

The suite consists of a bedroom, dressing-room, and bathroom with a sloping attic roof.

For the Duke, his stay at "Hartwood" was a brief and relaxing holiday, and he was accompanied only by his valet and bodyguard. He spent the days casually dressed in khaki trousers and an open-necked shirt.

One day he helped muster the cattle and stood by the stockyard "gating" them as they were driven in for dehorning. Afterwards, "I've got to finish the job," he said, and helped take the cattle back to their paddocks.

He made a firm friend in Banjo, Mrs. Hunter Patterson's fox-terrier. "I call him 'Bandy,'" said Mrs. Hunter Patterson. "But one night after dinner, when Bandy nearly knocked over the Duke's glass of brandy, His Royal Highness suggested that the name be changed to Brandy."

At the end of the Duke's stay Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Patterson drove with him into Deniliquin, and he flew back to Canberra and his crowded itinerary.

During the drive the car passed some schoolgirls on their way to the aerodrome, "double-dinking" on their bicycles into a strong wind.

The Duke took off his sunglasses and leant out of the car window. "It'll be easier coming back," he called.

At the aerodrome the Duke gave Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Patterson a signed photograph of himself mounted in a dark green leather frame. It now has a place of honor in the smoke-room.





**DRAWING-ROOM** at "Hartwood" is a gracious room, and Mrs. Hunter Patterson based her color scheme on the exquisite Venetian ruby glass (on the bookcases, at back). In front of the fireplace is a superb, papier-mache drop-side table, which is used as a firescreen, and the footstool (at back) is a petit-point-covered Sheraton spittoon.



**COTTONREEL-BED BEDROOM** has a charming, old-world air. The ends of the bedsteads are unusual: in the olden days, they were made higher than the heads to stop the big eiderdowns from rolling off during the night. The "bamboo" wallpaper looks like tiny, pastel-colored slats. Pictures are by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

## Charming interiors of the historic homestead



**ROYAL BEDROOM**, where the Duke slept during his stay, has a colonial atmosphere emphasised by the ceiling of natural pine and the period furnishings.



**SUNROOM** has striking ivy-patterned wallpaper, and indoor plants decorate the bar. The walls of the bar are part of the original 110-year-old homestead.



**THE DINING-ROOM.** The Sheraton table bears a burn mark made when a candelabra overturned during an argument more than a century ago.



**SMOKE-ROOM**, and Mrs. Hunter Patterson's fox-terrier, Bandy, at ease on one of the chintz-covered chairs. The Duke's photo is on the table (left).



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# David keeps up with the (Lloyd) Jones'

When David L. Jones was elected under the banner of the Civic Reform Association at the recent City of Sydney triennial elections, somebody said, "They'll know him at the Town Hall by his white carnation."

GENTLEMEN in white carnations with the motto, "For Service," are one of the innovations that progressive 25-year-old David Jones has introduced to the store whose name he bears, and of which he is the youngest director.

And every one of the 6000 employees at the store from buyers to sweepers expects that "Mr. David" in his first venture into local government will bring some of his sound "store" ideas into the running of Australia's biggest city.

The walls of the rambling, echoing Sydney Town Hall are decorated with plaques. One of the oldest of them commemorates the service that David's great-grandfather, also David Jones, rendered to the City of Sydney when he was elected an alderman in 1842, shortly after starting the business that today has an annual Sydney turnover of £28,000,000.

## Family name

DAVID is the only member of the Lloyd Jones family who doesn't use the "Lloyd" as part of his surname. He signs himself as Americans do, David L. Jones.

On first meeting, many people have found him shy and quiet.

My impression is that he dislikes personal publicity lest he shine only in the reflected light of his father, Sir Charles Lloyd Jones.

David was educated at Cranbrook School, where he represented the school as a 440 runner.

It is significant that he chose the 440, the longest and most gruelling of the sprints, as his mark.

He was a restive pupil and persuaded his parents to let him leave school early, against the counsel of his masters, and get on with the job of learning the business.

At 17 David was despatched overseas, where he worked for a year in the London office of David Jones Ltd.

Next stop was Manchester for a course in textiles, then to Harrods, one of London's biggest retail stores, as a salesman in the toy department during the Christmas rush.

After this, New York, where he joined an executive training course at Macy's, one of the three biggest retail stores in the world.

The course lasted a year and he was paid less money than a salesman while he did it. Home was the basement of a Brooklyn tenement.

Then back to D.J.'s, where he was given charge of the first floor of the Elizabeth Street store—the floor of which the lift driver says: "All dress materials, silks, manchester, paper patterns, dress-makers' gadgets."



ALDERMAN DAVID L. JONES, 25, photographed in the Board Room of David Jones Ltd., Elizabeth Street, Sydney, the store started by his great-grandfather, David Jones. Alderman Jones' great-grandfather served as an alderman on the City Council in 1842.

It was then, too, that he introduced the white carnations that identify department supervisors.

David did so well with the First Floor that in 1954, aged 23, he was made a director of the company.

At the same time he was appointed a counsellor of the Retail Traders' Association.

Since then he has taken over the running of D.J.'s stores in Perth and in Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

One of the theories David Lloyd Jones brought back

about it, David Jones' has been changing its promotion system.

In 1955 the Retail Traders' Association appointed David its representative on the Council of the Civic Reform Association.

The C.R.A. is a non-political body interested in the City of Sydney, and contests City Council elections.

It was formed as the result of the Labor Party's entrance into local government. From its ranks have come several of Sydney's Lord Mayors.

In fact, it was a former Lord Mayor, Sir Norman Nock, who suggested to David that he should stand for the City Council.

When it became clear that the Liberal Party was going to enter a team in the City Council election David decided that he would stand.

He has always felt that politics have no place in local government, and when a second political party entered the arena he decided to do something about it.

## Team secretary

IN the election David and three other Civic Reform candidates were successful, and two sitting Liberal aldermen were defeated. David was later elected secretary of the Civic Reform team.

Four years ago David married Rosemary Turnbull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, of Darling Point. They live with their daughter Susan in a terrace house in Albert Street, Woolahra.

The house has recently been rearranged to make room for their new baby.

David lives on his salary, and because his father is the chairman of the company it has always erred a little on the meagre side. And this is the way David has wanted it.

Until recently the only car they could afford was a Morris Minor, which mostly Rosemary used for doing the shopping. David took the tram to work or occasionally thumbed a ride with his father, who lives not far away at "Rosemont" in Ocean Street, Woolahra.

While in New York David developed a taste for modern art. This is not surprising. Sir Charles Lloyd Jones is a well-known amateur painter and a trustee of the National Art Gallery of New South Wales. In addition he has one of the finest private collections of Australian paintings in the State.

## Hard worker

DAVID is a tireless worker.

He is sitting at his desk reading his mail every morning when the great glass doors four floors below open at 9.05 and let in the first of the 100,000 people who pass through David Jones' each day.

He is still there at night when the doors are closed after the last of the customers have scurried from the store.

He lunches at the Pioneer Club or around the city so he can see what is going on, often splitting his luncheon into two or three parts, each of which he has in a different restaurant.

In this way he feels he is able to feel the pulse of the business life of the city.

He doesn't drink during the day, but appreciates a beer after the day is over.

He smokes a pipe, but never in his office. He believes that since the salesmen aren't allowed to smoke in the store, he shouldn't smoke, either.

A colleague of mine who worked with him 18 months ago, during the visit to Australia of The Australian Women's Weekly Italian mannequins, has nothing but the highest praise for the way in which he chaired the conferences that thrashed out details of the parades.

She said, "Around that conference table were most of the senior executives of David Jones, most of them old enough to be his father. However, his tolerance of and interest in their often conflicting points of view turned those conferences from squabbles into something really constructive."

David L. Jones has come up fast, but he has chosen his own road.

In his own way he is as much a pioneer as his great-grandfather.



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"You needn't feel mean. It's against the law to hitch-hike, anyway, Butch."



"Isn't Jimmy back yet? He said he was going to the moon in his space-ship."

## It seems to me

FRAGMENT of conversation garnered in the course of a Saturday morning's shopping.

They were a couple in late middle age. Just by the fruit-stall the woman stopped suddenly. "Look at the lettuces," she said. "Gee, I love lettuce. Do you like lettuce?"

"Yes," said the man amiably, and they moved closer to the shop and out of earshot.

I've been wondering about them since. Was this some late-blossoming romance, and did I overhear a touching discovery of a taste in common?

Or were they husband and wife, and were they in such accord that the wife's repetitive comments on the passing scene never bothered him? (Though, in that case, it seems curious that she didn't know whether or not he liked lettuce.)

Or did he, like so many men, wander along wrapped in his own thoughts, saying "Yes" and "No" occasionally merely to stem the flow of conversation?

★ ★ ★

THE 300-year-old reputation of Izaak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler," has been tarnished a little.

An older book, "The Arte of Angling," dating from 1577, has been republished in America.

In a preface Dr. Gerald Bentley, of Princeton University, points out some "startling similarities" with "The Compleat Angler," and suggests that Izaak borrowed rather heavily.

Amateur fishermen, however, should not take this too hard. Nor are they likely to. As a class they are a fairly contented crowd, and they have never let a regard for strict truthfulness and honesty interfere with their pleasure.

Besides, right up to the present day they all tell much the same sort of tales, and never weary of the telling. Probably the author of "The Arte of Angling" pinched his yarns and fishlore from someone even earlier.

★ ★ ★

AROUND the district where I live there are a couple of small parks in which residents take the air on Sunday mornings.

A few people push prams. A great many lead dogs—the small varieties, suitable for flats.

Being a congested area, close to the city, its human population is mainly of the sedentary worker type, fairly excitable, with a high incidence of ulcers and neuroses.

This pressure evidently communicates itself to the pets. Two men, one nursing a Siamese cat, the other leading a Peke, were chatting the other morning.

"Oh, yes," the Peke's owner was saying, "I sometimes think we'll have to move out to the suburbs somewhere. This fellow here tends to get hysterical every afternoon. The vet has him on sedatives. I think it's all the New Year parties the neighbors had."

By



Dorothy Drann

ANOTHER January—and another batch of boys and girls are setting out into the world to earn their living.

Over this past few years the choice of job hasn't been quite such an irrevocable decision as it once was.

There has been the chance to move round and, within limits prescribed by education, to select an occupation that gives a prospect of contentment.

Some children are fortunate in that they know from an early age what they want to do, and they have the opportunity to do it.

But I always feel a little sorry for a few of them, especially the boys, cheerful enough at first and dazzled by their first pay packets.

Most of them will eventually find that whether or not they are happy and absorbed in their work will condition their whole outlook on life.

Some, of course, will surmount any obstacle; others, philosophic characters, will regard their hours of work as something to be got through, and devote their leisure to orchids, carpentry, or horses.

But there are always a few who, through economic pressure or lack of direction, will be soured and frustrated by uncongenial work.

Hours aren't so long nowadays, but even a 40-hour week represents the best 40 hours of the week. It is a pity that those hours should be distasteful.

The girls have a chance to escape in marriage, though nowadays, with more and more wives working, that situation is changing.

Once, travelling in a train, I met a young railwayman going on holidays. He spent the best part of a four-hour journey telling me about trains and railways. He explained what a bogie was, drawing diagrams. He lectured me on the merits and demerits of various engines.

I alighted at my station rather dazed, with a head crammed with undigested information. But I felt that I had met a happy man.

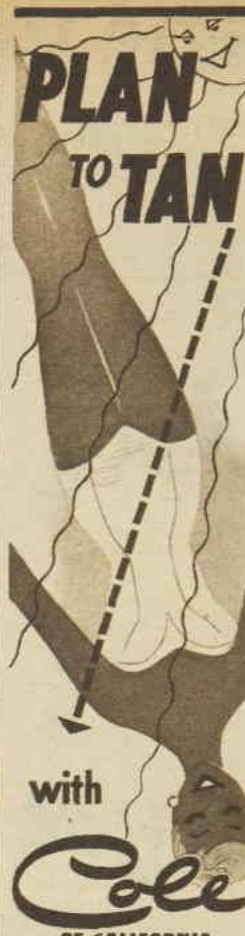
★ ★ ★

THE Soho Association in London has presented a red double-decker bus called Jezebel to the Old Folks' Association of Montmartre, Paris. Next spring the bus will take old folk on country outings. The bus was formerly used on route 134 in central London.

A London bus called Jezebel  
Took off for gay Patee,  
And who on 134 had guessed  
How gay a girl was she?

"Ah, Paris in the spring," she sighed.  
"That's me! I'm toujours gai."  
And all the other buses sniffed  
And trundled on their way.

The depot, envious as hell,  
Said, "Hope she blows a tyre.  
She thinks herself, this Jezebel,  
A Streetcar Named Desire."



Sun Tan Lotion  
FOR OILY SKINS  
Sun Tan Oil  
FOR DRY SKINS  
Sun Tan Cream

(in tubes) for OILY or DRY skins.  
Ideal Foundation for make-up!  
ALL CONTAIN SCIENTIFIC  
'SUNSCREEN' to prevent burning



JUST TELL THE WIFE  
to buy FORD PILLS  
in the larger economy  
Family size, and  
get over twice  
the quantity  
for only 6/-  
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

Cough & Cold  
Congestion

Just 2-m-o-o-t-h in Iodised  
Balmosa cream to chest,  
throat and back. Feel how  
deeply, soothingly it penetrates  
to inflamed membranes,  
bringing sure, speedy relief.  
Ask your doctor about

IODISED  
BALMOSA



Smooth liquid Kiwi Glint is a cleaner with a multitude of uses. It replaces those separate cleaners for glass and chrome—and one bottle lasts for months. It can't scratch even the most delicate surfaces... cleans mirrors cleaner... keeps them brighter longer. Kiwi Glint saves you money... time... and effort while it does the job better.

N.B. Car windows are a  
Cinch with Kiwi Glint  
—so is the chrome!





**VICE-REGAL SPECTATOR.** Lady George (centre), wife of the Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, arrives for the first day's play with Mr. John Andrew, secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, and Mrs. Donald Ferguson, wife of the president of the Association.



**TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS** from Tasmania, Mr. and Mrs. Rod O'Connor, of "Connorsville," Cressy, with Mrs. Tom Simpson (right). The O'Connors were guests at Mr. and Mrs. Simpson's Adelaide home for the Davis Cup Challenge Round contested by U.S.A. and Australia.

## Davis Cup in Adelaide



**AT LUNCHEON PARTY** given by the John Roches at their North Adelaide home before the opening of the Challenge Round are (from left) John Roche, Mr. Reg Summerhayes, Perth, Mrs. Roche, Geoffrey Summerhayes and his mother, Mrs. Reg Summerhayes.



**FAMILY GROUP** which followed with interest Ken Rosewall's matches on centre court at Memorial Drive are his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rosewall, of Penshurst, and Ken's attractive wife, Wilma.



**TRIO** at the Memorial Drive Courts are (from left) Dr. Harry Nott, of Palm Beach, Mrs. C. H. Hargrave, of Adelaide, and Mrs. Nott, who wore a red jersey turban with her creamy wool suit. Australia defeated the United States to retain the Davis Cup.

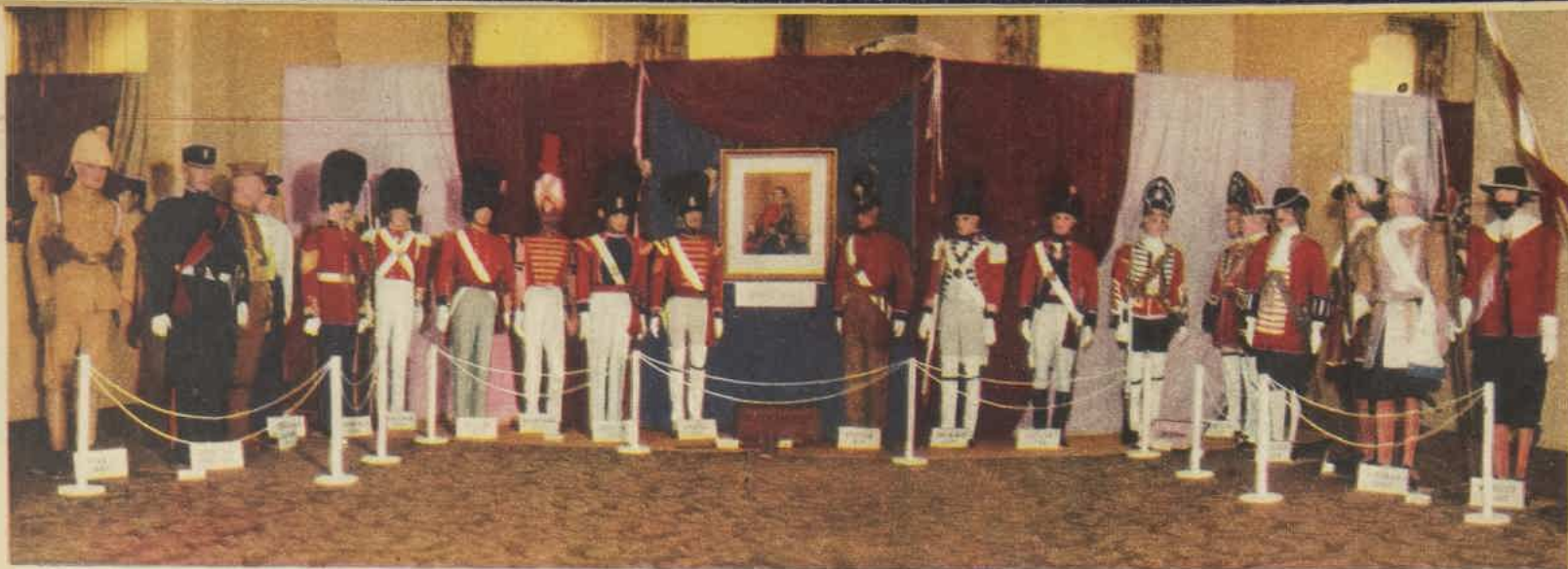


**ENGLISH VISITORS.** Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gregory, who arrived in Australia two days before the opening of the Challenge Round in Adelaide. Mr. Gregory is the president of the Wimbledon Club, England.



**INTERSTATE GUESTS** at the club-house party at Memorial Drive are (from left) Mrs. Harry Hopman, of Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Litchfield, and Mr. George Sample, of Sydney.





AN EXHIBITION OF UNIFORMS tracing the history of the Grenadier Guards over the past 300 years is open at David Jones' Elizabeth Street Store, Sydney, till January 11. From there it will go to David Jones', Wagga (January 17-February 3), Scotts, Newcastle (February 7-February 25), Treloar, Tamworth (February 27-March 17), Foy and Gibson, Melbourne (March 21-April 8), Fitzgeralds, Hobart (April 12-April 29), Charles Birks, Adelaide (May 4-May 21), and David Jones', Perth (May 26-June 12).

## Colorful exhibition of Guards' uniforms opens

One of the world's most famous regiments, the Grenadier Guards, is celebrating its 300th anniversary this year.

TO mark the tercentenary a collection of 20 uniforms tracing the history of the regiment from its foundation has been brought out to Australia. The collection is at David Jones', Sydney, now and will later go to Wagga, Newcastle, Tamworth, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth.

The uniforms came to Australia from London, where they were recently exhibited at St. James' Palace.

The collection took three years to assemble, and is authentic to the last detail.

In Australia the uniforms will be shown with a collection of cutlasses, lances, breast-plates, swords, pistols, and other weapons donated by the Australian War Museum.

The London exhibition was opened by the Queen, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

Traditionally, one of the most privileged tasks of the Grenadier Guards is protecting the Sovereign.

To the public, the mention of Grenadier Guards conjures up a picture of the pageantry of State. Vast crowds flock to

watch the Trooping of the Color and the Mounting of the Queen's Guard.

With the other regiments of the Household Brigade, the Grenadiers are known for their immaculate ceremonial drill and for their scarlet coats and black bearskins.

No soldier is admitted to the Grenadiers unless he is at least 6ft. 2in. tall (the present average height of the Queen's Company is 6ft. 3 1-10th in.). Officially, they may not carry parcels or travel by London's Underground.

Until the last war, they could not dine out in London if the King was in town unless they wore full evening dress.



QUEEN ELIZABETH was made Colonel of the Grenadiers by King George VI. She is now Colonel-in-Chief.



# WELL?

*naturally I'm well*

I take **ENO**

says

*Hayes Gordon*

energetic star of "Kismet", brought to Australia by Garnet H. Carroll.



HOW ARE YOU. Do you *always* feel "well"—like Hayes Gordon? Or do you find you get off-colour every so often—perhaps through over eating... or upset routine... or even through oppressive weather? Eno—the sparkling health drink will keep you feeling happier—*really* well. And Eno's prompt antacid action

relieves acid indigestion... settles upset stomach. It will gently correct irregularity... calm sick headaches. Any time enjoy a glass of cooling, good-tasting Eno... feel refreshed... feel well all the time.

Get Eno today, in hygienic glass bottles, for lasting freshness. At all chemists and stores.

**SPARK UP WITH SPARKLING ENO**

E.AUS.3/56



## Ava's new love is Italian

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● It looks as though glamorous, unpredictable Ava Gardner has met her Waterloo. He is a lanky Italian with a great mop of tumbling dark hair and the mobile face of a clown.

**H**IS name is Walter Chiari, Italy's Danny Kaye, and he and Ava have known each other off and on for about four years, ever since they met in Rome when she was making "The Barefoot Contessa."

Their romance since those days has blown alternately hot and cold.

Now it is blowing hot again, to the point where Ava was reported to have announced their engagement from Milan.

Just previous to that Ava abandoned her romantic hermitage in Spain to join Walter Chiari's revue company in the Italian provinces, strictly as a non-playing member, to be with him.

After a self-imposed exile in Spain full of sun and the blood of bulls and toreros spilled in the hot arenas; a life full of guitars, passionate flamenco dancing, dawn revels, and suitors — arrogant, possessive, dynamic, and pious — Ava went down with an overdose of Spanish drama.

She had sought too drastic a cure for her old Hollywood life and her old unhappy loves.

She emerged from Spain for a change of scene, and agreed to star in "The Little Hut," filmed in British studios with locations in Italy.

Stewart Granger and David Niven were her co-stars.

For the remaining important feature part the producer consulted Ava. He said, hesitating, "I don't know who to cast for this. I've been told a lot about a young Italian comedian called Walter Chiari. Know him?"

Ava gave a great shriek of delight. "Why — he'd be terrific!"

And how wonderful it would be to see Walter again! After three years in Spain, she needed someone to make her laugh. Walter Chiari is just the man.

### Torrid romance

**H**E now has a long-term contract with Metro which allots him one film a year on a fat and rising salary. The English-speaking world is going to know about Chiari.

Ava and Walter had parted some three years before. To do it, Ava had acted generously.

At that time she was being courted by the celebrated Spanish bullfighter Luis Miguel Dominguin, a lean, intense idol of the Spanish corridas who used to turn his back on the bull, bow to Ava, who was seated hungrily at the barrera just below the president's enclosure, dedicate his victory to her, and then turn to plant the sword.

At the same time the gangling Chiari was unofficially engaged to the quiet and lovely Lucia Bose, a rising star of the Italian screen. Then Ava came to Rome to make "The Barefoot Contessa."

Chiari met her at a cocktail-party. She stood aloof and alone. To amuse her, Chiari told her a joke. His English was bad but his mime was always been superb. Before long Ava was in stitches.

They became inseparables after that, wandering Rome hand in hand, most often managing to escape the notice of crowds and the Press. Then Lucia Bose, Walter's erstwhile sweetheart, got to hear of it; she became terribly upset.

At the same time word reached Dominguin. He flew in from Madrid, and there were fiery scenes. Ava is said to have defied him, and to have collected a couple of slaps in the process.

But the spectacle of another woman's unhappiness at her hands proved too much for her. She decided to break off her friendship with Chiari.

Four months later Walter's romance with his Italian film-star sweetheart ended.

Not long after, little Lucia Bose married. To do this she went to Spain, donned a white lace mantilla, and was wed to none other than the slender, fire-breathing Dominguin. Ava's old beau.

What must have astonished Ava Gardner above all else was to find that over the intervening years the man who could make her laugh more readily than any other had still remained free.

And there's the interesting thing. A man as successful and as magnetic as Walter Chiari must have had a very special taste for liberty to have remained free all this time.



THE NEW MAN in Ava Gardner's life is Italian comedian Walter Chiari. Here they are leaving London for Milan.

He has. He used to snort, "How can an artist possibly get married, settle down, and have children, when his work takes him all over the place and keeps him going till all hours?"

And so he went on with his work in their itinerant revue, now in Turin, called "Good-night, Bettina."

And it is Ava who adapted her life to his, who waited at the end of the show to go on with him and the revue gang to an eating-place or a night-club; and filled in the waiting by requiring another of her passions, opera.

Here is one man, their friends say, who is no slave to the fabulous Ava. And this is apparently how she likes it.

If and when Ava and Signor Chiari ultimately do marry, the young man may be fairly sure of one thing. He will acquire a wife of infinite patience and zeal in exchange for his precious freedom.



HANDSOME Walter Chiari, who is known as "the Italian Danny Kaye," lights a cigarette for Ava Gardner. Ava and Chiari appeared together in Rome in "The Little Hut."

UNUSUAL three-way study of Hollywood actress Ava Gardner supports the belief held in some circles that she is still one of the most beautiful stars. Do you agree?





Make sure you  
get the original  
**Pascall**  
**FRUIT**  
**BONBONS**

There is only one best... so insist on genuine Pascall Fruit Bonbons from your confectioner. You'll love the fresh fruit flavours of Pascall Fruit Bonbons.



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

**Pascall**

Available loose from all confectioners.  
Also in the convenient SAK-PAK.  
Handy for pocket or purse.

P2/EO/6

**UGLY HAIR GONE**  
in 3 minutes



It's easy — this new way! No need to use a razor which makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. Leave for 3 minutes. Wash off and every trace of hair is washed away with it leaving your skin velvety smooth. No soreness

—no stubble. And Veet keeps legs satin-smooth too. Veet keeps your skin hair free longer. Success guaranteed or money refunded. You can get Veet at all Chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 5/3. Medium Size 3/3. WMS



**1 WELCOME** is given Lee Ashley (Deborah Kerr), left, by her Red Cross boss, breezy Kate Connors (Thelma Ritter). Alarmed by whistles from some of the men, Lee tells Kate why she enlisted.



**2 BILLETING** men of the Marine Fifth Raiders, some of them badly wounded, tests Lee's stamina. Their commander, Col. Colin Black, a professional soldier, likes her looks but despises her softness. Marine Eddie Wadjick (Dewey Martin) hero-worships Lee on the spot.

## Outpost romance



**3 CONQUEST** of Lee by Colin Black (William Holden), right, is a strange affair. Black pretends to have known Lee's husband, and tells her all about his own uncertainties.

• "The Proud and Profane," a Paramount release filmed in Vista-Vision, is a strong drama of World War II, set in the South Pacific.

Deborah Kerr, a sensitive woman of refined background who has joined the Red Cross partly to serve and partly to seek out the grave of her husband killed in action, and William Holden, a tough Army disciplinarian who scoffs at sentiment, are the key characters.

The story tells how understanding and compassion grow out of their wartime love affair.



**4 DECLARATION** of love by Black, who is leaving on manoeuvres, sweeps Lee off her feet. Then Lee learns by chance that Black is married.



**5 ANGRY** scene occurs later on when Black admits he's married to an alcoholic whom he hasn't seen for 10 years. He tells Lee their affair is just one of those things, but it is more than that.



**6 TALK** with Kate about her pregnancy fails to ease Lee's distress. In a burst of frustration she tries to end her life by leaping off a cliff. She is injured when hurled to safety by Black, who is nearby, and rushed to hospital. Lee recovers but loses her baby.



**7 ENRAGED** by the gossip, Eddie tries to kill Black, who feels guilty anyway, but he fails and is put under arrest. Slowly Black becomes a changed man. He drops the charges against Eddie, but is unable to placate Lee before leaving on a mission.



**8 WOUNDED** in an action in which Eddie is killed, Black is sent to Guadalcanal, where Lee is now stationed. She finds him lying on a litter. During the interim both Lee and Black have learned some humility and tolerance.



# CHAMPAGNE BLONDES

● Hollywood has broken out in a rash of blondes all over again and renowned hair-do's everywhere are showing the light touch. Champagne blonde, a shade which may be anything from a vivid pink to pale ash, is probably the most popular color of all. The three pretty actresses pictured on this page, Dorothy Malone, Vivian Blaine, and Venetia Stevenson, are all devotees of the champagne fad.

*Film Fan-Fare*



BRITISH-BORN Hollywood starlet Venetia Stevenson, a natural blonde, is the daughter of English actress Anna Lee and the recent bride of Russ Tamblyn. Venetia is under contract to R.K.O.



LEFT: Dorothy Malone might be termed a straight-from-the-bottle blonde and will often change her hair color on a whim. Dorothy stars in "Tension at Table Rock," with Richard Egan, for R.K.O.

ABOVE: The perfect showgirl is Vivian Blaine and she favors a very light hair color. A top star of Broadway musicals, Vivian takes a whirl at screen comedy in "Public Pigeon Number One."



# Drink



## Most cups

## Most flavour

## Most lift

# Outdoor roles for Van and Martine

From **BILL STRUTTON**  
in London

**VAN JOHNSON**, tired of the sedentary life in movies, and **Martine Carol**, tired of boudoir-and-bath roles, both pined for something different—a film full of action.

Now, having made "Action of the Tiger" on location in Spain, they wonder why they ever renounced sophisticated filming. Most of the shots were taken at about 8000 feet up in the snow-clad Sierra Nevada.

The unit was 200 strong; and every day a vast caravan of trucks, cars, and lorries whined up the mountain passes.

Several million Europeans will cover their eyes at the news that in this film *Miss Carol's* wardrobe consists of wind-cheater, slacks, and boots.

"Action of the Tiger," which is being made by a British film company, *Claridge* (for *Metro*), is the story of an American contraband runner who helps to get refugees out of a Communist Balkan State. He is helped by brigands, and most of the film's action centres on the running fight he has through mountains with his pursuers.

But there have been almost as many casualties getting to



**HAND-IN-HAND**, French star *Martine Carol* and *Van Johnson*, of Hollywood, stroll in Granada, Spain.

the location spots as there have been before the cameras.

There were great sighs of relief when the whole unit returned wearily from the mountains and set up location at the lazy, whitewashed seaport of Almunecar. They moved into the Hotel Sexi. No, it wasn't named after Martine.

Sexi is a Phoenician name first given to the place by ancient trader-settlers before the Arabs conquered Spain.

Nevertheless, the Sexi Hotel has marked a return to a sexy wardrobe for Martine Carol. Just as she was beginning to

believe that all that action was worth while to escape from undress roles, the director briefed her on the scenes required on this site.

They wanted her to dive into the sea, nude, and swim out to Van Johnson in a waiting launch. The whole town turned out to watch.

"You can't chase people off their own beach," she said. "But they were very orderly, my spectators. Not a single wolf whistle. When I finished, they gave me a cheer!"

## Talking of Films

★ *Heidi and Peter*

**A**NOTHER of Johanna Spyri's stories about children who live in the Alpine country of Switzerland provides the theme of "Heidi and Peter" (released by United Artists).

It is a picture very much in the tradition of "Heidi," that charming screen morsel of a couple of years ago.

That is to say, it has the frailest possible story, a cast of players, largely the same as before, who fit in well with the scenery, and a whole lot of wholesome appeal.

Though it is not, perhaps, quite as natural and endearing as its predecessor, the children are bound to enjoy the adventures of Heidi and Peter immensely.

Little Elsbeth Sigmund and tow-haired Thomas Klameth play their original roles. Both children are growing up now and they seem to have lost something of that childish disinterest in the cameras that made them such a pair of poppets before.

The story deals mostly with the adventures of Heidi, her playmate Peter, and Heidi's friend, Klara (Isa Guenther), from Frankfurt.

Klara comes to Switzerland to recuperate from a long illness with her grandmother (Traute Carlsen), a comic lady tutor (Anita Mey), and Theo Lingen's clowning Sebastian.

Swiss character actor Heinrich Gretler is again the sturdy, understanding grandfather of Heidi.

The Swiss mountain scenery is beautifully filmed in color.

In Sydney—Esquire.

## FILM PROGRAMMES IN SYDNEY

### Films reviewed

- EMBASSY.**—★★ "The Ladykillers," technicolor crime-comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Katie Johnson, Cecil Parker. Plus featurettes.
- ESQUIRE.**—★ "Heidi and Peter," juvenile adventure in color, starring Elsbeth Sigmund, Thomas Klameth. (See review this page.) Plus "The Naked Sea," documentary in color.
- LIBERTY.**—★★ "High Society," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.
- LYCEUM.**—★★★ "My Sister Eileen," color CinemaScope musical comedy, starring Janet Leigh, Betty Garrett, Jack Lemmon. Plus featurettes.
- MAYFAIR.**—★★ "Smiley," technicolor CinemaScope adventure-drama, starring Ralph Richardson, John McCallum, Colin Petersen. Plus ★ "Miracle on 34th Street," comedy-drama, starring MacDonald Carey, Teresa Wright.
- PARIS.**—★★ "Robin Hood," technicolor period adventure, starring Richard Todd, Joan Rice. Plus ★★★ "The Living Desert," technicolor feature-length true-life adventure.
- PLAZA.**—★★ "Lady and the Tramp," Walt Disney's animated technicolor CinemaScope feature. Plus featurettes.
- PRINCE EDWARD.**—★ "Partners," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Jackie Loughrey, Lori Nelson. Plus featurettes.
- REGENT.**—★★★ "The King and I," color CinemaScope 55 musical drama, starring Yul Brynner, Deborah Kerr, Rita Moreno. Plus featurettes.
- ST. JAMES.**—★★ "Meet Me In Las Vegas," technicolor CinemaScope comedy with music, starring Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey. Plus featurettes.
- SAVOY.**—★★★ "French Can-Can," French-language technicolor musical comedy (English sub-titles), starring Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Francoise Arnoul. Plus featurettes.

### Not yet reviewed

- LYRIC.**—"Golden Ivory," African adventure in technicolor, starring Robert Urquhart, John Bentley, Susan Stephen. Plus "Outlaw Treasure," Western, starring Adele Jergens, Richard Jennings.
- PALLADIUM.**—"Rock, Rock, Rock," musical, starring Alan Freed and his rock-'n'-roll band, La Vern Baker. Plus "Return from the Sea," Navy drama, starring James Sterling, Neville Brand.
- STATE.**—"Written on the Wind," technicolor drama, starring Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone. Plus "My Wife's Lodger," comedy, starring Diana Dors, Leslie Dwyer.





**Film Fan-Fare**

● A widescreen comedy, with music filmed in technicolor, "An Alligator Named Daisy" shows what happens when an affectionate alligator enters the life of a man-about-London.

**THIS IS DAISY.** Five feet long and six years old, Daisy, already a star in the circus, is the first alligator ever to star in a film. At Pinewood Studio Daisy had a dressing-room all to herself; instead of her name on the door there was a notice—"Danger, Keep Out."

## "AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY"



**THEIR ENGAGEMENT PARTY** in full swing down at Colebrook Manor, songwriter Peter Weston (Donald Sinden) and Vanessa (Diana Dora) grasp the chance to dance together. But all's not really well . . .



**ALL IN TOGETHER**, and not exactly happy about it. The entire cast of the new comedy gather in a studio tank with their reptilian co-star. Daisy swims towards James Robertson Justice, who looks wary in a top hat.



**LEFT:** Indignation over Daisy's behaviour is expressed by James Robertson Justice (left), Stanley Holloway, and Roland Culver.

**ABOVE:** Peter tries to sell his pet. But Margaret Rutherford listens to her "speak," says Daisy doesn't want to be sold.



# TELEVISION PARADE

Australian television has not yet had time to prove its effectiveness in selling the sponsor's product.

UP till now the advertisers who have been buying television time have been pioneering. There are not enough sets in operation in Sydney (or in Melbourne, for that matter) to get big results from those commercials.

As more sets are sold the benefits of advertising on television will become more obvious.

It is then that the sponsors who have got in early and booked shows at fixed rates and at "key time-slots" (positions) will start to reap the benefit. The other boys will be knocking on the door, but there won't be enough room for them all at the times they want.

And as more sets are sold the technique of television advertising will have to become more expert. At the moment many of the commercials are being run far too often.

An amusing story is told about a commercial for a patent can-opener that appeared on American television.

A smiling compere was demonstrating the ease with which an XYZ can-opener opened a tin of baked beans. Languidly he applied the can to the opener, which was fixed to the wall. Nothing happened. He smiled, applied a bit more pressure. The can still refused to open.

He took the other hand off his hip and tugged at the can with both hands. Nothing happened. In desperation he braced himself, putting one foot against the wall and tugging furiously with both hands. At last the can flew open, showering beans all over his tuxedo.

The next day sales of the XYZ can-opener trebled instead of falling and many stores ran out of stocks and had to order more.

THIS week records the demise of three Australian television programmes, "Accent on Strings," "The Johnny O'Connor Show," and "Campfire Favorites."

All these shows have been dropped from Channel 9.

Sad as it seems, this had to happen sooner or later. Television is a tough business; if you can't find a sponsor for your programme you've had it. People don't watch it, or the cost is prohibitive. Which brings me to this point.

Anybody can produce a good television show — if he spends a lot of money on it. It takes real talent to produce one on a limited budget.

The two remaining live shows at T.G.N. are now being produced in the full-sized studio at Willoughby under the television tower.

Bruce Gynnell, who has lost about half a stone in weight since the start of television, has been appointed TCN's Programme Director.

## STAR RATINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Well above average
- ★★ Average
- ★ Mediocre
- No stars, very poor

**THE LIBERACE SHOW** (Channel 2).  
Saturdays 7.15 p.m.

WHAT remains to be said about this revolting character? Others in America and England have summed him up far more expressively than this reviewer can ever hope to do.

The Liberace show is one of the most sickening sights I have ever seen. Antics that are beguiling in Marilyn Monroe are offensive in a male. He smarms his way through a number of emasculated piano solos with great to-do and little talent. In between these unimpressive items he talks to his audience.

He looks straight at you, so that the home viewer will not miss one inch of that characterless face. Then he comes closer. The television camera is in danger of being grasped in a suct-like embrace.

This reviewer reached frantically for the dial.

★★  
**BIG FIGHT** (Channel 7).  
Saturdays 10.00 p.m.

THIS is destined to be the last show of the night on Channel 7. It is a carefully edited account of various American prizefights that went down in the books as thrillers.

In its own way it's more interesting than watching modern boxing. You know that each fight you see is going to be a good one because the makers of the film have chosen only good fights for the series. Usually the fights are old and you have never heard of the contestants unless you're a boxing fan from way back, and you don't know who won the fight — this keeps the interest alive.

If you're interested in boxing, this is a programme well worth watching.

★★  
**RACKET SQUAD** (Channel 9).  
Saturdays 9 p.m.

"RACKET SQUAD" is the television programme that caused a stir in Parliament. In fact, a question was asked about it. Why, I will never know.

It is a most modest and inoffensive programme that takes as its theme the rackets or tricks of the confidence-man. Captain Braddock, the hero of the Police Racket Squad, is a polite enough person whose velvet glove encloses a pair of handcuffs.

The show is well presented, the criminals always get caught, and the show always ends up with a lecture on the perils of the confidence game. What more do you want?

— R. C. PACKER.

FOUR sets of English quads gathered together at the end of last month to celebrate the 21st birthdays of one set.

In the midst of all the festivities the birthday set found time to send a cable to the Sara quads in Sydney.

They wrote: "We are having our 21st birthday party, and the Good, Taylor, and Coles quads are all with us. We are having a wonderful time and wish very much you were here, too. Love from us all."

And it was signed—St. Neots quads, Ann, Paul, Michael, and Ernest.

★ ★ ★  
THE task of reading the weather bulletins over the B.B.C. has been a particularly thankless one this summer. Some people go so far as to suspect the weathermen and announcers of having a hand in ordering untimely rain.

So it was encouraging for announcers to learn of the unflagging confidence of one old lady of Bradford who recently addressed a letter to "The Weather Reporter" at the B.B.C.:

"I am going to Harrogate for a week next Saturday," she wrote, "to benefit from the beautiful, clean, invigorating air over that part . . . please arrange for fine sunshine weather."

More gratifying still was the postcard that reached the B.B.C. a fortnight later. The weather at Harrogate had been perfect, the old lady said, as she had known it would be after having requested it!

★ ★ ★  
**Prettiest car on the course**

WE were intrigued when told by South Australian racing-car driver Derek Jolly that his new sports car—Decca Special Mark II—with which he won the 1100cc class in the 100-mile Australian Tourist Trophy race at Albert Park, Melbourne, recently, would fit under our office desk.

Twenty-eight inches high, 11ft. long, 5ft. wide, and with a 7ft. wheelbase, the sleek wonder was christened at Derek's home at Medindie the night before he loaded her on to a trailer for the trip overland.

Family friend Lady Swift broke a bottle of champagne over the hub cap and the 150-odd guests drank to the success of the two Deccas, also in champagne.

For Decca is Derek's nickname, too.

The little sporting car was privately made. About 40 of Derek's motoring friends gave up nights and weekends to put her together.

It was planned by Derek. "I'm no artist," he said, "but I made dozens of drawings."

"Some features of the car I gleaned while overseas. She is very nice and has armchair comfort."

"It took 14 weeks to make Decca Special Mark II and I estimate that about 10,000 work hours were spent on her."

"She's beautifully streamlined, colored the dark green of British racing cars, wax polished, and when she was televised in Melbourne she was described as 'the prettiest car on the course.'"

# Worth Reporting



**Wine and art for meals**

MR. MAX FLANNAGAN,

well-known Adelaide hotel-keeper, has an unusual hobby—he collects aprons.

When Reynella Vineyards experimented in combining art and wine by holding an exhibition of leading artists' work in their cellars, about 11 miles from Adelaide, Mr. Flannagan wore one of his most colorful designs.

As head of the team of carvers at the lunch that followed the inspection of paintings, he operated on a baron of beef in grand style in an apron with a wine-and-white-striped bib made like a waistcoat.

Gold buttons decorated the front, and a gold chain, to which a bottle-opener was attached, hung across the front of the bib from vest pocket to vest pocket.

The skirt of the apron was white, and Mr. Flannagan completed his outfit with a starched white chef's cap.

The luncheon was magnificent, with turkey and other poultry, sucking-pig, ham, and beef, followed by luscious strawberry-cream cakes, cheese and biscuits, and accompanied by a variety of wines.

Twenty artists, including veteran Hans Heysen and his daughter Nora, each lent two pictures, which were hung in the despatch-room against a background of huge vats.

Opening the exhibition, Mr. I. E. Thomas said: "Wine and art have this in common; they both appeal to mobs."

Behind the idea is the suggestion that hotelkeepers decorate their hotels by hanging worthwhile pictures instead of the inevitable race-horse.

Mr. Flannagan's apron collection, by the way, includes the time-honored English butcher's model, given to him by Lady McCann, whose late husband, Sir Charles McCann, was Agent-General for South Australia in London for many years.

★ ★ ★  
QUOTING for playing at a junction at Surfers' Paradise, a leading Gold Coast brass band stated that the fee for the 32-piece band would be seven guineas if members wore their dark uniforms and twelve guineas if they were to play in white linen.

It was explained that the extra five guineas for the white uniforms was to cover dry cleaning charges after the performance.

A POPULAR Italian restaurant in Brisbane, noted for its simple, well-cooked food, features both national and Australian dishes.

The latter are built round steaks of every description. The menu features them served with a variety of garnishes—eggs, onions, tomatoes, spaghetti, and so on. It tapers off to "Steak with the Works!"

★ ★ ★  
**The missing Polynesian**

A MEMBER of the Netherlands delegation to the Third South Pacific Conference told a story which throws an interesting light on theories regarding the movements and travels of the Polynesian people.

The story concerns Ibrahim Bauw, Radja of Rumbati, acting delegate of the delegation of Netherlands New Guinea to the conference.

Radja Ibrahim Bauw attended a reception at Government House in Suva, and he listened with growing amazement to a song which the choir was singing. The melody was familiar to him and he could understand the words, even though the language spoken in Fiji is totally different from the language of the people of Rumbati.

The song was well known to his people, and his mother had often sung it to him as a child. It tells about how hundreds of years ago a female member of the Bauw dynasty disappeared. She had five sons and one daughter. The five sons built a canoe and travelled far and wide searching for their mother. The mother was never found and one of the sons never returned from the search.

In Rumbati, the search for the missing son never ceased, and pilgrimages were even made to Mecca.

Radja Bauw has come to the conclusion that all further search can be stopped, because at the reception at Suva he made the acquaintance of a Fijian named Ratu M'Bau, who knew the same legend in reverse—namely, that many hundreds of years ago a man in a canoe came from the west, landed, and founded a strong and mighty dynasty—the dynasty from which Ratu M'Bau is descended.

★ ★ ★  
WHEN a Paris weekly newspaper asked ten artists what they thought of the new three-tone French cars, two said that the colors "clashed with the landscape."

**How many for dinner?**

DR. CHARLES ROSS-SMITH, medical director of health services in Jordan, has arrived in Sydney to join his wife Beverley on a three months' holiday.

Mrs. Ross-Smith, who is staying with her family at Homebush, said that her home in Jerusalem was on the border of "no-man's land" between Israel and Jordan.

"We shop in the souks or market places," Mrs. Ross-Smith said. "The streets are narrow, stony, and very hard on shoes."

"In butchers' shops the meat hangs in the open, and it isn't unusual to see a horse's or cow's head on a wall. The Arabs buy the heads and hoots, but I don't know what they make with them."

"I'm sure the butcher sometimes gives us goat or camel meat," she added. "It's supposed to be beef, but we pound everything to try to lessen the toughness."

"The roast beef I prepared for one dinner party was as hard to cut as a school exercise-book and tasted like leather, so every time the guests took a mouthful I tried to introduce a new topic of conversation to take their minds off what they were eating."

"When an Arab woman cooks she prepares for about 25, because she never knows how many guests her husband will invite to dinner. The Arabs eat their food half-cold, and it is rather oily."

"We entertain a lot—many United Nations personalities, visitors, and Arab friends."

"I've trained our Arab servant, Salim, to cook our way, but I still do the sweets and any dishes I want to be specially appetising."

"One of the nicest people I have met is Queen Dina of Jordan. She is charming, and looks very much like Audrey Hepburn."

"Our apartment is very modern. It overlooks the ruins made in the 1048 clashes."

"The new Jerusalem is a spotless city. In the spring the countryside is beautiful—covered with wildflowers—lupins, cyclamens, and dozens of others."

"In the heat of summer the salt hills are bare. Driving at night, they look white and rather eerie."

"The cost of living is very high. Vegetables are cheap; so are papaws, custard-apples, grapes, and a lot of other fruit, but imported food is expensive. A tin of peaches costs 8/-, a bottle of tomato sauce 5/6."

"A favorite fruit, easily obtainable, is the fruit of the prickly pear. The Arabs peel them for you, and they taste just like passionfruit."

★ ★ ★  
**STOCKINGS** are in the news in Paris.

Latest color is pale grey, with a faint bluish tinge, for cocktails; and Schiaparelli has put out stockings extraordinarily sheer and with a romantic gold seam which gives the impression of having been painted on the leg.



**"A new expression"**



AS A MOTHER-TO-BE, Princess Grace has shed most of the sophistication that marked Grace Kelly the actress. She is wearing her former upswept hair in soft curls, as shown in this photograph taken when she attended the Monaco Casino Opera with her husband, Prince Rainier.

## She knits in yellow —for a boy or a girl

● A boy or a girl? "We don't mind at all," said Princess Grace and her husband, Prince Rainier of Monaco, of the baby they expect in February.

"I'M knitting the baby clothes with touches of yellow so that I don't tempt Providence," said the former film star.

As a mother-to-be, Princess Grace is a different person. She has a new expression, most of her sophistication is gone, and her upswept hairstyle and her heels are well and truly down.

The people of Monaco are rejoicing in bars and cafes and the luxury Hotel de Paris is providing free champagne. They are celebrating because the baby's arrival will mean the freedom of Monaco, whose gay life would suffer if Prince Rainier died without an heir and Monaco had to cede to France.

Happily, under the Monaco constitution the right of succession can pass through the female as well as the male.

### Zoo moved

SO Princess Grace, awaiting her baby, knits in yellow while the nursery (American-style, complete to mechanised horse) is being furnished for a prince or a princess.

French artist and cartoonist Barberousse is decorating the nursery walls. He is known for the quaint Disney-type animals he paints.

Meanwhile, the real-life animals in Prince Rainier's private zoo have been sent to the public zoo to make way for the heir or heiress, as the nursery for the most important baby in Monaco is being built in a part of the palace where the Prince had a section of his famous private zoo.

But when the baby is old enough, he or she can see the animals in the zoo the Prince built at the foot of the rock on which the palace stands.

Prince Rainier ordered the

alterations and decorations of the nursery last July, and the palace was closed to the public to allow the work to be done without interruption.

As soon as the workmen arrived on the job, property values in Monaco began to rise, for with the birth of a boy or a girl Monaco will be free from French taxation and conscription.

Plans in Monaco include a scheme for rebuilding the entire foreshore, erecting new hotels, and opening a heliport.

Although the Prince and Princess insist that they don't mind whether the baby is a boy or a girl, it is rumored that they have consulted an astrologer, who is said to have proclaimed that the baby will be a boy.

And "Time," the American newsmagazine, reports that Grace said wistfully: "They claim you have a boy if you carry to the front. It might be a boy. He kicks hard."

Princess Grace's doctor, Professor Rodolphe Rochat, an internationally known Swiss gynaecologist, is regarded as a world's authority on the pre-determination of the sex of unborn children, but he has no comment.

The Professor and the Prince will decide where the baby is to be born.

Prince Rainier wants it to be at the palace, but provisional reservations for Princess Grace have been made at the fashionable Lausanne (Switzerland) maternity clinic, to which Professor Rochat usually insists the mothers he is attending go for pre-natal treatment and observation at least a fortnight before the child is expected.

Meantime, Princess Grace is home in her palace and happy, and those who see her

# PRINCESS GRACE IS BUSY, HAPPY



PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO, who is expecting her first child in February, arrives with her husband, Prince Rainier (left, with back to camera), for a performance of the Monaco Casino Opera. Crowds cheered her appearance in chiffon and ermine, wearing a decoration and a tiara.

with the Prince say she is obviously more in love with him than ever. She is proving that it is possible to have a baby without hiding at home in a wrap-over "giveaway" smock.

### Film answer

SHE is in the forefront of the public eye. On her return from her visit to the United States, she attended the three-day Monaco national fête and was cheered by the crowds who watched her arrival, dressed in diamonds, chiffon, and ermine, for a gala performance of the Casino Opera.

Before that, she opened Monaco's new cinema, held a diplomatic reception, and watched a military parade and a football match.

Princess Grace has been forbidden to fly and goes every-

where by road or rail. She has stock-piled wool and is keenly interested in household linen, kitchen gadgets, and nursery equipment (she brought one hundred cases of nursery equipment from the United States).

Princess Grace has given her answer to the Hollywood question of whether she would make another film. "I want three or four children," she said.

Asked if the expected arrival would be twins—one rumor—she laughed and said: "I'm not saying how many babies there will be. We will be overjoyed with one happy, healthy child."

RIGHT: Princess Grace leaves an infants' wear salon in Nice, where she spent two hours selecting clothes and spoke in perfect French to the salesgirls who served her.





*Busy  
Sue*

**SHOWS YOU  
HOW!**



*Quick and  
easy!*

**Pine-o-nut  
Ice Cream**

**INGREDIENTS:**

One 12-oz. tin Ideal Evaporated Milk,  
2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup  
shredded pineapple,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped  
mixed nuts.



**1.** Place unopened tin of Ideal in refrigerator overnight. Set control at maximum 20 minutes before making. Add one teaspoon cold water to gelatine, allow to swell, heat until dissolved, then cool.



**2.** Open tin of Ideal and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick.



**3.** Gently fold in shredded pineapple and nuts. Place into refrigerator trays and freeze.



Pine-o-nut ice cream, m-m-m-m, it's wonderful—but so is everything when you use *Ideal* Evaporated Milk. *Ideal* is extra good because it's extra creamy... extra nourishing too. Try Busy Sue's Pine-o-nut ice cream recipe to-night and you'll discover what creamy smoothness really is. Soon you'll be using *Ideal* for all your cooking, whenever milk is required. Incidentally, you'll find other exciting ice cream recipes on *Ideal* leaflets at your grocers. Look for the Busy Sue display. *Ideal* is sold in two handy sizes, 6-oz. and large economy size 12-oz. tins. Get two or three tins to-day... but remember... no other milk is *Ideal*.

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for heavenly  
creamed coffee!*





# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

- Problems of the heart seem to be worse than ever despite the goodwill of the holiday season.

HERE is the first letter to arrive on my desk this week.

"AT our local church I met a very nice boy, and after knowing him about six months invited him to our annual school ball. He accepted and we had a wonderful time together. Later on he asked me to another smaller dance and I accepted, and again we both enjoyed ourselves. He only held my hand on both occasions and I was thankful, even though I like him a lot. Do you think it would be wrong if I asked him out again? I don't want to seem as though I am chasing him."

G. H., Victoria.

No, not at all, if you ask him to your home or to something at which it is necessary for you to have a male escort. ("Escort" affairs are covered, I think, by a dance, or a party given by someone else to which you are asked to bring a boy.) But stop short of this type of invitation; don't assume the traditional role of the hunting male.

"A BOY of 20 with whom I have gone for six months has just bought a new car, which was very expensive and about the only one of its kind I have seen. I am 18 and feel dreadful now, as I might lose him, for many girls will be after him with his new car. I know that you will say that if he is like that, he will not be worth having, and to forget about him. I would like you to help me by giving me some idea of how I can straighten our romance so that I will not be always afraid of losing him. I do not say that I am in love with him, because I think I am too young to tell really. How can I feel sure of his friendship and not feel inferior, as he has so much money?"

R. F., South Australia.

To me, he sounds definitely



## A word from Debbie . . .

- Start your next Christmas book and save those groans of despair when you got unexpected presents. Make three lists in a notebook. List the people who sent you cards, the presents you sent, and the gifts you received. Next Christmas, shopping lists will be easy.

- Have fun with an alphabet of slang — here's a start from America —

A is for Antique — anyone over 25.

B is for Blind date — a game of chance.

- Here's a super idea for a show-off snack.

Toast two slices of bread on one side. Butter the untoasted side and put a slice of ham, tomato, and onion on the bread. The ham must be doused with mustard, of course. Now separate the yolk from the white of an egg. Stir the yolk with a tablespoon of mayonnaise or cream and salt and pepper. Whip the egg-white and fold into the yolk and pile on top of the ham and other goodies. Grill for two minutes five inches from heat.

worth having — charm, car, and money add up to what most girls like. You don't seem to have much in your favor except that of being a realist at heart. As a realist you know perfectly well that there is nothing you can do to hold him or to strengthen the romance. You know, too, that all you can do is relax your efforts and enjoy your time — even if brief — as the front-seat passenger.

"I AM 17 and am in love with a boy of 20, who is studying for a profession. All my friends think he is a bit silly and advise me to take him as a joke, but I love him very much. However he makes a hobby of hypnosis, and he has, against my will, hypnotised me. I do not know what he made me do when he hypnotised me, but I have noticed that several people avoid me now, and I have heard some nasty rumors. Should I take my friends' advice?"

Sally, N.S.W.

You don't expect me to believe you are serious about this, do you? Why don't you pull your friends' legs as they are pulling yours? Just for your information, it has been proved (a) that no person can be hypnotised against his or her will; and (b) that a person under hypnosis will not do anything that is repugnant to or outrages his or her sense of morality.

"I AM very shy about my figure and to make it worse I have knock-knees. My friends say my figure is good except for this complaint. I wonder if you could help me to get rid of this the fastest way."

"Worried," N.S.W.

I have heard that some knock-knees can be treated, but only a doctor could advise you. See your doctor and see what he says. But don't worry too much, because practically all girls have this complaint to some degree. Full skirts are a good idea to disguise them.

## DISC DIGEST

It would be interesting to know whether the line "Frank Sinatra conducts" will popularise the 12-inch LP called "Tone Poems of Color" (W.735). It certainly has a novelty value and the died-in-the-wool Sinatra fan will possibly add it to his collection, but as all the material is original and specially written for this album, it is difficult even to begin to assess Sinatra's contribution. What sort of a fist would Frank have made of some of the established tone poems by well-known composers such as "Sorcerer's Apprentice," "Don Juan," or "The Afternoon of a Faun"?

The so-called tone poems on this record are really more in the category of film background music, and each attempts to depict in music the

qualities of a certain color. For instance, "Purple, the Schemer" is written by Billy May. Alec Wilder undertakes both "Blue, the Dreamer" and "Grey, the Gaunt." Of the twelve bands perhaps Nelson Riddle's contributions are the most interesting—"Gold, the Greedy" and "Orange, the Gay Deceiver." An unintentionally macabre touch is given by the fact that Victor Young, who died a few weeks ago, was allotted "Black, the Bottomless."

Other composers represented are Jeff Alexander, Andre Previn, Elmer Bernstein, and Gordon Jenkins. I'll have to admit that the idea is original, but the whole thing lands between those two stools in my opinion. The pop fan may be somewhat bewildered, whereas the collector of good programme music

will prefer to invest, say, in Ravel's "La Valse" or Liszt's "Les Preludes."

YMA SUMAC may be heard on a new 45 r.p.m. extended play disc called "Mambo," which more than adequately displays her extraordinary vocal range. This is the voice that spans over four octaves and five notes—contralto, mezzo-soprano, soprano, and coloratura. The four numbers she has chosen to dazzle us with are "Bo Mambo," "Goomba Moomba," "Cha Cha Gitano," and "Carnavalito Biliviano," through which her uncanny voice soars and plunges in astonishing hi-fi. The music is by Moises Vivanco, her South American husband, and is interpreted by Billy May, who did the exotic orchestrations.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

## "Dog Talk" No. 6

## "Dog Talk" No. 6

- What is the dog in the picture saying? There is prize-money of £100 for the senders of the brightest and most appropriate captions.

If you would like to see your name in the prize list, write a caption of not more than 15 words to describe what you think the dog would be saying if he could talk.

Weekly prize-money is made up of a first prize of £50, with three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1.

Make your entry as entertaining as you can; a saying that is apt and topical.

You may send as many as

### ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's Weekly "Dog Talk" Contest No. 6. January 9, 1957.

you like, but each group must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page. Without this identification coupon, the judges have no way of telling to which picture your caption is intended to refer.

Every member of the family can have fun thinking of entries. The contest, rules for which are given at right, is simple and entertaining.

Before posting, check again to see that your name and address are clearly written and that you have included the State in the address.

"Dog Talk" No. 6 will close on January 14 and results will be announced in our issue dated January 30. Below you will find results of "Dog Talk" No. 3.

There will be another contest—and another £100 in prize-money—to be won next week.

### HOW TO ENTER

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.

2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.

3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 6 will close on JANUARY 14. Winners will be announced in our JANUARY 30 issue.

5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

## No. 3 CONTEST RESULTS

- First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 3 was won by Mrs. T. Grienwood, High St., Berwick, Vic.

HER amusing entry was: "I thought they liked me as I was."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. P. Johnson, 1008 Pittwater Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W.

"I only wanted a lick."

Mrs. G. Budden, 24 Garling St., Red Hill, Qld.

"I want it dyed the new red shade, and take out all the grey streaks."

Mr. W. D. Mills, 7 Victoria Ave., Spring Vale, Vic.

"Honest, I don't mind being called a dirty little mutt . . . honest, I don't . . . honest."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. M. Jallard, 40 St. John's Ave., Mangerton, Wollongong, N.S.W.

"I couldn't do it to a human!"

Mrs. G. Crawford, P.O., Gilles Plains, S.A.

"Yes, dear, of course, I'll wipe the bath out and leave it clean."

"Never mind laughing. Pass me a towel."

D. Wilson, Piawaning, W.A.

"You see, there's another dog show tomorrow."

Mrs. D. M. Hitzman, 7 Annie St., Camp Hill, Qld.

"Of course it's only soap opera, but at least I play the lead."

Mrs. M. Farrimond, 369 Chitunga Rd., Eden Hills, S.A.

"If no one owns up before I count three . . ."

"I thought they liked me as I was."





# Try these short cuts to MIDSUMMER MEALS:

**M**IDSUMMER meals need not be a problem to the housewife. A little planning and advance preparation will overcome all the difficulties of tempting jaded appetites in hot weather. While it is not always possible to make a dinner without cooking, it is possible to avoid cooking in the heat of the day. Reduce to a minimum the time spent in the kitchen by using tinned and packaged foods.

Dishes that have packaged and tinned foods as their main ingredients can be well flavored and interesting, as the recipes in this section show. They can be prepared in the cool morning hours and served later without formality and fuss.

Sweets are often a problem, but simple jellies and custards, with a little thought and advance preparation, can be turned into glamor desserts to please the most difficult appetite.

Salads need no recommendation—they are always a "must" in summer. Instead of serving them with meat or fish, try mixing the meat or fish with the salad ingredients as suggested in some of the following recipes.

Remember that garnishes are not superfluous—they are a necessity. The kind that can be eaten (such as parsley, celery, cress, tomato, gherkins) make for a well-dressed plate or platter.

Don't overlook the fact that a hot main dish now and again is necessary for variety. It is possible to choose recipes for hot food that can be partly prepared ahead. Several are included in this section.

Spoon measurements are level in all the following recipes:

## BAKED CUSTARD CREAM

(A simple French sweet)

Two and a half cups milk, 1oz. castor sugar, 4 egg-yolks, 1 whole egg, 1 scant teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence or 1oz. melted chocolate.

Bring milk and sugar almost to boiling point, pour slowly on to egg-yolks beaten with the whole egg. Add vanilla and coffee essence or melted chocolate. Divide among five to six small ovenware custard cups, stand close together in a slab-tin or baking-dish with hot water to a depth of 1in. Cover with a scone tray, or if the custard cups have lids put them on. Bake in a moderate oven until just set, about 15-25 minutes according to thickness of dishes. Allow to cool thoroughly, then chill until serving time. Serve topped with a swirl of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk and sprinkle with grated chocolate or chopped nuts.

## EGGS FLORENTINE

Two cups chopped cooked spinach, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ cup grated cheese, 4 eggs, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk.

Grease four ramekin dishes, place one-quarter of the spinach in each one. Sprinkle thickly with cheese, break an egg on top of each one. Pour one-quarter cup cream or evaporated milk over each, sprinkle again with cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes or until eggs are set. Serve hot.

## CHOCOLATE ORANGE CREAM

Half cup drinking chocolate (dry powder), 3oz. solid type white shortening, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 3 table-spoons evaporated milk.

Place drinking chocolate in a bowl, gradually add solid-type shortening, which has been melted but not overheated. Lightly grease or oil a cake-tin, about 7in. When chocolate mixture is beginning to thicken spread it over base and sides of prepared tin (or, if available, use a large grease-proof paper case). Set in refrigerator. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix half the sugar, orange rind and juice, lemon juice, and salt with egg-yolks. Stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add softened gelatine, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with remaining sugar, fold into cooled orange mixture. Add evaporated milk and fill into chocolate-case. Decorate with whipped cream, thin orange slices, and chocolate "bark" or grated chocolate.

## WHIPPED EVAPORATED MILK

One cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 table-spoon warm water.

Freeze milk in ice-cream tray in refrigerator until crystals begin to form around the edges. Remove to a chilled bowl or a bowl resting on crushed ice, and beat until it begins to thicken. Add lemon juice, sugar, and gelatine, and continue beating until very thick.

## SALMON SALAD

Two cups flaked salmon or other tinned fish, ½ cup chopped green cucumber (may be left unpeeled), ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Place fish, cucumber, and celery together in a large bowl, add mayonnaise, toss lightly to mix. Line a serving bowl with lettuce leaves, add a thick layer of coarsely shredded lettuce. Pile fish mixture on top and sprinkle with chopped hard-boiled egg.

## LEMON CREAM SOUFFLE

Three eggs, 6oz. castor sugar, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 table-spoons water, 1 or 2 crushed macaroons.

Place egg-yolks, sugar, lemon rind and juice into a basin and beat over gently boiling water until thickened slightly. Remove from heat and continue beating until bowl and contents are cold. Beating over a bowl of ice hastens the process. Add whipped evaporated milk, gelatine dissolved in water, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pin a piece of oiled or greased paper around the outside of a deep straight-sided mould. Fill lemon cream mixture into the dish; it should come 1in. above the rim of the dish. Place in refrigerator

to set. Carefully remove paper. Decorate top with extra whipped evaporated milk or cream and crushed macaroons.

## SPANISH RICE

Two cups cooked rice, 2 large onions, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 scant teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, grated cheese.

Saute sliced onions and green pepper in the shortening for five minutes. Add tomatoes and salt, mix well. Add rice and stir and toss lightly over low heat until well mixed. Add chopped parsley just before serving and garnish with grated cheese.





# When the temperature soars make use of tinned and packaged foods for dishes that cut cooking time

## BUTTERSCOTCH FRUIT SALAD

Four or 5 bananas, 2 oranges, 2 apples, juice of 1 small lemon, good  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 3 tablespoons cream, chopped nuts.

Prepare the fruit in the following way: Slice bananas, divide oranges into segments, removing as much white pith as possible, peel, core, and thinly slice the apples. Sprinkle fruits with lemon juice. Melt sugar and butter, cook gently until sugar is melted, add cream, and cook gently three or four minutes longer. Allow to cool. Arrange fruits in individual serving dishes and pour butterscotch cream over, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Ice-cream or fresh whipped cream may be added if liked.

## MERINGUE BAVAROIS

Three-quarters pint milk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 2 thin strips orange rind, 3 dessertspoons custard powder, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons evaporated milk, 1oz. chocolate.

Use one-quarter cup of the milk to blend custard powder to a smooth paste. Place remaining milk in saucepan with sugar and orange rind, bring slowly to boiling point. Remove orange rind, stir in blended custard powder. Stir while custard simmers two or three minutes. Remove from heat. Soften gelatine in the cold water, stir into hot custard, mix until dissolved. Add evaporated milk and pour all but one cup of the custard into a serving dish, add chopped choco-

late to the remaining hot custard. Allow both to cool, then chill serving dish until custard is set. Pour chocolate custard on top and chill again. Top with whipped cream, decorate with tiny meringues.

Meringues: Beat two egg-whites stiffly, gradually add 4oz. sugar a little at a time. Drop a small teaspoonful at a time on to a lightly greased and floured biscuit tray. Bake in very slow oven until dry and crisp. When quite cold store in airtight tin until ready to use.

## DECORATIVE FRUIT SALAD

Stale cake, butter, tinned pineapple slices, tinned peach halves, bananas, maraschino cherries, sultanas or raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint thick custard (made with packaged custard powder),  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Fry pieces of stale cake (or bread) in butter, moisten with sherry or syrup from tinned fruits. Arrange on serving platter with pieces of pineapple, chunky pieces of tinned peach, and pieces of banana. Moisten maraschino cherries and sultanas or raisins with warmed fruit syrup and spoon over the salad. Beat cold custard until smooth, fold in whipped cream or evaporated milk. Pile on to fruit.

## VEAL WITH PEAS

Six small veal chops, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 large white onion, 1 tin peas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stock or water (including liquid from peas), 4oz. grated cheese, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Trim chops, brown lightly on both sides in the melted shortening. Remove, add chopped onion to pan and brown lightly. Open peas, drain liquid into a measure and make up to half pint with stock, water (meat or vegetable extract may be dissolved in the water), or port wine. Arrange alternate layers of meat, onion, and peas in a casserole. Rinse out pan with the liquid, add cheese, season with salt and pepper, pour into casserole. Sprinkle with crumbs, bake 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours in moderate to hot oven.

Note: This dish may be prepared in the morning and placed in the oven to bake about two hours before serving time. Longer cooking time is necessary if all ingredients are cold when the casserole is placed in the oven.

## BAKED FISH MOUSSE

One and a half pounds smoked cod or haddock or cape fillets, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons scraped onion, good squeeze of lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, pinch cayenne pepper.

Cover fish with cold water, bring to the boil, drain. Cover with fresh water, bring to the boil, simmer until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Drain, remove dark skin and any bones, break into small flakes or chop finely. Add melted butter, egg-yolks, breadcrumbs, onion, lemon juice, milk, and cayenne pepper. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Cover with greased lid. Bake in moderate oven about one hour. Serve hot.

Note: The fish may be precooked and flaked early in the day.

## BANANA SPLIT

Half cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 1 dessertspoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 4 or 5 bananas, cream or whipped evaporated milk, chopped nuts or coconut.

Mix sugar with flour, add egg-yolk, golden syrup, and some of the milk and blend to a smooth paste. Add balance of milk and stir over low heat until mixture boils. Stir and simmer one minute longer. Add butter and vanilla. Stir frequently while cooling. Slice bananas lengthwise, arrange in serving dish. Pour custard over, allow to become quite cold. Serve with whipped cream or evaporated milk and sprinkle with chopped nuts or coconut.

## FRUITY MARSHMALLOW CREAM

Four ounces sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 8 or 9 marshmallows, 1 egg-white, vanilla, food coloring, ice-cream, sliced fresh fruit, strips of angelica.

Boil sugar and water for 15 minutes, add chopped marshmallows, and stir until dissolved. Allow to cool and thicken. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, vanilla, and coloring to tint as desired. Place a generous serving of sliced fruit in each individual serving dish, spoon ice-cream on top, and pour marshmallow sauce around. Decorate with angelica strips.

## COMBINATION DESSERT SALAD

Mixed fruits such as grated apple, chopped pear, chopped peaches or apricots, diced pineapple, sliced banana, chopped nuts, lemon juice, sugar, shredded lettuce or young cabbage, grated cheese, mayonnaise, hard-boiled eggs, sliced tomato.

Prepare fruits and toss lightly with lemon juice and sugar. Add nuts, pile into centre of serving platter. Surround with finely shredded lettuce or cabbage. Spoon mayonnaise over fruit, top with grated cheese. Garnish platter with sliced hard-boiled egg and sliced tomato.

*Continued overleaf*

**FIVE SUMMER SWEETS** that are easy to make are shown at left. They are lemon cream soufflé, chocolate orange cream, decorative fruit salad, individual baked custard creams, and meringued bavarois.



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# Plan your menus to make leisure

● Foresight in menu-planning will set you free to enjoy a lazy hour or two in a cool and shady spot.

**BY** planning meals for several days ahead and building menus around one or two simple, satisfying dishes, the housewife can achieve extra leisure.

Most of the recipes on this page include some packaged or tinned foods that reduce the amount of time and energy needed for their preparation.

Simple cakes, teacakes, and cookies are good stand-bys. They add a touch of sweetness at the end of an all-savory meal and are also useful for between-meal snacks.

Spoon measurements are level in all the following recipes.

## VANILLA FLUFF

One packet vanilla custard dessert, 1 1/2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons sherry, 2 egg-whites.

Prepare vanilla dessert according to directions on packet, using the 1 1/2 cups milk. Remove from heat, stir in sherry. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, then pour the custard mixture on to them, fold in until well blended. Fill into individual glass serving-dishes, chill. Serve with whipped sweetened cream.

## QUICK BAKED RAREBIT

Three breakfast biscuits, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 lb. grated processed cheese, 1 or 2 rashers chopped cooked bacon.

Split the biscuits carefully through the middle. Spread with butter and place buttered side down in shallow ovenware dish. Beat eggs, add salt, mustard, paprika, milk, cheese,

chopped bacon. Pour over biscuits. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 to 40 minutes or until set. Serve at once.

## BAKED TOMATO ENTREE

Four tomatoes, 2 shallots, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 2 rashers bacon, salt, pepper, 1 small tin corn, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg-white, parsley.

Drain liquor from corn, divide corn evenly between 4

## Midsummer Meals

greased ramekin dishes. Cut tomatoes into thick slices, arrange on top of corn. Top with finely chopped shallots, dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add a layer of chopped bacon. Bake in moderate oven until tomato is soft and bacon cooked and lightly browned. Combine mayonnaise, crumbs, sauce, and cayenne. Beat egg-white stiffly, fold into crumb mixture. Spoon on top of bacon, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

Note: Mayonnaise - crumb topping may be omitted if desired.

## QUICK FRUIT BETTY

One sponge roll, 2 egg-whites, sherry, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated rind 1/2 orange, 2 cups cold stewed fruit or tinned fruit drained free of syrup.

Cut the sponge roll into thick slices, place them on a greased oven-tray and moisten with sherry. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar, and beat to meringue



**VANILLA FLUFF**, served with whipped cream, is an attractive dessert that is easy to prepare.

consistency. Fold in orange rind, pile on to sponge slices, hollowing out well in centre. Bake in slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. When cold spoon fruit into centre hollow. Serve very cold.

## RICE AND CHEESE SOUFFLE

Two cups cooked rice, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parboiled red pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Combine rice, cheese, and melted butter or substitute. Add egg-yolks beaten with milk, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Stir in onion, parsley, chopped red pepper, and sauce. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with baked tomato halves and bacon rolls.

## MARSHMALLOW AMBROSIA

Two cups fruit salad, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, strawberries, strawberry syrup.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10

minutes. Allow to cool. Add lemon juice, vanilla, and lemon rind. Beat until white and thick enough to hold its shape. Spoon fruit salad into serving-glasses, top with a heaped spoonful of the cold marshmallow. Chill until marshmallow is set. Decorate with strawberries and strawberry syrup or with fresh whipped cream.

## ORANGE TEACAKE

Two eggs, pinch salt, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, grated rind of 1/2 orange, 1 tablespoon finely chopped peel.

Topping: 1 dessertspoon peanut butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add egg-yolks beaten with sugar and mixed with milk and vanilla. Fold in sifted flour, then the melted butter, orange rind, and chopped peel. Pour into a greased 8-inch sandwich-tin and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. While still hot, brush with peanut butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Slice and spread with butter when cold.

## Continued from previous page

### DROP COOKIES

One packet pastry-mix, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup coconut, 1/2 cup mixed fruit, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Add brown sugar, coconut, and fruit to the dry pastry-mix. Add beaten egg, milk, and vanilla, and mix to a firm dough. Drop a teaspoon at a time on to a greased oven-tray and bake in a moderate to hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray, store in airtight tin.

### PRESSURE-COOKED SWISS STEAK

Two pounds skirt, chuck, or blade steak, flour, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 teaspoon marjoram, 1 1/2 tablespoons good shortening, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 cup water.

Cut meat into six or seven service-sized pieces. Season flour with salt, pepper, paprika, and marjoram, pound well into the meat. Brown the meat in the hot shortening in the cooker, drain off excess fat. Add sliced onions, vinegar, and water. Place lid on and pressure-cook 20 to 30 minutes.



**QUICK-BAKED RAREBIT**, a delicious concoction of breakfast biscuits, eggs, cheese, and bacon, makes an appetising main dish for luncheon or for a light dinner.



# QUICK DISHES FOR GALA OCCASIONS

*Quickly and easily made, these dishes are ideal for warm-weather entertaining.*

**P**REPARING food for a party should be fun, and it can be, even when the weather is warm, if ready-to-use packaged and tinned foods are used to speed up the process.

Here are some recipe ideas that hostesses will enjoy as much as their guests.

All spoon measurements are level.

## SUMMER FRUIT CUP

One and a half pints fruit cordial (made from concentrated fruit cordial prepared and mixed with water as directed),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup crushed pineapple, pulp of 2 or 3 passionfruit, 5 or 6 maraschino cherries cut into thin crosswise slices, 1 thinly sliced banana, cherries.

Frost rims of glasses by dipping in slightly beaten egg-white, then in sugar, and leaving to dry. Thoroughly chill fruit cordial and, just before serving, add pineapple, passionfruit, cherries, banana, and some crushed ice. Decorate edges of glasses with cherries or with a slice of lemon or cucumber.

## SAVORY BISCUITS

**Bacon and Pickle:** Spread some round savory biscuits lightly with butter. Remove rind from 2 or 3 rashers of bacon, chop finely, cook in its own fat until crisp. Drain off excess fat. Mix with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped gherkin or colored cocktail onions and  $\frac{1}{8}$  cup mayonnaise. Pile on to prepared biscuits.

**Chicken and Olive:** Mix 1 cup finely chopped or minced chicken meat or flaked tuna with 6 or 7 chopped black olives. Season with salt and pepper, bind with mayonnaise. Pile on to small, square cheese-flavored biscuits (unbut-

tered) and top with a piece of black olive.

**Sardine:** Mash 1 large tin sardines with the oil from the tin, or 1 dessertspoon of melted butter. Flavor with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed mustard, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, and a few drops of lemon juice. Spread thickly on unbuttered, oval-shaped savory biscuits and decorate with sliced, stuffed olives.

## CURRIED PRAWNS

One and a half pounds prawns,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup coarsely chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup coarse coconut (simmered 20 minutes in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of water), 2 or 3 crumbled breakfast biscuits, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Shell prawns, set aside some for garnishing, cut remainder in halves.

Melt butter, add onion, cook gently until lightly browned. Add flour, curry powder, 1 cup of the liquid in which coconut soaked, milk, and salt. Stir until thickened. Add prawns, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in lemon juice, fill into scallop shells, greased and sprinkled with crumbled breakfast biscuits. Top with a border of crumbled biscuits and bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Garnish with extra prawns and parsley, serve with lemon wedges.

## STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM PIE

One tray junket ice-cream, 1 packet strawberry jelly,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, strawberries, whipped cream.

**Cornflake Crust:** One cup crushed cornflakes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup melted butter.

*Continued on page 36*



## Midsummer Meals



LONG cool drinks, toasted cheese sandwich loaf, biscuit savories, curried prawns, and Devonshire scones (all illustrated above) are simple, delightful dishes for a party menu.

①

**STRAWBERRY** ice-cream pie (left), made with strawberry jelly and junket ice-cream, is delicious. Top it with cream and whole strawberries glazed with warmed red-currant jam or jelly.



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## SOME RECIPES FOR WARM WEATHER

• Simple recipes made from readily available ingredients are the best choice for summer luncheons.

SOME of the luncheon dishes below are also suitable to serve at dinner. There is enough variety of both sweet and savory recipes to provide plenty of scope in planning menus for either meal.

Arrange the day's menu to fit the family's plans, and if the main dish is to be a hot one, do as much preparation as possible early in the day. All spoon measurements are level.

### CHEESE AND BEEF SANDWICH

Sliced bread (wholemeal, brown, malt, or rye), butter, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, thinly sliced corned beef, sliced processed cheese, mixed mustard, gherkins or radishes.

Spread bread lightly with butter softened with mayonnaise. Cover one third of the slices with lettuce, then with thinly sliced corned beef. Cover with a second slice of bread. Butter the top, spread lightly with mustard, and add a thick slice of processed cheese. Cover with a third slice of buttered bread. Serve garnished with gherkin fans or radish roses.

### CRISP SALMON CAKES

One large tin salmon or fish cutlets, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon scraped or grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, seasoned flour, crushed breakfast cereal, lemon to garnish.

Drain salmon, remove dark skin and bones, break into flakes. Mix flaked fish with mashed potato and breadcrumbs, add half the beaten egg mixed with the milk.



Flavor with onion, chopped parsley, and sauce. Shape into cakes, keeping fingers coated with seasoned flour. Dip in remainder of beaten egg and milk, toss in crushed breakfast cereal. Preparation may be done up to this point early in

SANDWICHES of cheese and beef with lettuce, gherkins, and mayonnaise make an interesting and wholesome main luncheon dish. See recipe on this page.

### Midsummer Meals

the day. Bake on a greased tray in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, or deep-fry in hot fat or oil. Drain, serve hot with lemon wedges.

### WHOLEMEAL FRUIT RING

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup white self-

raising flour, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons chopped shredded peel, 2 tablespoons sultanas.

Mix wholemeal flour with sifted white flour and salt. Add fruits, orange rind, and sugar. Mix lightly to a medium dough with beaten eggs mixed with milk and melted butter. Turn into greased 7 in. ring-tin, bake in a moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

### PEAR DELICIOUS

(Home-cooked or tinned pears may be used.)

Eight cooked pear halves, 1 cup quince or red currant jelly, 1 cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, ice-cream, cherries, cream.

Drain pears free of syrup. Melt quince jelly over very low heat. Add pears, simmer until well glazed, basting frequently. Remove pears, and chill. To remaining jelly syrup add orange juice and rind, and 1 extra tablespoon jelly, mix well, chill. Spoon ice-cream into serving-dishes, top with pear half, rounded side up. Spoon jelly sauce over, then whipped cream, and decorate with a cherry.

## Special dishes for gala occasions

Continued from page 35

Make cornflake crust. Mix all ingredients together, press over base and sides of 8 in. or 9 in. tart-plate. Chill until firm. Prepare ice-cream filling.

**Ice-cream Filling:** Dissolve jelly in hot water, add lemon juice. Chill until beginning to thicken, then beat in ice-cream. Turn into cornflake crust, chill until firm. Decorate with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

### TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICH

Slices of sandwich bread, 3oz. butter or substitute, mixed mustard, processed cheese, 1 rasher bacon.

Trim bread slices into neat squares, spread both sides with softened butter or substitute mixed with mustard. Sandwich with sliced processed cheese, then cut in halves diagonally. Place both portions cut side down and place another piece of cheese between the two centre pieces. Fasten with a skewer at each end or place on a piece of cooking foil and roll edges up to hold bread firmly together. Place on a scone-tray,

bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Place pieces of bacon on top and continue cooking until bacon fat is clear.

### DEVONSHIRE SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup water, strawberry jam, cream.

Sift flour, milk, powder, salt, and sugar. Rub in butter or substitute and mix to a soft dough with water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and press or roll to 1 in. thickness. Cut into small squares or rounds with a floured knife or cutter. Pack closely together on lightly greased or floured oven-tray, brush tops with milk or water. Bake in hot oven 8 to 12 minutes according to size. Split and serve, hot or cold, with strawberry jam and cream.

### JUNKET ICE-CREAM

Half-pint fresh milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon water, scant 1 cup sugar, 3

teaspoons vanilla, 1 pint cream.

Warm the milk slightly, add the junket tablet, which has been crushed and dissolved in the water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Flavor with vanilla. Stand in a warm place until set. When just set beat in the cream, pour into refrigerator tray, and chill for 1 hour. Remove, beat 3 or 4 minutes, return to tray (or trays), and continue freezing until firm.

### PEANUT BUTTER CARAMEL SAUCE

(To serve with ice-cream.)

Three-quarter cup brown sugar, 1 cup golden syrup, 4 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 1 1/2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 1/2 tablespoons peanut butter.

Place sugar, golden syrup, and cream or evaporated milk in small saucepan, cook gently 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add butter or substitute. Cool, stir in peanut butter. Mix thoroughly, serve over ice-cream, ice-cream cake, short-cakes, waffles, etc. Store in screw-top jar in refrigerator or ice-chest.

### EASY CHOCOLATE CAKE

One cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 egg, 1oz. butter.

Sift flour, baking powder, and cocoa. Add sugar, whole egg, melted butter, milk. Beat for one minute with rotary beater. Fill into greased 7 in. cake-tin. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

### TOMATO SAVORY

One tin sweet corn, 2 eggs, 1 or 2 rashers chopped cooked bacon, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, 3 medium tomatoes (peeled and sliced), 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup fine soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Mix sweet corn with beaten eggs, chopped cooked bacon, onion, salt and pepper. Fill into greased ovenware dish. Cover top with sliced tomatoes. Mix crumbs, cheese, and parsley together, sprinkle thickly over top of dish. Do with butter. Bake in moderate oven until lightly set and top pinging browned.



# Alterations to two homes

● This week two readers have asked my advice about alterations to their homes. One wants to add a sunroom, and the other needs a third bedroom and new verandah.

**MRS. L. JONES**, of French's Forest, Sydney, has sent me a layout of her present brick home, to which she would like to add a sunroom.

She also would like to reduce the number of doors opening from the living-room, and has asked me to suggest a method of closing off this room from the hallway to give more privacy to the bedrooms.

I suggest that the existing 3ft. high dwarf wall next to the main entrance be extended to the ceiling, either as a solid wall or as an egg-crate room-divider. Such a divider provides display space for ornamental glassware and crockery.

Fixed panels of fluted or opaque glass at one side of the divider would act as a screen to the bedrooms and would allow the rest of the opening to be fitted with a set of accordion doors.

This would give the extra privacy necessary and also make the living-room cosier in the winter. The doors could be opened up when the extra space is needed.

The position of the new sunroom as shown in the sketch above, leaves the present living-room windows undisturbed and forms a U-shaped enclosure to the outdoor living area at the rear.

This could be made very attractive by adding a pergola and barbecue, the location being ideal for entertaining in conjunction with both the new sunroom and present living-room.

The use of accordion doors between the sunroom and living-room would give extra space when needed.

**SKETCH (left)** shows new bedroom and verandah designed for Mrs. Drew: 1, built-up existing door; 2, new sliding door; 3, new door; 4, new partition; 5, new bay window; 6, new door; 7, new double doors.

**ALTERATIONS** suggested to provide a new sunroom and outdoor living area. Sketch above shows: 1, egg-crate fitment; 2, accordion doors; 3, existing double doors; 4, new double doors; 5, new barbecue; 6, stone paving; 7, pergola; 8, sliding glass panel. These are added at minimum cost.

Mrs. Beryl Drew, of Rockhampton, Qld., needs a third bedroom, but finds it difficult to place it without costly alterations. She would also like advice on the best position

feet for a habitable room by introducing a new partition (No. 4 in the sketch at left), to give access to the additional bedroom.

To offset this reduction in floor space I suggest a large opening be formed in the external wall and a bay window built.

New foundations would be needed and the floor would be carried out into this projection. The external wall, matching existing materials, would be constructed around the bay to a normal sill height of seven feet.

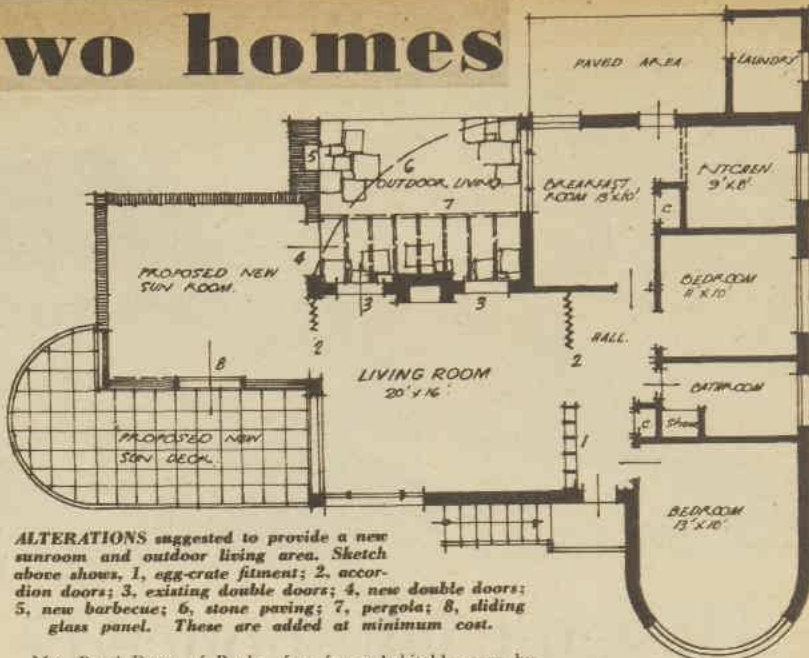
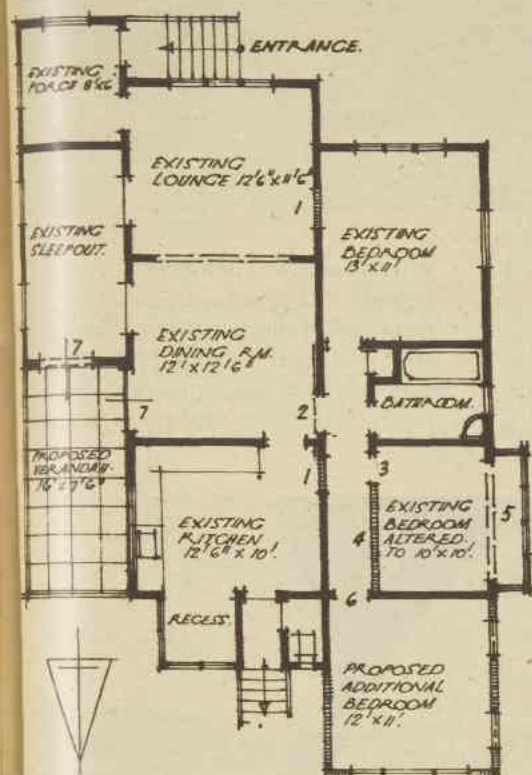
The main advantage of this bay window is that costly roof alterations can be avoided; it can be built as a flat hood well below the general lines of the eaves. The hood would

be covered with timber decking and bituminous felt.

The third bedroom would be in a sunny position with convenient access to the bathroom. It would, in my opinion, improve the plan by closing off the present doors from the kitchen and lounge to the bedroom.

Access to the bedrooms would be through a new sliding door (No. 2) in the dining-room. This gives more privacy and would improve the future sale value of the home.

The verandah would be best placed on the north-east corner of the house. Two sets of double doors from both the living area and the sleep-out lead to it.



**Architect's Diary,**  
by Sydney architect  
**W. J. McMURRAY**

## Cash prizes

● Fried potato slices, ham, and hard-boiled eggs make up the savory ham and cheese bake that wins the main prize of £5 in our recipe contest.

**THE** prize-winning savory dish is a Continental version of potato ham soufflé. It has an appetising flavor and makes a satisfying meal.

The consolation prize-winning recipe, crusty butterscotch apples, is delicious and well worth trying.

All spoon measurements are level.

### HAM AND CHEESE BAKE

One pound potatoes, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 or 3 slices ham (cut twice as thick as usual), salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter or substitute, ½ pint hot milk.

Peel potatoes, cut into slices about ¼ in. thick. Fry in hot fat until potato slices are golden brown. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange half the fried potato slices over base of greased ovenware dish, cover with hard-boiled eggs, each one cut crosswise into 2 or 3 slices. Sprinkle eggs with half the grated cheese, then the ham cut into finger lengths, and lastly remainder of potato slices and cheese. Beat eggs, add milk, season

with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Pour over contents in dish, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until set and lightly browned, approximately 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Boyadzis, Mukinbudin, W.A.**

### CRUSTY BUTTERSCOTCH APPLES

Cooking apples, 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons cake or breadcrumbs.

Peel and core apples, brush with egg-white. Coat with nuts, honey, sugar, and cake crumbs mixed together. Arrange on a greased oven tray, bake in a moderate oven until soft. Serve hot or cold with the following butterscotch sauce.

**Butterscotch Sauce:** Blend 1 cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons plain flour with ½ cup hot milk. Add 2oz. butter and 1 egg. Stir over gentle heat until mixture boils and thickens, cook further 3 minutes. Just before serving add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Taylor, 145 Princess Highway, Drouin, Victoria.**



**INGREDIENTS** for this ham and cheese bake may be arranged in individual dishes if preferred. They look attractive and make serving easier. See main prize-winning recipe.

## FAMILY DISH

**A** LAYERED casserole of fish, rice, and prepared soup makes this week's appetising family dish. It costs six shillings and threepence, and serves four or five.

### LAYERED SALMON CASSEROLE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups prepared chicken noodle soup (prepared and cooked according to directions), 8oz. tin cooking salmon or fish cutlets, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, extra 1 tablespoon butter, paprika.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, stir in flour and curry powder, cook for one minute without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens, cook further three minutes.

Add prepared soup, flaked salmon, parsley, and lemon juice. Place in greased casserole in alternate layers with rice. Top with breadcrumbs and dot with extra butter. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve sprinkled with paprika.

## Take an interest in children's play

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**C**HILDREN naturally expect their parents to take an active interest in their affairs, but in these busy days the art of leisure, home recreation, and family fun is in danger of being lost.

Children love to experiment and create things for themselves and they are encouraged when their parents have time to take an interest in what they are trying to do.

It is natural for a child to want to draw pictures, to act, to make music, to

dance, or to write stories. These natural impulses should never be discouraged or ridiculed.

The home should always be the place where the child can have a chance to do things that are not measured by outside standards. It should be a place of peace and security to all members of the family.

This ideal cannot be attained unless parents spare leisure from their busy lives to take an interest in their children's play activities, and in family fun and entertainment.





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Doesn't it make your mouth water? Doesn't it make you itch to pick up that spoon and start tucking into those big rustling-crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes? It's a pretty wonderful idea, you know — not just for breakfast but for busy-day lunches, children's

teas and easily-digested bedtime snacks. Of course you've *heard* about Kellogg's Corn Flakes, but have you discovered them for yourself — how good they taste, how good they make you feel? Why don't you, then — *tomorrow*, if not sooner?

FULL OF  
 ENERGY  
 FROM THE SUN

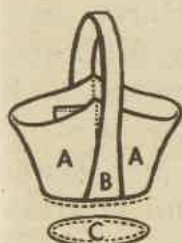
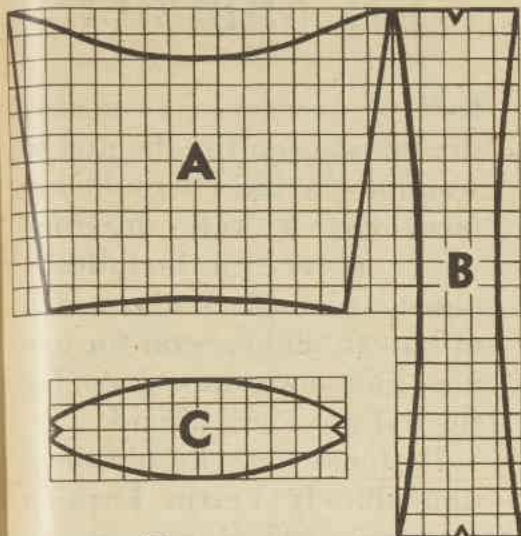




# Make a summer handbag

● You can make this attractive, sturdy tote bag in plain or patterned cotton, linen, or hopsac for summer wear.

**Materials:** Three-quarters of 1 yard 32in.-wide strong material for outer cover; 30in. strawboard No. 2408 is ideal; 33in. string (thickness 1/4d. 32in. material for lining; of a No. 11 knitting needle);



DIAGRAMS above and left will help you cut your pattern. You can make the bag any desired size, but our scale here is 1in. to 1in. This versatile bag could also be lined with plastic to make a carry-all beach bag.

buckram for handle lining; glue; sticky tape; cording.

**To Cut Out:** Draw your pattern to scale on thick paper, then cut out sections.

Place patterns A and B on the thick cardboard and with a sharp pencil draw around the edge. Cut out two pieces of each.

Place patterns A, B, and C on the outer material and cut two each of A and C and one of B. Allow 1in. turnings on all sides. Cut 1 1/2in.-wide strips on the bias for cording.

Linings to be cut the same way, but make sections A one inch longer and omit the cording strips. The handle lining to be 1/2in. narrower than the outer material. Cut a pocket section 6in. by 7in.

## TO MAKE UP

Join the cardboard sections of A together. Do not overlap the edges, but lay them side by side and join firmly with lengths of sticky tape. Bend the cardboard into an oval shape, with the joints at the sides. Turn this upside down and put in the bottom section in the same way. Be sure to match notches.

Machine up the two seams of the outer cover, the handle sections at narrow ends, and the bias pieces. Damp press the seams flat.

Join the two pieces of the lining down one seam only, then open out flat and press seam. Hem the long side of

the pocket piece with an inch-wide hem. Sew squarely over the joined sections of the lining, about three inches from the top. Fold the sections together and sew a short 3in. seam down from the top. Join handle sections.

Place the outer and lining handle sections face to face and seam down each side. Turn inside out and damp press. Lay this over the length of buckram and cut out a neat inner lining. This will fit in easily if rolled lengthwise before inserting. Straighten out and press.

Take the outer section of the bag and pin the handle into place, matching the notched to the side seams. Turn bag inside out and pin section B into place, matching the notches; machine.

Fold the bias strips over the length of string, and with your cording foot on the machine sew along, not too close to the cord.

With the right side of the outer material uppermost, sew the cording around the top section of the bag. Make a neat join under the handle.

Turn the lining inside out and slip it over the outer cover. With their right sides face to face, sew the two together close to the cord.

Now fit the inner cardboard into the bag. Trim it off if necessary to make it fit snugly under the row of cording.

Bring up the lining, and, after finishing the second seam, run a narrow layer of glue around the top edge of the



EASY TO MAKE and attractive in bright colors, you will want several of these bags to wear with summer clothes.

cardboard, on the inner side, and press the material firmly on to it. (A row of clothes-pegs is a very handy way to keep this in place until dry.)

Cover the bottom section of the cardboard with glue, and, after making sure the side lining is correct, press the lower edges into the glue.

Place the second piece of cardboard C in the centre of the lining piece C and fold over the edges and glue down. Place this in bottom of the bag and weigh down until dry.

Bring the handle into position, and with strong cotton sew the top of the bag to the handle lining.

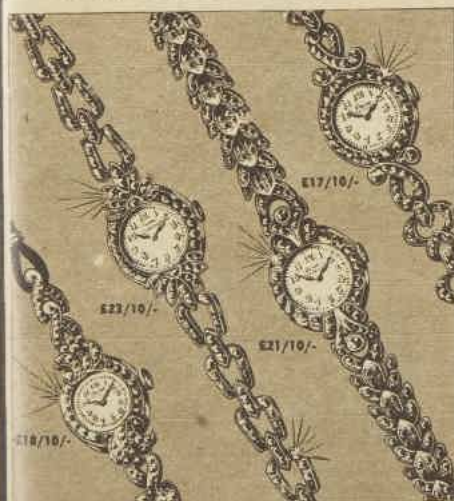
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# Special pattern offer for summer

● Here are seven summer dresses chosen for the girl or woman who likes to make her own. Each well-designed paper pattern includes a chart which gives every step of how to make. Send for one now and sew a new dress for the hot days still ahead.

Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders should be addressed to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address.



4369



4372



4369.—Rick-rack braid trims the one-piece dress (above). The dress features the currently popular bateau neckline, and is front-buttoned from neck to hemline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 12yds. rick-rack braid. Price 4/.

4372. — Moulded bodice, scoop neckline, tiny sleeves, and skirt bell-ing from the natural waistline are combined in the pretty one-piece dress (left). The trim is lace. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 16yds. ½in. lace. Pattern price 4/.

4370.—Dress of the season (right) — the slender-line sheath styled with short, set-in sleeves, belted at the natural waistline, and front-buttoned. The braid trim is optional. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. of braid edging. Price 4/.



4370







4368

4368. — Portrait - pretty one-piece finished with a rashed waistline. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. 1½yds. 36in. contrast, and ½yd. bobble braid. Pattern price 4/-.



4366

4366. — High collarless neckline, moulded bodice, and a bouffant skirt are featured in the sleeveless one-piece (right). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



4371

4371. — Summer one-piece has a colored bow-tie neckline, lightly fitted bodice, and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/-.



4367

4367. — Front-buttoned scoop-sheath, accented with white, moulds the figure to perfection. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern price 4/-.





## DRESS SENSE

By  
**Betty Keep**



DS220.—Dress and jacket ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

### ● A fitted sheath dress and unbelted, semi-fitted jacket gets top fashion billing for casual day wear.

**T**HIS fashion fact answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you draft me a pattern for a cool, smart, simple frock and matching jacket, if this style is still worn? I want an outfit to wear for a day in town or visiting friends in the suburbs. I thought the jacket would make the outfit wearable when the weather becomes cooler. My bust measurement is 34in."

Illustrated (above) is the ensemble I have chosen to answer your query. The dress-jacket ensemble is right in fashion and is an excellent way to span the seasons. Note the neatly belted, sleeveless dress; it's a fashion that can meet any daytime wardrobe need, except the

most formal. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Below the picture are further details and how to order.

"I WORK in a modern jewellery store and have been asked to wear a uniform. I want something smart, but, of course, it must be practical."

A uniform can remain practical but be given fashion news with a rounded bodice yoke, a stand-up wing collar, and a set-in, shaped belt. Have the collar split at the back and a zipper-fastening extending to the top of a deep inverted pleat.

"MINE is a color problem. I want to buy material for a late-day frock, but I can't wear black. What will I choose? I am olive-skinned."

Choose beige. It is a very

smart color now in shades from sand to sandalwood. A beige with an apricot undertone is also new.

"DO you consider that a white lace evening gown is too young for a woman of 38 to wear to a formal reception? If you don't think it wrong, would a narrow or wide skirt be best?"

White lace is anything but young; particularly if the silhouette is kept slender and the skirt is ankle-length.

"HOW would I make a frock with a bloused effect above the waistline? The skirt is to be very narrow."

Back blousing can be expressed through a single inverted pleat, by shirring over some sort of waistband treatment, or by a drawstring waistline.

### Beauty in brief:

## MAKE HAIR CARE A HABIT

By CAROLYN EARLE

### ● The rewarding thing about well-cared-for hair is the ease with which you can manage it.

IT'S a very old saying, and quite a good one, too, that the more frequently the hair is brushed, combed, curried, patted, and freed to blow in the air, the easier it is to manage. In this context, the word "manage" means to keep the hair shiny and groomed.

I will not go into all the awful de-

tails of unmanageable hair here. But unless you have locks that conform a bit you may never know how attractive a hairstyle can be or, for that matter, what particular hairdo might be worth a try.

In other words, it's only after you've done something about your hair that you'll be able to do anything with it.

Continuing . . .

## All She Wanted Was Love

from page 9

Richmond, and a Sunday jaunt down Petticoat Lane.

It was very pleasant and peaceful, but not quite what Sally Ann had, in mind. She had been expecting to be introduced into the social whirl of a bright younger set in London, to be taken to balls, to meet fascinating and very young earls and viscounts. And here she was, after nearly a month in London, still knowing only the one young man.

It was exactly what the young man wanted, and Sally Ann was beginning to discover he had a quiet way of getting exactly what he wanted. She said, rather dolefully, that it was all perfectly yummy.

"What exactly does yummy mean?" Geoffrey asked.

"It's expressive," Sally Ann said curtly. "It means—well, it's a very popular phrase, meaning something like—"

"Cute?" he suggested helpfully.

"Cute is just so old-fashioned," she said crushingly. "We are rather old-fashioned here," he admitted with the unruffled calm she found irritating. "It takes quite a long time to catch up on new American developments."

"So I've noticed," Sally Ann said rudely. She had decided it was about time to force an argument with Geoffrey as a break from the monotonous routine of outings he had established. It had all started off so well, too. That first day at the Tower of London she had found his reactions perfectly normal.

He had a different accent and an attractively polite polish, but underneath he was just like one of the boys back home. She expressed a wish, smiled at him, and—hey, presto!—the wish became reality. He had all the symptoms of a smitten swain, and she had felt certain she could twist him round her little finger.

But lately he had refused to behave in the approved pattern. He seemed to be quite unaware that extravagant compliments, offerings of flowers, and interludes of tenderness were required from his particular role.

He now treated Sally Ann as though she were an agreeable companion of the same sex; and Sally Ann, who had been told of her charms far too often to be ignorant of their real worth, had an uncomfortable feeling of being taken for granted.

They were sitting in another pub, drinking warm beer and making desultory conversation. She had told him pointedly that she would have liked to go somewhere in evening clothes, but—now that they had become well acquainted—it was amazing how he did everything to suit himself.

She had also intimated that she liked cocktails, but he strolled off to the bar and returned with two more warm beers. Sally Ann was meditating on the best approach for a quarrel when Geoffrey set their tankards down on the table.

"I thought you would like a mild and bitter for a change," he said casually; and then, in much the same tone, he added, "I don't suppose you would like to marry me?"

Sally Ann counted up to ten—very slowly. "I would like to try a mild and bitter," she said carefully. "No, I wouldn't like to marry you."

If Geoffrey Trenchard was surprised by so explicit a refusal, he didn't show it. He said mildly, "But I thought we were getting on together very well."

"Just getting on well to-

gether is not my idea of marriage," she snapped, her newly acquired British phlegm for the moment deserting her. "There are such things as leading up to a proposal, paying a girl a compliment, planning an evening for her enjoyment, instead of your own, giving her some flowers—not to mention love."

"But of course I love you. I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't. And all the rest. You wouldn't really like to go out all dressed up. This is much more comfortable. Besides, I'd feel such a fool walking around with bunches of flowers. Little things like that wouldn't stop a girl from marrying someone if she really cared."

"Yes, they would," Sally Ann said heatedly. The quarrel was certainly developing, but not quite in the way she'd planned. "But since you press the point I wouldn't dream of marrying an Englishman. You simply take a girl for granted. In America, a girl is told how pretty she is and taken somewhere smart to show her off, because American men know that's what she likes."

"That," Geoffrey pointed out tranquilly, "is the reason why there are so many divorces in America. The men spoil the girls before they get married, and then the girls are disappointed when they are married."

"They're not disappointed, and they're spoiled, as you like to call it, just as much after marriage. American men always help with the washing-up and with the children."

"That is all hearsay evidence and not acceptable in a court of law," Geoffrey interrupted. "The only way to solve this problem is to prove it. If you want an American courtship you can have one, starting now."

He propelled Sally Ann rapidly out of the pub and into a taxi.

"American girls like night-clubs," he said, seizing on her first point. "All right, we'll have them."

"Where are we going?" Sally Ann asked, a little more subdued. Although this was now an American courtship, she was still, she discovered, not quite in control of the situation.

"We're going back to your hotel. You can have twenty minutes to change. By that time I shall be back with the taxi."

"But I—" Sally Ann had been on her feet all day at the Wallace Collection. She had been walking around with Aunt Dorrie since ten o'clock in the morning, and now that she stopped to consider it, dancing didn't appeal to her very much. It had been so restful in that nice smoky pub. But it was too late to change her mind now. Hurriedly she unpacked an evening dress and barely had time to shake out the creases before her bedside phone began to ring.

"Are you ready? I'm downstairs," Geoffrey's voice announced.

"No, I'm not," snapped Sally Ann. "Why all this rush?"

"This is the frantic tempo of American life. Hurry up or you'll miss it."

"Miss what?"

"The fun. Jitterbugging, boogie-woogie. Snap to; show a leg."

She banged the receiver down and tried to straighten her hair, locate her evening bag, and unearth her gold kid shoes. Someone knocked.

"Go away," said she, opening the door several inches.

"Flowers, madam," said a porter woodenly, conveying the impression that it was the most natural thing in the world to be delivering a corsage of wilted violets at 11 p.m.

"Roses are red, violets are blue. The florists are shut, I hope this will do," read the card.

Sally Ann dropped the violets in her wastepaper basket, dabbed some powder on her nose, and rushed for the lift. She liked to be poised and perfect for a dance date, but she tumbled out of the lift feeling utterly dishevelled, to confront Geoffrey Trenchard, who seemed to have completed a miraculous change and was standing with a bored expression in an impeccable dinner suit.

"American men," announced Sally Ann furiously, "never mind waiting for a date. They're used to being patient for at least twenty minutes."

"So I've noticed," Geoffrey said cheerfully. "But we'll split the difference on that point. Next time—be ready in ten."

Recovering from the injustice of this English outlook Sally Ann was about to make some scathing remark when Geoffrey suddenly goggled at her in an insane way, stepped several paces backward, and went into an act of what he imagined to be a typical American male.

"Gorgeous, you look simply supercolossal. Baby, we're going to have more fun. Why, I'm just crazy about you. I just can't wait till the other fellows get an eyeful of you."

He put his arm around her and conducted her to the taxi, past the enigmatic hall porter, in a way that Sally Ann found most embarrassing. In the taxi he took possession of both her hands and began to stroke them, calling them "little white butterflies." She snatched her hands away.

"American men do not play handies in taxis."

"Oh, don't they?" And before she knew what he was going to do, he had his arm round her again, and was kissing her with more warmth than was strictly necessary.

"Nor do they do that in taxis," spluttered Sally Ann.

"Don't they?"

"Well, only on the way home anyway. I mean—oh, you've ruined my make-up."

Geoffrey gave a great burst of laughter and became English again.

"I don't think I've so much to learn after all," he said complacently.

"Oh, you, you—" began Sally Ann.

But he whisked her out of the taxi and into the nightclub, where he proceeded to make the whole evening a nightmare, insisting on quantities of ice, boogie-woogie music, and lessons in jitterbug, with a complete disregard for the time.

"Aw, we can't go home yet. The night's still a peach."

"It's three o'clock," Sally Ann yawned; she had been in bed before midnight ever since she came to London.

"Who cares? I'm having one swell time, honey. Aren't you just having one swell time, too?"

She finally crawled into bed at five a.m. after an exhausting drive through Hyde Park trying to restrain Geoffrey from becoming too American.

At nine Aunt Dorrie was knocking on her door.

"That nice young man. He's just sent us two tickets for the House of Commons this afternoon. Most considerate. He knew how much I wanted to

To page 44



Just add water and it's ready to use

# Amazing

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 9, 1957

17/PPC.20  
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# Continuing . . . All She Wanted Was Love

go, and this does save us waiting in line. But he suggests we go in the morning early to look around the Houses of Parliament first."

Sally Ann opened one drowsy eye and saw a porter hovering behind Aunt Dorrie with two immense baskets of flowers. She managed to open both eyes to read the little cards attached to them.

"To Sally Ann, who, at twenty-three,

"Is a Yummy Yank I'd love to spank," read the first.

"To Sally Ann, who, at fifty three,

"Will be my best pal and only gal," read the second.

"There must be some mistake," said Aunt Dorrie. "Who can they be from?"

"From that nice young man," Sally Ann growled, and stuffed the flowers in a corner, while Aunt Dorrie clucked good-naturedly.

"So old-fashioned. So considerate. So unlike the young men at home."

By clenching her teeth and doggedly trailing Aunt Dorrie, Sally Ann managed to get through the morning, and she discovered that the House of Commons was soothing enough for a short nap in the afternoon. She was just about to follow Aunt Dorrie to bed at eight o'clock when Geoffrey burst into their quiet hotel.

"Roller skating tonight," he carolled. "I tried to find a

bowling alley, but they don't seem to have them in London."

"I don't roller skate." "Is it ice skating then? Some sort of skating American girls like so much. Sweetheart, you're looking simply gorgeous. Whew! Why, I'm just crazy about you. No need to change for ice skating."

"Geoffrey, I'm tired. I don't want to go out tonight," Sally Ann said, appealing to his British instincts.

"What, an American girl tired after only one day of an American courtship? Nonsense! This is scheduled to go on for another fortnight." He flicked open his diary ostentatiously.

"June twenty-eighth—that's today. Twenty-ninth. Variety show, followed by night-club. Thirtieth. Battersea Fun Fair, Big Dipper, hot dogs. So I'm told. July first—that's a Sunday, so I thought we'd take things easy. Collect a couple of my young cousins and take them to the zoo to show how well Englishmen can look after children for the day.

"July second—we're in luck. There's a square-dancing exhibition opening for the first time in London. Onlookers invited to take part. But the red-ink entry, that's not until—let me see, July twelfth. American proposal."

"Well, I suppose it's nice to know when I'm going to get a proposal," Sally Ann said without enthusiasm. "But you've got it all wrong. American men

don't plan proposals at all. They don't write it all down systematically and schedule everything methodically."

"Oh, yes they do," Geoffrey assured her. "I once knew an American who was courting an English girl, and he did it just like this. Left little notes for himself to remind him to ring the florists, and jotted ideas down in his diary."

"That was only one individual. It's not typical of all American men."

"Just what I've been trying to tell you all the time. I'm an individual, too. I'm not typical of all Englishmen," Geoffrey said triumphantly. "Normal Englishmen don't pick girls up in buses to begin with."

Sally Ann was tired and dejected. Otherwise she would not have made the fatal mistake of admitting her duplicity.

"You picked me up?" she hooted. "I like that! I picked you up, and I'll drop you, too, whenever I like."

"Well, I won't give you that satisfaction, I'm dropping you right now," Geoffrey said curtly. Actually he had been half aware at the time of Sally Ann's overture on the bus, but as it had served his own purpose admirably and was not crudely obvious, he had been quite content to ignore it.

Male domination had been proceeding well lately, and he had almost convinced himself he could make Sally Ann conform to his own ideals when she reverted to this unexpected and unfeminine habit of assuming the initiative. It jarred on him.

"I'm going to marry a nice English girl with a sense of decency and a proper respect for men," he told her bitterly. "A girl who won't want to pick up strange men in buses, or gallivant around all over the place when she could be sitting quietly talking to me."

"I don't want a girl who togs herself out in evening frocks all the time. I want one in a nice sensible skirt and pastel blouse with a single string of pearls at the neck."

Sally Ann had not quite made up her mind whether Geoffrey was serious or not. He was rampaging up and down into a fury; but by this time she was used to his hurling himself into different acts, and she was prepared to regard this as a dramatic example of the typical Englishman, just as last night he had run through his repertoire of the typical American. It was, she decided, about time to offer a truce.

"Well, are we going ice skating then?"

"No," thundered Geoffrey. "We are not. The American proposal is off." He shot through the door without a backward glance, and Sally Ann breathed a sigh of relief. He would be back tomorrow, and meanwhile she could get some sleep.

But the next day (Dickens' house, Carlyle's house, and the Wellington Museum) Sally Ann found no flowers awaiting her at the hotel. No poems, no messages. She sat by the phone and read a book.

That night she did not sleep very well. She was not so certain now that Geoffrey would be phoning tomorrow just as though nothing had happened. Phoning to ask her to come and do the things he liked doing. And it was rather nice, sitting in a little pub, drinking beer and chatting.

Now that she thought about it, they had chatted about pretty nearly everything together. She knew exactly what sort of ties he liked, what books, what films, what meals, what people.

[from page 42]

His ideas had grown on her rather gradually, like himself. Individuals were individuals. There was no typical pattern. And just because she had not fallen in love with him at first sight, when she saw him on the bus, just because she had regarded him as a useful spare escort but not as an essential one, that was no reason why now—Sally Ann punched her pillow and began counting the museums she had visited in an effort to get to sleep.

But it was the same every night. The rest of the week Aunt Dorrie devoted to the Victoria and Albert Museum, but on Saturday she electrified Sally Ann by abruptly announcing a change of plan. Some Americans she had met at the bank had advised her to "do" Paris in July.

"July the fourteenth is the French National Day," said Aunt Dorrie, neatly cataloguing another fact in her card-index mind. "Fireworks, dancing in the streets, and a very historical occasion. So we could see everything in Paris and come back to England in the autumn."

Sally Ann sat down mutely on her aunt's bed and heard her continue. "So if you'll just go to the travel agency this morning and make two reservations for tonight's ferry train—"

"Tonight?" wailed she. "But, Aunt Dorrie, we won't have time to say good-bye to anyone."

"We don't know anyone," Aunt Dorrie said with satisfaction. "That's the whole point of not bothering with people. It leaves you completely free. Oh, you mean that very nice young man who's been so kind to us. You ring him."

But that she refused to do. After some argument she convinced Aunt Dorrie that hospitality demanded they should invite Mr. Trenchard to an early dinner before their departure that evening and that Aunt Dorrie should be the one to extend the invitation.

"It's busy," announced Aunt Dorrie, when they had finally unearthed his number from the proper telephone directory and she had called. "Now run along. I'll try the number later while you're getting the tickets."

Sally Ann trudged off to the agency unhappily. Given time, she might have been able to exercise some telepathic charm on Geoffrey Trenchard. But what could she do in twelve hours?

She pictured a possible but not very probable last-minute reconciliation scene, somehow carried on over dinner without any hindrance from Aunt Dorrie, and was embroidering in the details when she arrived back at the hotel.

"Did you get Mr. Trenchard?" she asked Aunt Dorrie.

"He's engaged. Did you get the tickets?"

"But it can't still be engaged," Aunt Dorrie, you haven't been trying."

"I didn't say the telephone is engaged. He is. He's doing something this evening."

"What about lunch?" "My dear, we've made the gesture. If he can't come, it doesn't matter. I said good-bye for us, and thanked him. Don't be so exasperating. Have you got those reservations?"

"Yes," said Sally Ann dejectedly. She wanted to know how Geoffrey's voice had sounded on the phone. Was it friendly or distant? Did he hesitate? Was he sorry he couldn't come? But she would not ask Aunt Dorrie for further details.

"I think I'll go and pack," said Sally Ann.

But she sat for a long time by the phone, picking up the



receiver several times and then replacing it. No doubt English girls would never dream of chasing a man. Particularly one who showed not the slightest desire to co-operate.

Geoffrey was engaged for the last evening he would have a chance to see her. Obviously it didn't mean much to him. Sally Ann was rather shaken to find it meant quite a lot to her. Hopelessly she began to pack.

Aunt Dorrie always liked to arrive at a station long before the train was due to depart, so they were at Victoria, through customs, and settled in their sleeping compartments by midnight.

Sally Ann walked disconsolately up and down the platform, thumbing over magazines on the stalls and hesitating outside the public phone box. It wouldn't do any harm to phone now, she decided. Just a friendly farewell—a brittle apology, perhaps. No. Friendliness without rancor, without regrets, pride with warmth; that must be the keynote.

She walked up and down the platform, working out the exact degree of warm friendliness, composing little phrases, weaving them into a pattern and repeating them until she was word perfect.

She was so absorbed in her imaginary dialogue that a young man in a bowler hat, who was trying to pick her up, retired after two unsuccessful attempts and stood quietly observing her from the side of the phone box.

It was ten minutes to ten before Sally Ann was satisfied with the dialogue and then she discovered she had no pennies. Frantically she rushed to a newspaper stall and changed her last English sixpence.

And then she was in the phone box, inserting the pennies, dialling the number. The phone rang monotonously across the precious seconds that were slipping by.

Geoffrey must be there. He was there. Sally Ann knew now that he had had no engagement this evening. It had been an excuse not to see her again. Biting her lips in an effort to remain calm, she pressed the right button and retrieved her pennies, inserting them again with trembling fingers. Perhaps there had been a faulty connection. Perhaps he would answer this time.

The second time she dialled the number, the young man in the bowler hat outside the phone box peered in and smiled. And the phone bell sounded in his empty flat for a good two minutes.

Sally Ann glanced at her watch—one minute to ten.

Blinded by sudden tears, she groped for the door of the phone box and once again bumped against the young man in the bowler hat.

"I'm sorry," she said mechanically, without even glancing in his direction.

"I am, too," he said calmly. "After all the effort you put into it, I'd have liked to talk that call."

Gone in a flash were all the practised little phrases, the friendliness without rancor, the keynote of this farewell. His head whirled with them all for a moment, and then her own instinctive, irrational feeling came bubbling to the surface.

"You insensitive, English male brute," she said heatedly. "How could you stand the letting the minutes go by like that and wasting them? Oh, I'm not going to quarrel with you again; there isn't time. I've got thirty seconds left in London, and I'm—" But she never said what she was going to say because Geoffrey believed in male initiative and he had started to kiss her.

The train whistle shrieked along the platform as Sally Ann broke away from him and streaked towards her compartment.

But Geoffrey was beside her. "This is Euston Station, isn't it?" he puffed.

"Victoria," panted Sally Ann.

"The night train to Istanbul?"

"You're quite wrong. This is the ferry train to Paris."

"Just what I thought." With a final burst of speed, Geoffrey reached the carriage first and pulled Sally Ann on board. Then, with a return to the imperturbable calm that she had now learned cloaked his more emotional moments, he began to talk trivialities.

"I'm in good sprinting form. Been doing this all day ever since Aunt Dorrie phoned. Sorry I couldn't come to dinner, but there were so many things to arrange—passports and luggage and broken engagements—before a week holiday in Paris."

"You're coming on the train?" Sally Ann said, incredulous, although the train had already begun to move.

"I thought I might," Geoffrey said in his old untrusting manner. "If you behaved when we said good-bye." He took both of Sally Ann's hands and pulled her against him as the lurching train.

"But now nothing will stop me from coming. I want to make quite sure you don't mistake the Eiffel Tower for the Arc de Triomphe and give some Frenchman in a beret put you right."

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# Christening robe to knit

Christening robes are in fashion again. Instructions are given here for one that can be handed down in the family as heirloom. For sheer loveliness knit it in white wool.

**Materials:** 3oz. Patons Bee-Lady Betty 2-ply; 1 pair 9 knitting needles; 5yds. narrow baby ribbon.

**Measurements:** Chest, 18in.; length from top of shoulder, 22½in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 9 rows to 4in.

## FRONT

Cast on 161 sts. and k 2 rows. Now work in lace patt.

**1st Row:** K 1, \* make 1, k 2, k 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, make 1. Rep. from \* to end.

**2nd and Alt. Rows:** K 1, p to last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K 1, \* k 1, make 1, k 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, make 1, k 2. Rep. from \* to end.

**4th Row:** K 1, \* k 2, make 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., make 1, k 2. Rep. from \* to end.

**5th Row:** As 2nd row.

**6th Row:** As 2nd row.

**7th Row:** As 2nd row.

**8th Row:** As 2nd row.

**9th Row:** As 2nd row.

**10th Row:** As 2nd row.

**11th Row:** As 2nd row.

**12th Row:** As 2nd row.

**13th Row:** As 2nd row.

**14th Row:** As 2nd row.

**15th Row:** As 2nd row.

**16th Row:** As 2nd row.

**17th Row:** As 2nd row.

**18th Row:** As 2nd row.

**19th Row:** As 2nd row.

**20th Row:** As 2nd row.

**21st Row:** As 2nd row.

**22nd Row:** As 2nd row.

**23rd Row:** As 2nd row.

**24th Row:** As 2nd row.

**25th Row:** As 2nd row.

**26th Row:** As 2nd row.

**27th Row:** As 2nd row.

**28th Row:** As 2nd row.

**29th Row:** As 2nd row.

**30th Row:** As 2nd row.

**31st Row:** As 2nd row.

**32nd Row:** As 2nd row.

**33rd Row:** As 2nd row.

**34th Row:** As 2nd row.

**35th Row:** As 2nd row.

**36th Row:** As 2nd row.

**37th Row:** As 2nd row.

**38th Row:** As 2nd row.

**39th Row:** As 2nd row.

**40th Row:** As 2nd row.

**41st Row:** As 2nd row.

**42nd Row:** As 2nd row.

**43rd Row:** As 2nd row.

**44th Row:** As 2nd row.

**45th Row:** As 2nd row.

**46th Row:** As 2nd row.

**47th Row:** As 2nd row.

**48th Row:** As 2nd row.

**49th Row:** As 2nd row.

**50th Row:** As 2nd row.

**51st Row:** As 2nd row.

**52nd Row:** As 2nd row.

**53rd Row:** As 2nd row.

**54th Row:** As 2nd row.

**55th Row:** As 2nd row.

**56th Row:** As 2nd row.

**57th Row:** As 2nd row.

**Work 3 rows in st-st.**  
**Shape Armholes.**—Cont. in st-st. across all sts. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 49 sts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures 22½in., ending with a purl row.

**Shape Neck.**—Next Row: K 11, k 2 tog., turn, and work 2 rows on these sts. only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of each row. (10 sts.)

**Shape Shoulders.**—Next 2 Rows: Work to last 3 sts., turn, and work to end.

**Next 2 Rows:** Work to last 6 sts., turn, and work to end. Cast off. With right side of work facing, rejoin wool to rem. sts.

**Next Row:** K 23, then slip these sts. just knitted on to a spare needle, k to end.

**Work 3 rows in st-st.** on these 13 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row, ending at neck edge. (10 sts.)

**Shape Shoulder.**—As given for first side.

## BACK

**Work as given for front to \*\*.**  
**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to end. (160 sts.)

**Now cont. in st-st.** across all sts. until work measures 15½in., ending with a p row.

**Divide for Back Opening.**—**Next Row:** K 81, turn and work on these 81 sts. only, working 3 sts. at division edge in g-st. and rem. in st-st.

**When 1½in. has been worked,** ending at side edge, make a buttonhole thus:—

**Next Row:** K to last 3 sts., make 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

**Cont. in st-st.** and g-st., making a 2nd buttonhole 1½in. from first, until work measures 19½in., ending at side edge.

**Next Row:** K 3 tog., \* k 3 tog., k 2 tog. Rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3. (34 sts.)

**Next Row:** K 3, purl to end.

**Now make a row of holes** for ribbon and 3rd buttonhole thus:—

**Next Row:** \* K 1, k 2 tog., make 1. Rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 1, make 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

**Work 3 rows in g-st.** and st-st., thus ending at side edge.

**Shape Armhole.**—Still working in st-st. and g-st., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and every alt. row until 26 sts. rem. Cont. straight, making a 4th buttonhole on the next row and a 5th buttonhole 1in. from the 4th. Cont. straight until work measures 23in., ending at division edge.

**Shape Shoulder.**—Next 2 Rows: Work to last 3 sts., turn and work to end.

**Next 2 Rows:** Work to last 6 sts., turn and work to end.

**Next Row:** Work 16, cast off 9, fasten off.

**Leave rem. 16 sts.** on a spare needle. With right side of work facing, rejoin wool to rem. sts.

**Next Row:** Cast on 2, k to end. (81 sts.)

**Cont. straight,** working 3 sts. at division edge in g-st. and rem. in st-st. until work measures 19½in., ending at division edge.

**Next Row:** K 3, k 3 tog., \* k 3 tog., k 2 tog. Rep. from \* to end. (34 sts.)

**Next Row:** P to last 3 sts., k 3.

**Now make a row of holes** for ribbon, thus:—

**Next Row:** K 4, \* make 1, k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. from \* to end.

**Work 2 rows in g-st.** and st-st., thus ending at side edge.

**Shape armhole and complete** as given for first side, omitting buttonholes.

## SLEEVES

**Cast on 42 sts.** and k 1 row.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., make 1. Rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**THIS LOVELY ROBE** has a deep border and a front panel of a fine lace stitch, and the remainder is knitted in plain stocking-stitch.



ABOVE: Close-up shows the lace pattern stitch of this beautiful christening robe.

**Next Row:** Purl to end.

**Next Row:** \* K 1, k twice into next st. Rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2. (62 sts.)

**Work lin. in st-st.,** ending with a purl row.

**Shape Top.**—Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.



**NECKBAND**  
Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, k 16 sts. of one side of back from spare needle, pick up and k 4 sts. down side of neck, k 23 sts. of front neck from spare needle, pick up 4 sts. from other side of neck, k 16 sts. from spare needle for other side of back. (63 sts.)

**Next Row:** K 3, p 57, k 3.

**Next Row:** K 3, \* k 2 tog., make 1. Rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 1, make 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

**Next Row:** K 3, p 57, k 3. Cast off loosely.

## TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly with a damp cloth and warm iron. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves with seam to seam, gathering top to fit armhole. Sew with a back-stitch seam. Sew down lower edge of under-wrap. Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through waist, sleeves, and neck. Press seams. Make a rosette of ribbon and sew to front of robe at waist.

# Baby's dainty matinee jacket

**KNIT** this dainty jacket in white with pink and blue trim.

**Materials:** 2½oz. Nursery Vivella 3-ply, snow; small ball each of pink and blue; 2 No. 10 knitting needles; ribbon; crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Width all round at underarm, 20in.; length from top of shoulder, 10½in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 6½in.

**Abbreviations:** M, make; s, snow; b, blue; pk., pink.

## RIGHT FRONT

Using s, cast on 36 sts. P 1 row.

**2nd Row** (right side of work): Cast on 2 sts., k 3, \* k 2 tog., m 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** P to last st., p twice into last st.

**4th Row:** Cast on 2 sts., k 4, k 2 tog., m 1, k to end.

**5th Row:** As 3rd row.

**6th Row:** Cast on 1 st., k 4, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, \* k 1 b, 3 s, rep. from \* to end.

**7th Row:** P 2 s, (1 b, 1 s) 4 times, 4 s, p twice into last st.

**8th Row:** K 3 s, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1 b, \* (work next 3 sts. tog. by k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the 3 sts.) 1 rep. from \* to last st., 1 s.

**9th Row:** P 2 s, (1 b, 1 s) 4 times, 6 s.

**10th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 3 s, \* 1 b, 3 s, rep. from \* to end.

**11th Row:** P in s.

**12th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m

1, \* k 3 s, 1 b, rep. from \* to last st., 1 s.

**13th Row:** P (1 b, 1 s) 20 times, 4 s.

**14th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1 s, \* 1 b (k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the next 3 sts. as before), rep. from \* to end.

**15th Row:** As 13th row.

**16th Row:** As 12th row.

**17th Row:** As 11th row.

**\* 18th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 3 s, 1 b, k in s to end of row.

**19th Row:** P in s to last 8 sts., 1 b, 1 s, 1 b, 5 s.

**20th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1 s, 1 b (k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the next 3 sts. as before) 1 b, k in s to end of row.

**21st Row:** As 19th row.

**22nd Row:** As 18th row.

**23rd Row:** P in s.

**Rep. from \* to \* 8 times,** at the same time dec. 1 st. at side edge of every 10th row until 40 sts. rem. Rep. 18th to 22nd rows inclusive, ending at side edge.

**Shape Armhole:** Cast off 4 sts., p to end. Rep. from \* to \* once, taking 2 tog. at end of each k row (armhole edge).

**Next Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, \* (k 3 s, 1 b) 7 times, k 2 tog., k 1.

**Next Row:** P 2 s, (1 b, 1 s) 13 times, 4 s.

**Next Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1 s, \* 1 b (k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the next 3 sts. as before), rep. from \* to last 4 sts., 1 b, 3 s.

**Next Row:** P (1 b, 1 s) 14

times, 4 s.

**Next Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., m 1, (k 3 s, 1 b) 7 times, 1 s.

**Next Row:** P in s.

**Work 8 rows st-st.** in s, still working ribbon-holes on front edge.

**Shape Neck:** Slip first 10 sts. on to a spare needle and leave wool unbroken.

**Join another ball** to next st. and cont. in st-st., taking 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until 16 sts. rem. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

## LEFT FRONT

Using s, cast on 36 sts. and p one row.

**2nd Row:** K 1, \* m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to last st., k twice into last st.

**3rd Row:** Cast on 2 sts., p to end.

**4th Row:** K to last 4 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k twice into last st.

**5th Row:** As 3rd row.

**6th Row:** (K 3 s, 1 b) 9 times, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog., k 2, k twice into last st.

**7th Row:** Cast on 1 st., p 7 s, \* 1 b, 1 s, rep. from \* to last st., 1 s.

**8th Row:** K 1 s, \* 1 b (work next 3 sts. tog. by k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the 3 sts.), rep. from \* to last 7 sts., 1 b, 1 s, m 1, k 2 tog., k 3.

**9th Row:** P 7 s, \* 1 b, 1 s, rep. from \* to last st., 1 s.

**10th Row:** K \* 3 s, 1 b, rep. from \* to last 8 sts., k 5, m 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

**Cont. in patt.** to match right front, and reversing all shapings.

## BACK

Using s, cast on 87 sts.

**1st Row:** Purl.

**2nd Row:** K 1, \* m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end of row.

**3rd Row:** Purl.

**4th Row:** Knit.

**5th Row:** Purl.

**6th Row:** K \* 3 s, 1 b, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., 3 s.

**7th Row:** P \* 1 b, 1 s, rep. from \* to last st., 1 b.

**8th Row:** K 1 s, \* 1 b (work next 3 sts. tog. by k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the 3 sts.), rep. from \* to last 2 sts., 1 b, 1 s.

**9th Row:** As 7th row.

**10th Row:** As 6th row.

**11th Row:** Purl.

**12th Row:** K 1 s, \* 1 b, 3 s, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., 1 b, 1 s.

**13th Row:** P \* 1 b, 1 s, rep. from \* to last st., 1 b.

**14th Row:** Work next 3 sts. tog. by k 1, p 1, k 1 in pk. into backs of the 3 sts. \* 1 b (work next sts. tog. in pk. as before), rep. from \* to end.

**15th Row:** As 13th row.

**16th Row:** As 12th row.

**Work 16 rows st-st.** Take 2 tog. at beg. and end of the next and every following 10th row until 79 sts. rem. Work 11 rows on 79 sts.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Take 2 tog. at beg. and end of every k row until 61 sts. remain.

**Cont. on 61 sts.** until armhole measures the same as fronts.

**Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.



**MATINEE JACKET** for a baby is very simple in design, but features colored trim on fronts, border, yoke, and sleeves.

Leave rem. 29 sts. on spare needle.

**SLEEVES**  
Using s, cast on 43 sts. Work ribbonholes and colored border as on back. Cont. in s and st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of the 2nd and every following 6th row until there are 59 sts. on needle. Continue on 59 sts. until sleeve measures 6½in. from cast-on edge.

**Shape Top:** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Take 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until 31 sts. rem. Cast off.

**NECKBAND**  
Join shoulders. Using ball of wool at right front, work 10 sts. as follows: k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 7, pick up and k 9

sts. up side of neck, k 29 back neck sts., pick up and k 9 sts. down opposite side of neck, k 7, m 1, k 2 tog., k 1 along left front, p one row.












**Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., m 1, rep. from \* to



# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning January 9

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 <b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in an important appointment.</p>	<p>★ Go after financial objectives with determination, and you may have a chance to share your happiness with loved ones. Don't let pride stand in the way.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps you would like a rest from being the popular boss, yet escape seems difficult. People say they are going, yet linger on. Remain standing as a hint to guests.</p>	<p>★ In a crowded place you could rub into an old friend who introduces you to a dashing member of the opposite sex. Do not take him or her entirely at face value.</p>	<p>★ Some of your social acquaintances may be more window-dressing for real amusement. You hope to impress important people and are prepared to fit in with their tastes.</p>
 <b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in new ventures.</p>	<p>★ If things are not shaping up as you expect, figure out what is wrong with conditions or with yourself and take corrective measures. Do not reject advice from other people. Watchful waiting is best.</p>	<p>★ Sweep the place bare of clutter. It will prove refreshing to gaze on plain surfaces in darkened rooms. Try an evening meal on the verandah.</p>	<p>★ A few days of companionship on that cruise, whether by land or sea, easily lead to a further link-up after you return home, when a snapshot reunion will be held.</p>	<p>★ Here today and gone tomorrow, people may disappear from your horizon as quickly as they leave your memories.</p>
 <b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in practical affairs.</p>	<p>★ Hidden factors may be working either for or against you. At present there is little you can do to help or hinder the plans of other people. Watchful waiting is best.</p>	<p>★ Many of you will be near the beach or near water views. This has a magic effect on your nerves, even if the children run wild. Try to appreciate the scenery.</p>	<p>★ If you are too possessive, the object of your romantic inclinations may back right out of the picture. Sentimentality at the wrong time might finish a love affair.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to respond to an emphatic "No" to a social invitation. Normally most people you may feel that your private affairs have been neglected.</p>
 <b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck through team work.</p>	<p>★ Seek the co-operation of associates or anyone in a position to give strong backing to your projects. Do not reject advice from those with greater experience.</p>	<p>★ Don't let your family or friends push all the work over to you. This is not deliberate, it may be done unconsciously. It serves to make those around you more demanding.</p>	<p>★ If the one you love best has to work while you and most of your friends are playing, try to arrange that he or she can join in whenever possible.</p>	<p>★ Many of you are still wondering around merrily. Life on the surface is agreeable, and problems will be pushed aside a little longer with benefit to health.</p>
 <b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in tackling a tough job.</p>	<p>★ You gain by keeping economic affairs to yourself. If friends think you are flush, they may be eager to borrow. If they think you are hard up, your prestige will suffer.</p>	<p>★ If a teenager, your home will be little of you this week except when you are asleep. With so many interesting places to go and things to do, home recedes momentarily.</p>	<p>★ If you have been going steady, this week he may pop the question. If too young to think of marriage yet, you will still take that budding romance seriously.</p>	<p>★ Whether you are home or away on a holiday trip, it's a case of fun. If you have, you'll catch the largest. If you enter competitions, Lady Luck is at your elbow.</p>
 <b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in speculation.</p>	<p>★ Look ahead before engaging in risky ventures. Don't be drawn for the sake of face-saving into schemes with little appeal and beyond your means.</p>	<p>★ Don't stay home alone and brood over largely imaginary troubles. Keep busy and occupied with household interests, hobbies, plans for activities in the New Year.</p>	<p>★ If he is growing interested in carpentry or she is embroidering a supper-cloth, look out. Heart-throbs are being replaced with a realistic attitude towards a home.</p>	<p>★ Those who have come to the end of a busy chapter will be given a chance to relax. Effort in the garden or with a book will be favored.</p>
 <b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in family relationships.</p>	<p>★ Make a quick and arbitrary decision relative to your home. If a homemaker, or your job if in paid employment. Some important factor is connected with income.</p>	<p>★ If thinking of buying, renting, or selling a home, permanent or holiday, you may rejoice this week. A proposition may confront you, and you'll snap it up.</p>	<p>★ You and the one you love best may bargain-hunt in search of an article hard to find, or the price may be higher than you anticipated. Discover a substitute.</p>	<p>★ Are you still eager to go everywhere, see everything, do everything? You are gathering impressions which can be immensely useful in a few months' time.</p>
 <b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a letter.</p>	<p>★ This is the tide in your affairs which can lead to economic security if properly handled. Careful management rather than luck is the answer.</p>	<p>★ If you have been below par recently, health improves. Increased vitality leads to home tasks or holiday jaunts. In the latter case, bookings become available.</p>	<p>★ A romance on the rocks may not burn nearly as much as you imagined. If you've outgrown each other, or been separated by distance, new attractions dawn.</p>	<p>★ Avoid friends who show signs of being irritable. No matter how hard you try to put them in a cheerful mood, you may only end up by feeling depressed yourself.</p>
 <b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, gold. Gambling colors, gold, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a business transaction.</p>	<p>★ Use your ingenuity, as you can get more pleasure out of what you do just now than out of what you spend. Gambling is not advised, so don't risk it.</p>	<p>★ Many of you postpone time off in favor of a vacation later. This would be especially wise if intimate friends will not be free to join you for a few weeks.</p>	<p>★ You might, if you are lucky, be warned from the water by the best-looking member of the surf club. The rest is up to you. Dance invitations for some.</p>	<p>★ Depend on friends and associates to say and do the right things this week. If you meet them halfway you'll get a lift in morale. Keep clear of emotional outbursts.</p>
 <b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in going forward.</p>	<p>★ This week may write a new chapter in a business friendship or economic questions in general. Pull back on past experience and your own personal knowledge.</p>	<p>★ Whatever happens you won't be lonely. Many of you attend group outings, and your home will be deserted for the time being. Lock up. Check doors and windows.</p>	<p>★ You may have to do a bit of fussing in order to meet that new thrill, and you fear your emotions may be altogether too transparent. Keep your pulse.</p>	<p>★ Proceed with plans to realize a long-cherished wish, perhaps to visit some particular place you have never seen, or to meet a person whose activities have long appealed to you.</p>
 <b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck with an old asset.</p>	<p>★ Use your ingenuity, as you can get more pleasure out of what you do just now than out of what you spend. Gambling is not advised, so don't risk it.</p>	<p>★ Many of you postpone time off in favor of a vacation later. This would be especially wise if intimate friends will not be free to join you for a few weeks.</p>	<p>★ You might, if you are lucky, be warned from the water by the best-looking member of the surf club. The rest is up to you. Dance invitations for some.</p>	<p>★ Depend on friends and associates to say and do the right things this week. If you meet them halfway you'll get a lift in morale. Keep clear of emotional outbursts.</p>
 <b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in competition.</p>	<p>★ Use your ingenuity, as you can get more pleasure out of what you do just now than out of what you spend. Gambling is not advised, so don't risk it.</p>	<p>★ Whatever happens you won't be lonely. Many of you attend group outings, and your home will be deserted for the time being. Lock up. Check doors and windows.</p>	<p>★ You might, if you are lucky, be warned from the water by the best-looking member of the surf club. The rest is up to you. Dance invitations for some.</p>	<p>★ Depend on friends and associates to say and do the right things this week. If you meet them halfway you'll get a lift in morale. Keep clear of emotional outbursts.</p>

sank down in the chair as Mrs. Folliat left the room.

"I'm terribly sorry about all this," she said. "It seems unbelievable. I'm afraid I can't help you in any way. You see, I've been telling fortunes all the afternoon, so I haven't seen anything of what was going on."

"I know, Mrs. Legge. But we just have to ask everybody the same routine questions. For instance, just where were you between four-fifteen and five o'clock?"

"Well, I went and had tea at four o'clock."

"In the tea tent?"

"Yea."

"It was very crowded, I believe?"

"Oh, frightfully crowded."

"Did you see anyone you knew there?"

"Oh, a few odd people, yes. Nobody to speak to. Goodness, how I wanted that tea! That was four o'clock, as I say. I got back to the fortune-telling tent at half-past four and went on with my job. And goodness knows what I was promising the women in the end. Millionaire husbands, film stardom in Hollywood - heaven knows what! Mere journeys across the sea and suspicious dark women seemed too tame."

"What happened during the half-hour when you were absent—I mean supposing people wanted to have their fortunes told?"

"Oh, I hung a card up outside the tent. 'Back at four-thirty.'"

The Inspector made a note in his pad.

"When did you last see Lady Stubbs?"

"Hattie? I don't really know. She was quite near at hand when I came out of the fortune-telling tent to go to tea, but I didn't speak to her. I don't remember seeing her afterwards. Somebody told me

just now that she's missing. Is that true?"

"Yes, it is."

"Oh, well," said Peggy Legge cheerfully, "she's a bit queer in the top story, you know. I dare say having a murder here has frightened her."

"Well, thank you, Mrs. Legge."

Mrs. Legge accepted the dismissal with promptitude. She went out, passing Hercule Poirot in the doorway.

Looking at the ceiling, the Inspector spoke.

"Mrs. Legge says she was in the tea tent between four and four-thirty. Mrs. Folliat says she was helping in the tea tent from four o'clock on but that Mrs. Legge was not among those present."

He paused and then went on, "Miss Brewis says that Lady Stubbs asked her to take a tray of cakes and fruit juice to Marlene Tucker. Michael Weyman says that it's quite impossible Lady Stubbs should have done any such thing—it would be most uncharacteristic of her."

"Ah," said Poirot, "the conflicting statements! Yes, one always has them."

"And what a nuisance they are to clear up, too," said the Inspector. "Sometimes they matter, but in nine times out of ten they don't. Well, we've got to do a lot of spade work, that's clear."

"And what do you think now, mon cher? What are the latest ideas?"

"I think," said the Inspector gravely, "that Marlene Tucker saw something she was not meant to see. I think that it was because of what Marlene Tucker saw that she had to be killed."

"I will not contradict you," said Poirot. "The point is what did she see?"

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# Continuing . . . Dead Man's Folly

from page 46

playing the simpleton—especially when people were here. I suppose because she thought he liked her that way."

"And did he like her that way?"

"Oh, men!" said Miss Brewis, her voice trembling on the edge of hysteria. "They don't appreciate efficiency or unselfishness, or loyalty or any of those qualities! Now with a clever, capable wife Sir George would have got somewhere."

"Got where?" asked Poirot.

"Well, he could take a prominent part in local affairs. Or stand for Parliament. He's a much more able man than poor Mr. Masterton. I don't know if you've ever heard Mr. Masterton on a platform—a most halting and uninspired speaker. He owes his position entirely to his wife. It's Mrs. Masterton who's the power behind the throne. She's got all the drive and the initiative and the political acumen."

Poirot shuddered inwardly at the thought of being married to Mrs. Masterton, but he agreed quite truthfully with Miss Brewis's words.

"Yes," he said, "she is all that you say."

"Sir George doesn't seem ambitious," went on Miss Brewis, "he seems quite content to live here and potter about and play the country squire and just go to London occasionally to attend to all his city directorships and all that, but he could make far more of himself than that with his abilities. He's really a very remarkable man, M. Poirot. That woman never understood him. She just regards him as a kind of machine for tipping out fur coats and jewels and expensive clothes. If he were married to someone who really appreciated his abilities—" She broke off, her voice wavering uncertainly.

Poirot looked at her with a real compassion. Miss Brewis was in love with her employer. She gave him a faithful, loyal, and passionate devotion of which he was probably quite unaware and in which he would certainly not be interested. To Sir George, Amanda Brewis was an efficient machine who took the drudgery of daily life off his shoulders, who answered telephone calls, wrote letters, engaged servants, ordered meals, and generally made life smooth for him.

Poirot doubted if he had ever once thought of her as a woman. And that, he reflected, had its dangers. Women could work themselves up, they could reach an alarming pitch of hysteria unnoticed by the ob-

livious male who was the object of their devotion.

"A sly, scheming, clever cat, that's what she is," said Miss Brewis tearfully.

"You say it, not was, I observe," said Poirot.

"Of course she isn't dead!" said Miss Brewis scornfully. "Gone off with a man, that's what she's done! That's her type."

"It is possible. It is always possible," said Poirot. He took another piece of toast, inspected the marmalade pot gloomily, and looked down the table to see if there were any kind of jam. There was none, so he resigned himself to butter.

"It's the only explanation," said Miss Brewis. "Of course he wouldn't think of it."

"Has there—been any—trouble with men?" asked Poirot, delicately.

"Oh, she's been very clever," said Miss Brewis.

"You mean you have not observed anything of the kind?"

"She'd be careful that I shouldn't," said Miss Brewis.

"But you think that there may have been—what shall I say—surreptitious episodes?"

"She's done her best to make a fool of Michael Weyman," said Miss Brewis. "Taking him down to see the camellia gardens at this time of year. Pretending she's so interested in the tennis pavilion."

"After all, that is his business for being here and I understand Sir George is having it built to please his wife."

"She's no good at tennis," said Miss Brewis. "She's no good at any games. Just wants an attractive setting to sit in, while other people run about and get hot. Oh, yes, she's done her best to make a fool of Michael Weyman. She'd probably have done it, too, if he hadn't had other fish to fry."

"Ah," said Poirot, helping himself to a very little marmalade, placing it on the corner of a piece of toast, and taking a mouthful dubiously. "So he has other fish to fry, M. Weyman?"

"It was Mrs. Legge who recommended him to Sir George," said Miss Brewis. "She knew him before she was married. Chelsea, I understand, and all that. She used to paint, you know."

"She seems a very attractive and intelligent young woman," said Poirot tentatively.

"Oh, yes, she's very intelligent," said Miss Brewis. "She's had a university education, and I daresay could have made a career for herself if she hadn't married."

"Has she been married long?"

"About three years, I believe. I don't think the marriage has turned out very well."

"There is—the incompatibility?"

"He's a queer young man, very moody. Wanders off a lot by himself, and I've heard him very bad-tempered with her sometimes."

"Ah, well," said Poirot, "the quarrels, the reconciliations; they are part of early married life. Without them it is possible that life would be drab."

"She's spent a good deal of time with Michael Weyman since he's been down here," said Miss Brewis. "I think he was in love with her before she married Alec Legge. I daresay it's only a flirtation on her side."

"But Mr. Legge was not pleased about it, perhaps?"

"One never knows with him, he's so vague. But I think he's been even moodier than usual lately."

"Did he admire Lady Stubbs, perhaps?"

"I daresay she thought he

did. She thinks she has only to hold up a finger for any man to fall in love with her!"

Poirot buttered another finger of toast. "In any case," he said, "if Lady Stubbs has gone off with a man, as you suggest, it is not Mr. Weyman, for Mr. Weyman is still here."

"It's somebody she's been meeting on the sly, I've no doubt," said Miss Brewis. "She often slips out of the house on the quiet, and goes off into the woods by herself. She was out the night before last. Yawning, and saying she was going up to bed. I caught sight of her not half an hour later slipping out by the side door with a shawl over her head."

Poirot looked thoughtfully at the woman opposite him. He wondered if any reliance at all were to be placed on Miss Brewis's statements where Lady Stubbs was concerned, or whether it was entirely wishful thinking on her part. Mrs. Folliat, he was sure, did not share Miss Brewis's ideas, and Mrs. Folliat knew Hattie much better than Miss Brewis could do. If Lady Stubbs had run away with a lover it would clearly suit Miss Brewis's book very well. She would be left to console the bereaved husband and to arrange for him efficiently the details of divorce.

But that did not make it true, or probable, or even likely. If Hattie Stubbs had left with a lover, she had chosen a very curious time to do so, Poirot thought. For his own part he did not believe she had.

Miss Brewis sniffed and gathered together various scattered correspondences.

"If Sir George really wants those advertisements put in, I suppose I'd better see about it," she said. "Complete nonsense and waste of time. Oh, good morning, Mrs. Masterton," she added, as the door opened with authority, and Mrs. Masterton walked in.

"Inquest is set for Thursday, I hear," she boomed. "Morning, M. Poirot."

Miss Brewis paused, her hand full of letters.

"Anything I can do for you, Mrs. Masterton?" she asked.

"No, thank you, Miss Brewis. I expect you've plenty on your hands this morning, but I do want to thank you for all the excellent work you put in yesterday. You're such a good organiser, and such a hard worker. We're all very grateful."

"Thank you, Mrs. Masterton."

"Now don't let me keep you. I'll just sit down and have a word with M. Poirot."

"Enchanted, Madame," said Poirot. He had risen to his feet and he bowed. Mrs. Masterton pulled out a chair and sat down. Miss Brewis left the room, quite restored to her usual efficient self.

"Marvellous woman, that," said Mrs. Masterton. "Don't know what the Stubbs would do without her. Running a house takes some doing nowadays. Poor Hattie couldn't have coped with it. Extraordinary business, this, M. Poirot. I came to ask you what you thought about it."

"What do you yourself think, Madame?"

"Well, it's an unpleasant thing to face, but I should say we've got some pathological character in this part of the world. Not a native, I hope. Perhaps been let out of an asylum—they're always letting 'em out half cured nowadays. What I mean is, no one would ever want to strangle that Tucker girl. There couldn't be any motive, I mean, except some abnormal one. And if this man, whoever he is, is abnormal I should say he's probably strangled that poor girl Hattie Stubbs as well. She hasn't very much

sense, you know, poor child. If she met an ordinary-looking man, and he asked her to come and have a look at something in the woods, she'd probably go like a lamb, quite unsuspecting and docile."

"You think her body is somewhere on the estate?"

"Yes, M. Poirot, I do. They'll find it once they search around. Mind you, with about sixty-five acres of woodland here, it'll take some finding, if it's been dragged into the bushes or tumbled down a slope into the trees. What they need is bloodhounds," said Mrs. Masterton, looking as she spoke exactly like a bloodhound herself. "Bloodhounds! I shall ring up the chief constable myself and say so."

"It is very possible that you are right, Madame," said Poirot. It was clearly the only thing one could say to Mrs. Masterton.

"Of course I'm right," said Mrs. Masterton, "but I must say, you know, it makes me very uneasy because the fellow is somewhere about. I'm calling in at the village when I leave here, telling the mothers to be very careful about their daughters—not let 'em go about alone. It's not a nice thought, M. Poirot, to have a killer in our midst."

"A little point, Madame. How could a strange man have obtained admission to the boathouse? That would need a key."

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Masterton, "that's easy. She came out, of course."

"Came out of the boathouse?"

"Yes. I expect she got bored, like girls do. Probably wandered out and looked about her. The most likely thing, I think, is that she actually saw Hattie Stubbs murdered. Heard a struggle or something, went to see, and the man, having disposed of Lady Stubbs, naturally had to kill her, too. Easy enough for him to take her back to the boathouse, dump her there, and come out, pulling the door behind him. It would pull to, and lock."

Poirot nodded gently. It was not his purpose to argue with Mrs. Masterton or to point out to her the interesting fact which she had completely overlooked, that if Marlene Tucker had been killed away from the boathouse, somebody must have known enough about the murder game to put her back in the exact place and position which the victim was supposed to assume. Instead, he said gently, "Sir George Stubbs is confident that his wife is still alive."

"That's what he says, man, because he wants to believe it. He was very devoted to her, you know." She added, rather unexpectedly, "I like George Stubbs. In spite of his origins and his city background and all that, he goes down very well in the county. The worst that can be said about him is that he's a bit of a snob. And, after all, social snobbery's harmless enough."

Poirot said somewhat cynically, "In these days, Madame, surely money has become as acceptable as good birth."

"My dear man, I couldn't agree with you more. There's no need for him to be a snob—only got to buy the place and throw his money about and we'd all come and call! But, actually, the man's liked. It's not only his money. Of course, Amy Folliat had something to do with that. She has sponsored them and, mind you, she's got a lot of influence in this part of the world. Why, there have been Folliats here since Tudor times."

"There have always been Folliats at Nasse House," Poirot murmured to himself.

"Yes," Mrs. Masterton sighed. "It's sad, the toll taken by the war. Young men killed in battle—death duties and all

that. Then whoever comes into a place can't afford to keep it up and has to sell—"

"But Mrs. Folliat, although she has lost her home, still lives on the estate."

"Yes. She's made the Lodge quite charming, too. Have you been inside it?"

"No—we parted at the door."

"It wouldn't be everybody's cup of tea," said Mrs. Masterton. "To live at the Lodge of your old home and see strangers in possession. But to do Amy Folliat justice I don't think she feels bitter about that. In fact, she engineered the whole thing. There's no doubt she imbued Hattie with the idea of living down here, and got her to persuade George Stubbs into it. The thing, I think, that Amy Folliat couldn't have borne was to see the place turned into a hotel or institution, or carved up for building."

She rose to her feet. "Well, I must be getting along. I'm a busy woman."

"Of course. You have to talk to the Chief Constable about bloodhounds."

Mrs. Masterton gave a sudden deep bray of laughter. "Used to breed 'em at one time," she said. "People tell me I'm a bit like a bloodhound myself."

Poirot was slightly taken aback, and she was quick enough to see it.

"I bet you've been thinking so, M. Poirot," she said.

After Mrs. Masterton

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by speaking with  
tearful venom.  
"such absolute  
fools!" she  
quite shrewd in most  
and then they go marry-  
the wrong sort of woman."  
was always willing to  
people talk. The more  
who talked to him, and  
they said, the better.  
was nearly always a  
of wheat among the  
think it has been an  
marriage?" he de-  
dis-  
You mean—that they were  
happy together?"  
d a thoroughly bad in-  
over him in every way."  
Now I find that very inter-  
What kind of a bad  
making him run to and fro  
back and call, getting  
presents out of him  
more jewels than one  
could wear. And furs,  
got two mink coats and  
human ermine. What could  
woman want with two  
coats, I'd like to know?"  
I would not know,"  
continued Miss  
"Deceitful! Always

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## Nutrition studies shed new light on the cause of modern ills



In every crowd or gathering, 4 out of 5 people are less well than they should be because their diets are deficient in natural bulk. Yet, as this article shows, the remedy is simple!

Even on an ample diet

# You may be one of the 4 out of 5 who suffer from BULK DEFICIENCY

Constipation, frequent headaches, poor complexion, loss of energy and low resistance to colds are among the common symptoms of bulk deficiency in the diet.

Would it surprise you to know that—even on three square meals and a balanced diet—you may be suffering from a deficiency complaint? The close relationship between good health and good nutrition has long been recognised, but it is only recently that the spotlight of research has been focused on a completely new aspect of nutrition. In simple everyday terms it comes down to this. Even a diet rich in all the nutritional elements you need can still fail to supply the most important element of all—bulk to keep your system in working order.

### What is bulk?

Bulk is the term we use for the cellulose or fibrous material which makes up the greater proportion of many natural foods, such

as fruit, vegetables and whole grains. This bulk is not absorbed into the system but plays an essential part in the process of digestion and elimination by gently stimulating the intestinal walls. When you remember that you have 10 yards of intestine, and that a stoppage can occur anywhere along the line, you will realize how important it is to include bulk in your diet every day.

### Why modern diets are deficient

In this land of plenty, why is it that many people are in a state of constant ill-health because of bulk deficiency? Civilization has given us many unnatural tastes and values. We take good raw materials and refine them until every trace of roughage—and,

alas, many of their vitamins, too—have disappeared. These over-refined products are used in the bread, pastries, cakes, biscuits and desserts which make up the greater part of our daily diet. Sooner or later the whole digestive rhythm slows down. We suffer from constipation—sometimes, without even suspecting it, from an insidious form of partial constipation. We become headachy and out of sorts. We catch more colds than we should. We wonder why we are tired and depressed, why life seems to have lost its shine.

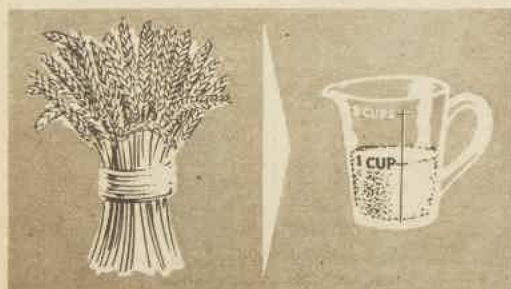
### The natural answer to bulk deficiency

Many people, when they are constipated or out of sorts, dose themselves with laxatives. These give temporary, though drastic, relief but they don't reach the cause of the trouble. Indeed, they make matters worse, because laxatives are habit-forming, and tend to make the bowel muscles weak and lazy. The only lasting and effective solution is to put bulk back into the diet. This need not mean changing your eating habits if you include an important natural bulk food every day. This bulk food, All-Bran, is sold by your grocer. It is made by Kellogg's from the nutty

outer layers of the wheat grain. Enjoyed every morning as a cereal, it supplies the daily quota of bulk your system requires to function naturally, without medicines. All-Bran is delicious (and just as valuable) in cooking, and many families are discovering what a difference its nutty texture and rich flavour can make to cakes, cookies and pies.

### Minerals and Vitamins

It is in the outer layers that Nature stores most of the minerals and vitamins in the wheat grain, so All-Bran makes an important contribution to nutrition, too, supplying Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron, as well as natural cellulose bulk for regularity. Thousands of people, enslaved for years by the laxative drug habit, have rediscovered the health, vigor and enjoyment of life which are only possible when there is adequate bulk in the diet for regular, natural and complete elimination. What All-Bran has done for others it can do for you. Even if you are not yet conscious of constipation, it will prevent future trouble and build up your general health, because All-Bran is Nature's own answer to bulk deficiency in the modern diet.



So much of the natural cellulose bulk is removed from grain by the refining process that all this wheat is reduced to a single cup of refined white flour.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.



Continuing . . .

## Dead Man's Folly

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had left, Poirot went out and strolled through the woods. His nerves were not quite what they should be. He felt an irresistible desire to look behind every bush and to consider every thicket of rhododendron as a possible hiding place for a body.

He came at last to the Folly and going inside it he sat down on the stone bench there, to rest his feet, which were, as was his custom, enclosed in tight pointed patent leather shoes.

Through the trees he could catch faint glimmers of the river and of the wooded banks on the opposite side. He found himself agreeing with the young architect that this was no place to put an architectural fantasy of this kind. Gaps could be cut in the trees, of course, but even then there would be no proper view. Whereas, as Michael Weyman had said, on the grassy bank near the house a Folly could have been erected with a delightful vista right down the river to Helmmouth.

Helmmouth. Poirot's thoughts flew off at a tangent. Helmmouth, the yacht Esperance, and Etienne De Sousa. The whole thing must tie up in some kind of pattern, but what the pattern was he could not visualise. Tempting strands of it showed here and there, but that was all.

Something that glittered caught his eye and he bent to pick it up. It had come to rest in a small crack of the concrete base to the temple. He held it in the palm of his hand and looked at it with a faint stirring of recognition. It was a little gold aeroplane charm.

As he frowned at it, a picture came into his mind. A bracelet. A gold bracelet hung over with dangling charms. He was sitting once more in the tent and the voice of Madame Zuleika, alias Peggy Legge, was talking of dark women and journeys across the sea and good fortune in a letter. Yes, she had had on a bracelet from which depended a multiplicity of small gold objects. One of these modern fashions which repeated the fashions of Poirot's early days.

Probably that was why it had made an impression on him. Some time or other, presumably, Mrs. Legge had sat here in the Folly and one of the charms had fallen from her bracelet. Perhaps she had not even noticed it. It might have been some days ago—weeks perhaps. Or—it might have been yesterday afternoon . . .

Poirot considered that latter point. Then he heard footsteps outside and looked up sharply. A figure came round to the front of the Folly and stopped, startled, at the sight of Poirot. Poirot looked with a considering eye on the slim young man wearing a shirt on which a variety of tortoise and turtle was depicted. The shirt was unmistakable. He had observed it closely yesterday when its wearer was throwing coconuts.

He noticed that the young man was almost unusually perturbed. He said quickly in a foreign accent, "I beg your pardon—I did not know."

Poirot smiled gently at him, but with a reproving air.

"I am afraid," he said, "that you are trespassing."

"Yes, I am sorry."

"You come from the hotel?"

"Yes, I do. I thought perhaps one could get through the woods this way and so to the quay."

"I am afraid," said Poirot gently, "that you will have to go back the way you came. There is no through road."

The young man said again, showing all his teeth in a

would-be agreeable smile, "I am sorry. I am very sorry."

He bowed and turned away. Poirot came out of the Folly and back on to the path, watching the boy retreat. When he got to the ending of the path, he looked over his shoulder. Then, seeing Poirot watching him, he quickened his pace and disappeared round the bend.

"So," said Poirot to himself, "is this a murderer I have seen, or is it not?"

The young man had certainly been at the fete yesterday and had scowled when he had collided with Poirot, and just as certainly therefore he must know quite well that there was no through path by way of the woods to the ferry. If, indeed, he had been looking for a path to the ferry he would not have taken this path by the Folly, but would have kept on the lower level near the river.

Moreover, he had arrived at the Folly with the air of one who has reached his rendezvous, and who is badly startled at finding the wrong person at the meeting place.

"So it is like this," said Poirot to himself. "He came here to meet someone. Who did he come to meet?" He added as an afterthought, "And why?"

He strolled down to the bend of the path and looked at it where it wound away into the trees. There was no sign of the young man in the turtle shirt now. Presumably he had deemed it prudent to retreat as rapidly as possible. Poirot retraced his steps, shaking his head.

Lost in thought, he came quietly round the side of the Folly, and stopped on the threshold, startled in his turn. Peggy Legge was there on her knees, her head bent down to the cracks in the flooring. She jumped up, startled.

"Oh, M. Poirot, you gave me such a shock. I didn't hear you coming."

"You were looking for something, Madame?"

"I—no, not exactly."

"You had lost something perhaps," said Poirot.

"Dropped something. Or perhaps—he adopted a roguish, gallant air—"or perhaps, Madame, it is a rendezvous. I am, most unfortunately, not the person you came to meet?"

She had recovered her aplomb by now.

"Does one ever have rendezvous in the middle of the morning?" she demanded, questioning.

"Sometimes," said Poirot, "one has to have a rendezvous at the only time one can. Husbands," he added sententiously, "are sometimes jealous."

"I doubt if mine is," said Peggy Legge. She said the words lightly enough, but behind them Poirot heard an undertone of bitterness. "He's so completely engrossed in his own affairs."

"All women complain of that in husbands," said Poirot, "especially in English husbands," he added.

"You foreigners are most gallant."

"We know," said Poirot, "that it is necessary to tell a woman at least once a week, and preferably three or four times, that we love her; and that it is also wise to bring her a few flowers, to pay her a few compliments, to tell her that she looks well in her new dress or her new hat."

"Is that what you do?"

"I, Madame, am not a husband," said Hercule Poirot.

"Alas!" he added.

"I'm sure there's no also

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about it. I'm sure you're quite delighted to be a carefree bachelor."

"No, no, Madame, it is terrible all that I have missed in life."

"I think one's a fool to marry," said Peggy Legge.

"You regret the days when you painted in your studio in Chelsea?"

"You seem to know all about me, M. Poirot?"

"I am a gossip," said Hercule Poirot. "I like to hear all about people." He went on: "Do you really regret, Madame?"

"Oh, I don't know." She sat down impatiently on the seat. Poirot sat beside her.

He witnessed once more the phenomenon to which he was becoming accustomed. This attractive, red-haired girl was about to say things to him that she would have thought twice about saying to an Englishman.

"I hoped," she said, "that when we came down here for a holiday away from everything, that things would be the same again. . . . But it hasn't worked out like that."

"No?"

"No, Alec's just as moody and—oh, I don't know—wrapped up in himself. I don't know what's the matter with him. He's so nervous and on edge. People ring him up and leave queer messages for him, and he won't tell me anything. That's what makes me mad. He won't tell me anything. I thought at first it was some other woman, but I don't think it is. Not really."

But her voice held a certain doubt which Poirot was quick to notice.

"Did you enjoy your tea yesterday afternoon, Madame?" he asked.

"Enjoy my tea?" She frowned at him, her thoughts seeming to come back from a long way away. Then she said hastily: "Oh, yes. You've no idea how exhausting it was, sitting in that tent muffled up in all those veils. It was stifling."

"The tea tent also must have been somewhat stifling?"

"Oh, yes it was. However, there's nothing like a cuppa, is there?"

"You were searching for something just now, were you not, Madame? Would it be any possibility be this?" He held out in his hand the little gold chain.

"I—oh, yes. Oh—thank you, M. Poirot. Where did you find it?"

"It was here, on the floor, in that crack over there."

"I must have dropped it some time."

"Yesterday?"

"Oh, no, not yesterday. It was before that."

"But surely, Madame, I remember seeing that particular chain on your wrist when you were telling me my fortune."

Nobody could tell a deliberate lie better than Hercule Poirot. He spoke with complete assurance, and before that assurance Peggy Legge's eyelids dropped.

"I don't really remember," she said. "I only noticed this morning that it was missing."

"Then I am happy," said Poirot gallantly, "to be able to restore it to you."

She was turning the little chain over nervously in her fingers. Now she rose.

"Well, thank you, M. Poirot, thank you very much," she said. Her breath was coming rather unevenly and her eyes were nervous. She hurried out of the Folly. Poirot leaned back in the seat and nodded his head slowly.

"No," he said to himself, "no, you did not go to the tea tent yesterday afternoon. It was not because you wanted your tea that you were so anxious to know if it was four o'clock. It was here you came

## Continuing . . . Dead Man's Folly

yesterday afternoon. Here, to the Folly. Half way to the boathouse. You came here to meet someone."

Once again he heard footsteps approaching. Rapid, impatient footsteps. "And here, perhaps," said Poirot, smiling in anticipation, "comes whoever it was that Mrs. Legge came up here to meet."

But then, as Alec Legge came round the corner of the Folly, Poirot ejaculated: "Wrong again."

"Eh? What's that?" Alec Legge looked startled.

"I said," explained Poirot, "that I was wrong again. I'm not often wrong," he explained, "and it exasperates me. It was not you I expected to see."

"Whom did you expect to see?" asked Alec Legge.

Poirot replied promptly. "A young man—a boy almost—in one of those gaily patterned shirts with turtles on it."

He was pleased at the effect of his words. Alec Legge took a step forward. He said rather incoherently, "How do you know? How did—what do you mean?"

"I am psychic," said Hercule Poirot, and closed his eyes.

Alec Legge took another couple of steps forward. Poirot was conscious that a very angry man was standing in front of him.

"What the devil did you mean?" he demanded.

"Your friend has, I think," said Poirot, "gone back to the Youth Hostel. If you want to see him you will have to go there to find him."

"So that's it," muttered Alec Legge.

He dropped down at the other end of the stone bench. "So that's why you're down here? It wasn't a question of giving away the prizes. I might have known better." He turned towards Poirot. His face was haggard and unhappy.

"I know what it must seem like," he said. "I know what the whole thing looks like. But it isn't as you think it is. I'm being victimised. I tell you that once you get into these people's clutches it isn't so easy to get out of them. And I want to get out of them. That's the point. I want to get out of them. You get desperate, you know. You feel like taking desperate measures. You feel you're caught like a rat in a trap and there's nothing you can do. Oh, well, what's the good of talking! You know what you want to know now, I suppose. You've got your evidence."

He got up, stumbled a little as though he could hardly see his way, then rushed off energetically without a backward look.

Hercule Poirot remained behind with his eyes very wide open and his eyebrows rising. "All this is very curious," he murmured. "Curious and interesting. I have the evidence I need, have I? Evidence of what? Murder?"

Inspector Bland sat in Helmouth Police Station. Superintendent Baldwin, a large, comfortable-looking man, sat on the other side of the table. Between the two men, on the table, was a pinkish, sodden mass. Inspector Bland poked at it with a cautious forefinger.

"That's her hat all right," he said. "I'm sure of it, though I don't suppose I could swear to it. She fancied these big, elaborate hats with flowers, it seems. So her maid told me. She'd got one or two of them. Yesterday she was wearing a pinkish one. Yes, this is it. And you fished it out of the river. That makes it look as though it's the way we think it is."

"No certainty yet," said

Baldwin. "After all," he added, "anyone could throw a hat into the river."

"Yes," said Bland, "they could throw it in from the boat-house, or they could throw it in off a yacht."

"The yacht's sewed up all right," said Baldwin. "If she's there, alive or dead, she's still there."

"He hasn't been ashore today?"

"Not so far. He's on board. He's been sitting out in a deck-chair, smoking a cigar."

Inspector Bland glanced at the clock.

"Almost time to go aboard," he said.

"Think you'll find her?" asked Baldwin.

"I wouldn't bank on it," said Bland. "I've got the feeling, you know, that he's a clever devil." He was lost in thought for a moment, poking again at the hat. Then he said, "What about the body—if there was a body? Any ideas about that?"

"Yes," said Baldwin. "I talked to Otterweight this morning. Ex-coastguard man. I always consult him in anything to do with tides and currents. About the time the lady went into the Helm, if she did go into the Helm, the tide



was just on the ebb. There is a full moon now and it would be flowing swiftly. Reckon she'd be carried out to sea and the current would take her towards the Cornish coast. There's no certainty where the body would fetch up or if it would fetch up at all. One or two drownings we've had here, we've never recovered the body. It gets broken up, too, on the rocks. Here, by Start Point. On the other hand, it might fetch up any day."

"If it doesn't, it's going to be difficult," said Bland.

"You're certain in your own mind that she did go into the river?"

"I don't see what else it can be," said Inspector Bland sombrely. "We've checked up, you know, on the buses and the trains. This place is a dead end. She was wearing conspicuous clothes and she didn't take any others with her. So I should say she never left Nasse. Either her body's in the sea or else it's hidden somewhere on the property. What I want now," he went on heavily, "is motive. And the body, of course," he added as an afterthought. "Can't get anywhere until I find the body."

"What about the other girl?"

"She saw it—or she saw something. We'll get at the facts in the end, but it won't be easy."

Baldwin in his turn looked up at the clock. "Time to go," he said.

The Esperance, flying the

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United States yacht ensign, looked spick and span as the two police officers arrived alongside. They were received on board with all De Sousa's charming courtesy. He offered them drinks, which they refused, and went on to express a kindly interest in their activities.

"You are further forward with your inquiries regarding the death of this young girl?"

"We're progressing," Inspector Bland told him.

The Superintendent took up the running and expressed very delicately the object of their visit.

"You would like to search the Esperance?" De Sousa did not seem annoyed. Instead, he seemed rather amused. "But why? You think I conceal the murderer on board my yacht, or do you think perhaps that I am the murderer myself?"

"It's necessary, Mr. De Sousa, as I'm sure you'll understand. A search warrant—"

De Sousa raised his hands.

"But I am anxious to co-operate—eager! Let this be all among friends. You are welcome to search where you will in my boat. Ah, perhaps you think that I have here my

evidence of identity, there was little to feed the curiosity of the spectators. An adjournment was asked for and granted. The whole proceedings had been purely formal.

What followed the inquest, however, was not quite so formal. Inspector Bland spent the afternoon taking a trip in that well-known pleasure steamer the Devon Belle. Leaving Brixwell at about three o'clock, it rounded the headland, proceeded around the coast, entered the mouth of the Helm and went up the river.

There were about two hundred and thirty people on board besides Inspector Bland. He sat on the starboard side of the boat, scanning the wooded shore. They came round a bend in the river and passed the isolated grey-tiled boathouse that belonged to Hoodown Park.

Inspector Bland looked surreptitiously at his watch. It was just a quarter-past four. They were coming now close beside the Nasse boathouse. It nestled remote in its trees with its little balcony and its small quay below. There was no sign apparent that there was anyone inside the boathouse, though as a matter of fact, to Inspector Bland's certain knowledge, there was someone inside. P.C. Hoskins, in accordance with orders, was on duty there.

Not far from the boathouse steps was a small launch. In the launch were a man and girl in holiday kit. They were indulging in what seemed like some rather rough horseplay. The girl was playfully pretending he was going to duck her overboard. At that same moment a stentorian voice spoke through a megaphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," it boomed, "you are now approaching the famous village of Gitcham, where we shall remain for three-quarters of an hour and where you can have a crab or lobster tea, as well as Devonshire cream. On your right are the grounds of Nasse House. You will pass the house itself in two or three minutes—it is just visible through the trees. Originally the home of Sir Gervase Folliat, a contemporary of Sir Francis Drake, who sailed with him in his voyage to the new world, it is now the property of Sir George Stubbs."

"On your left," the voice continued, "is the famous Gooseacre Rock. There, ladies and gentlemen, it was the habit to deposit scolding wives at low tide and to leave them there until the water came up to their necks."

Everybody on the Devon Belle stared with fascinated interest on the Gooseacre Rock. Jokes were made and there were many shrill giggles and guffaws.

While this was happening, the holidaymaker in the boat, with a final scuffle, did push his girl friend overboard. Leaning over, he held her in the water, laughing and saying, "No, I don't pull you out till you've promised to behave."

Nobody, however, observed this, with the exception of Inspector Bland. They had all been listening to the megaphone, staring for the first sight of Nasse House through the trees, and gazing with fascinated interest at the Gooseacre Rock.

The holidaymaker released the girl, she sank under water and a few moments later reappeared on the other side of the boat. She swam to it and got in, heaving herself over the side with practised skill. Policewoman Alice Jones was an accomplished swimmer.

Inspector Bland came ashore at Gitcham with the other two hundred and thirty passengers and consumed a lobster tea with Devonshire cream and scones. He said to himself as he did so:

"So it could be done, and no one would notice!"

While Inspector Bland was doing his experiment on the Helm, Hercule Poirot was experimenting with a tent on the lawn at Nasse House. It was in actual fact the same tent where Madame Zuleika had told her fortunes. When the rest of the marquises and stands had been dismantled Poirot had asked for this to remain behind.

He went into it now, closed the flaps and went to the back of it. Deftly he unlaced the flaps there, slipped out, replaced them, and plunged into the hedge of rhododendron that immediately backed the tent. Slipping between a couple of bushes, he soon reached a small rustic arbor. It was a kind of summer-house with a closed door. Poirot opened the door and went inside.

It was very dim inside because very little light came in through the rhododendrons, but he managed to make out a round, irregular mark on the dust on the floor.

At this Poirot looked for some time. He knelt down, and taking a little yard measure from his pocket he measured its dimensions carefully. Then he nodded in satisfaction.

He slipped out quietly, shutting the door behind him. Then he pursued an oblique course through the rhododendron bushes. He worked his way up the hill in this way and came out a short while after on the path which led to the Folly and on to the boathouse.

He did not visit the Folly this time, but went straight down the zig-zagging way until it reached the boathouse. He had the key with him, and he opened the door and went in.

Except for the removal of the body, and of the tea tray with its glass and plate, it was just as he remembered it. The police had noted and photographed all that it contained. He went over now to the table where the pile of comics lay. He turned them over and his expression was not unlike Inspector Bland's had been as he noted the words Marlene had doodled down there.

"Jackie" Blake goes with Susan Brown. "Peter pinches girls at the pictures." "Georgie Porgie kisses hikers in the wood." "Biddy Fox likes boys."

He found the remarks pathetic in their young crudity. He remembered Marlene's plain, rather spotty face. He suspected that boys had not pinched Marlene at the pictures. Frustrated, Marlene had got a vicarious thrill by her spying and peering at her young contemporaries.

She had spied on people, she had snooped, and she had seen things. Things that she was not meant to have seen—things usually of small importance, but on one occasion perhaps something of more importance?

It was all conjecture, and Poirot shook his head doubtfully. He replaced the pile of comics neatly on the table, his passion for tidiness always in the ascendant. As he did so, he was assailed with the feeling of something missing.

Something—what was it? Something that ought to have been there. . . . Something—he shook his head as the elusive impression faded.

He went slowly out of the boathouse, unhappy and displeased with himself. He, Hercule Poirot, had been summoned to prevent a murder—and he had not prevented it. It had happened. Even more humiliating, he had no real ideas even now as to what had actually happened.

It was ignominious. And tomorrow he must return to London defeated. His ego was seriously deflated—even his moustaches drooped.

To be concluded



the rug for them to sit on. "What about Mart — your father?" he asked. "How is he?"

"Fairly well," she told him, "but tired, though he won't admit it."

"Still as busy as ever?" "Busier," she said ruefully. "Same old patients, same old complaints, and a lot of new ones, too. He works too hard, but you know what Mart's like."

He grinned. "I know, crazy and wonderful — both together."

They were silent for a moment, thinking of Mart, until she asked, "You took your degree, of course?"

"Of course." He bent his black brows on her threateningly. "I'm a chemist — the analytical type. What about you? You said something about an office frock, so I presume there's an office somewhere."

"Periodically," she said, "I mean, I don't have a desk and typewriter to myself. I'm a columnist — the weekly type."

"Economics, I suppose?" he queried politely, "or popular science perhaps?"

"Human interest," she said, "read by thousands of women over their morning cups of tea."

"Well, well," he jibed, "making capital out of other people's lives."

"Now look," she said indignantly, "you can't have high finance and international politics for every meal. You've got to have —"

"Color," he said grinning, "light and shade. That dress, for instance — I like it. It

Continuing . . .

brings back the days of your youth."

"I wish I'd let you walk down the street," she said, "out of sight — or that I'd just waved my hand —"

"Airily?" he teased.

"Yes, airily," she said, "and gone on my way."

"Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't," she admitted.

"I started remembering everything too quickly. Could you have passed me by?"

"No," he said, "I couldn't have either."

His fingers touched something in the grass beside him and he showed her a piece of metal that looked like a penny.

"A blank," he said. "It reminds me of something."

"What?" she asked, glad of the diversion.

"When I was a kid I found one in a paddock one day. I knew it wasn't a penny, but I thought no one else would be as smart. Remember those boiled sweets shaped like fish?"

She nodded, and he went on.

"They were six-a-penny, I think. I raced back to the corner shop and asked for half-a-dozen. I was almost out the door when the old boy caught me out. You wouldn't imagine how I felt."

Her hand was on his knee. "Yes, I can, you poor little boy."

He raised her face to his with his fingers. Her eyes were bright with tears.

"There you go again," he

## Human Interest

from page 3

said, "taking other people's sorrows and using them for your own."

"Human interest," she said shakily, "that's all."

His kiss was both new and well known, but never strange, she thought. His arms around her were stronger, more sure than they had been twelve years before, but just as right.

"What happened to the years?" he said at last. "We quarrelled, didn't we?"

"Yes — bitterly."

"We're elderly folk now," he said. "Reasonable, staid — it won't happen again."

"We've wasted time," she said, regretfully. "Isn't there some way we could go back?"

"No," he said, "but it hasn't been entirely wasted. You achieve certain things."

"What things?"

"Maturity, tolerance, how to win friends and influence people."

### Notice to Contributors

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"And the greatest of these?" she teased.

"Tolerance, I think," he said considerably.

"I'm glad of that," she said, "it might help a lot."

"You were always greedy," he mused. "You wanted everything unspoiled — you wouldn't take the rough with the smooth."

"I'm worse than I used to be," she warned him. "What about you? — what has age done to you?"

"I'm fierce in the mornings," he said, "pretty impossible, in fact. You'll have to put up with that. I make an issue out of eggs — whether they'll be boiled or poached."

"I'm deceitful," she admitted. "I put off telling the truth, and I'm a coward and I'm a bit lazy."

"It's a wonder no one's got away with either of us before this," he said, and then menacingly, "Have you left many broken hearts behind you?"

"One or two," she said modestly. "There was the young assistant Mart had."

"What happened?"

"He didn't like my views on euthanasia."

"What are they?" he asked nervously.

"Oh, I've modified them," she reassured him.

"Look," he said, "marriage is for youth and the sands are running out — when can you make it?"

A sprig of wattle blossom dropped beside her, filling her heart and mind with its bright yellow glory.

"Soon," she said, "as soon as you want to, Lex."

He looked down at her, laughing.

"Still as brazen as ever — let me see, a couple of court actions, a few dozen broken dinner dates, and I should be able to see my way clear."

In the car he asked, "Will Mart be at home — I'd like to see him?"

"No," she said regretfully, "he's away tonight. Shall I talk to him first or do you want to surprise him?"

"Talk to him first," he decided, grinning. "Give him

time to prepare a really good speech."

Lex was running late. He flicked the switch for his razor on just as the door of the flat opened, letting in the bright burst of spring sunlight and Kathy in her neat grey frock.

"Kathy," he said. "I told you how I am in the mornings."

"I came," she said loudly over the buzz of the razor, "to see if you are really as bad as you say you are — about eggs and things, I mean."

"No eggs this morning," he said impatiently, "too late."

"Also," she said, "I need another paragraph for my column."

"For your what?" he shouted.

"Column — Human Interest," she moved her lips so that he could read the words.

"Grist to the mill," he roared indignantly, and then accusingly, "you don't look as though you slept well."

She stood against the wall, her hands spread out beside her.

"I told you I was deceitful," she said, "that I put off telling the truth."

"I found that out years ago," he grinned. "What now?"

"I came to tell you," she said, "that I got married — does it make a difference?"

He flicked the switch off with one hand, the other still holding the razor poised in the air.

"Think nothing of it," he said slowly. "A little thing like that — still married?"

She shook her head and he asked cautiously, "Who was it?"

"The young assistant — he was American. We were married a few hours before he flew home again. He was going to come back, but his mother didn't care for Australian girls, so he didn't."

"Mother knew best sort of thing?"

She nodded and he asked quietly, "Were you heart-broken?"

"Hardly at all," she said quickly. "He was young and lonely — that's how it happened."

"Kathy," he said helplessly, "you can't go around marrying people just because they're lonely."

"I know," she said humbly. "I never did it again. Besides —"

"Besides what?"

"I was lonely, too."

His eyes met hers briefly and looked away again. "I know," he said, "so was I."

"There was something else, too," she said furtively.

Lex took the razor-plug from its socket.

"Kathy," he sighed, "why did I have to meet you again. What else?"

"He didn't like the child."

His brows came together unbelievably. "Child — you have a child?"

She nodded.

"Not twins or triplets," he questioned nervously, "just a child?"

"He's got the loveliest eyes," she said.

"Kathy, for Heaven's sake," he breathed, "how old is he?"

"Sixteen," she said eagerly.

"Mart and I went to Manila for a trip and he was a stow-away on the plane coming back. He was six years old and he had those lovely brown eyes, so we adopted him."

Lex groped for a chair and sat down.

"This morning," he said weakly, "there will be no analysing done in my laboratory and thousands of women will drink their morning cups

of tea without a grain of human interest in it."

Her eyes met his pleadingly. "You said you'd grown tolerant."

"Sit down," he said, "not with me or beside me, but over there at a safe distance."

She seated herself obediently.

"Now," he said, "twelve years is a long time. Begin at the beginning and tell me the whole bitter truth."

"Then will you marry me?" she asked.

"Not until you've laid bare every obstacle in our path."

"There's only one other thing," she said.

He lowered his eyebrows.

"There's Mart," she said. "I couldn't leave him. He's getting old and I've got to watch what he does. Could we all be together?"

"You're taking a lot for granted," he said coldly. "Does he still quote Carlyle and 'Alice in Wonderland' all in the same breath?"

She nodded.

"And keep a bottle of Scotch in the medicine cupboard?"

She smiled.

"Does he still want a great big funeral with a huge crowd lining the route and roses all the way?"

"Of course he does," she laughed, her eyes bright, "you know Mart."

"I know him," he said. "I couldn't bear to leave him, either."

"Lex," she said unsteadily, "we're a crazy family — something gets into us and we don't act like ordinary people."

"I know it," he said ruefully, "you're past the age for training, too."

"There isn't anything more to tell," she said. "Can I come closer now?"

"Why?"

"I want to hear about your twelve years."

He looked around anxiously. "Are all the doors and windows closed?"

She was beside him, and his face, only half-shaven, was close to hers. "Tell me," she said.

"I missed you," he said. "I couldn't find anyone else as crazy — anyone who'd adopt a six-year-old boy because he had lovely brown eyes."

"What else?"

"I almost got over missing you until I saw you again and remembered how it used to be."

"Then you'll have to marry me?" she said.

"I'm afraid so," he whispered against her ear. "Heaven help me."

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Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



# FORBIDDEN DREAMS

OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

By  
**LAWRENCE  
WILLIAMS**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



**W**YATT AMES supposed he was a happy man. There was certainly nothing in his life to make him unhappy. Wyatt was a tall, lean-framed, dark-eyed man of twenty-eight who had sailed through his legal exams, then come back to his home town, the port of Trenmouth, and opened a solicitor's office.

It was an easy-going life Wyatt led. Practically all his work—sedate, substantial, dullish work—was for and with people he had known all his life and therefore pleasant enough. He had lots of friends and was a welcome dinner guest at fifty Trenmouth tables.

Only occasionally, just as he was dropping off to sleep in his trim little bachelor rooms in the Graham Guest House, did he wonder whether this uncomplicated routine life was really the life he wanted to live. And even then, for the minute he thought about it, he wasn't deeply disturbed. It was, at any rate, a comfortable life.

When Wyatt began to read the letter he had just picked up from a pile on his desk he, of course, had no way of knowing that it was about to complicate the comfortable routine of his life to an extraordinary degree.

The letter was signed Ann Rogers and was

straightforward enough in what it had to say. It was about a house. To Wyatt, Ann Rogers meant the niece of a Miss Holley, an elderly Trenmouth lady who had died during the winter and left what she owned to her niece. Wyatt had drawn up the simple will and later executed it.

He had duly informed Ann Rogers of her inheritance, which amounted to a picturesque but run-down eighteenth-century house in the nice old part of the town near the sea, its furnishings, and just under five hundred pounds.

A few more letters had passed between them, from which Wyatt had gathered that as Ann Rogers had some kind of job in London she would probably want to sell the house in Trenmouth. But now the letter said just the opposite.

There was the color of underlying excitement scattered here and there among the plain sentences. She had made up her mind, she said. She was coming to Trenmouth not just to look at her house but to live in it—coming, in fact, today, on the four-twenty. She was looking forward to seeing him again.

Again? Wyatt rapped at the door of his memory hopefully, but there was no answer. So many people came to Trenmouth in the summer—people who were inclined to blend, in the minds of Trenmouth people,

into one endless, sunburned procession marching down the years. Perhaps her face would mean more to him than her name. Anyhow, he hoped so. It seemed only polite to meet the train she had mentioned.

The four-twenty offered up to Trenmouth only three female passengers whom Wyatt didn't already know by sight. And the three strangers didn't tax his deductive powers very heavily. They were a strikingly pretty girl in her early twenties, a plain, pinch-faced woman in her middle forties, and a very old woman who carried a walking-stick.

Wyatt immediately discarded the pretty girl because . . . well, simply because it was a regrettable fact that his business dealings never seemed to have anything to do with pretty girls. He discarded the old woman because, statistically, she couldn't very well be Miss Holley's or anybody else's niece. He made for the middle.

The plain, pinch-faced woman was looking up and down the platform uncertainly.

Wyatt took off his hat. "Miss Rogers," he said to her politely, "I'm glad you got here all right. I'm Wyatt."

He had no chance to finish. The woman regarded him with vague suspicion for a few seconds, then

*Continued overleaf*



# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

stepped quickly round him into the arms of a plain, pinch-faced man.

Wyatt then became aware that the pretty-faced girl was standing a few feet away watching him. In fact, she seemed to be laughing at him. He went quickly over to where she was standing. "You HAVE to be Ann Rogers," he said, pleasure and astonishment all over his face.

The girl took the hand he held out, smiling up at him. "Yes, and you're Wyatt Ames." "Yes." He couldn't quite seem to get the look of astonishment off his face, but his voice sounded sensible enough. "I'm sorry I made that stupid mistake just now. I thought—" The idea of telling her the exact truth embarrassed him. To say in so many words that she had simply seemed too good to be true sounded like a pat, gallant little speech, and Wyatt fought shy of gallant little speeches.

They walked towards the car. It was a sunny summer afternoon, and Tremmouth was looking its best as they drove through the winding streets.

As they drove along, Ann Rogers looked like a child at her own birthday party. "Oh, it's perfect," she said, trying to look every way at once. "It's absolutely perfect. It hasn't changed at all. It's just how I wanted it to look, only it's even better."

Wyatt, who hadn't bothered to look at Tremmouth for years, because he lived in it, felt foolishly pleased at her enthusiasm, as though she were admiring something of his own. "Yes, it's a nice old town," he said.

"Nice?" She sounded almost shocked. "Yes, I suppose it is just a nice old town when you're lucky enough to live in it. I really hope you don't think I'm a complete idiot, carrying on like this,

but to me Tremmouth is—" she laughed on the edge of embarrassment.

"It's—it's a kind of dream place to me, I suppose. When I first came here I was still a school. One summer, I think I fell hopelessly in love with it then. Ever since—" She stopped and turned to him. "You're worrying, aren't you, because you can't remember me?"

"It's terribly stupid of me." "I wish you wouldn't. It was eight years ago and I wasn't the least bit memorable."

"I was a stringy fourteen with salt water in my hair," she went on. "You were on leave and longing to start your legal training. I particularly remember you because once at the club you let me play half a set of tennis with you."

"Half a set? That was lavish of me."

"It was, as a matter of fact."

"You were staying with your aunt, Miss Holley?"

"Yes." "You know, you probably won't believe me now, but I think I do remember. Tennis rang a bell in my mind."

Something along the street caught Ann Rogers' attention again, and for a time they drove on in silence. Wyatt was driving aimlessly up one street and down another, partly because she hadn't told him where she wanted to go but mostly just because he didn't want the drive to end at all.

He could happily have gone on for hours watching the girl beside him out of the corner of his eye, discovering and rediscovering each extraordinary detail—the smooth copper of her hair, the clean, sensitive profile when she turned away from the window, and the lovely way her blue eyes were set under the delicate brows.

It was almost impossible for

him to merge this girl beside him with the picture of the adolescent he remembered at the club tennis court. The description Ann Rogers had given of herself was pretty accurate. Eight years hardly seemed enough time to have worked this miraculous transformation. He remembered that she had nourished a violent crush on Dick Greystock that summer, a devotion which Dick had treated with the disdain fitting to one so much his junior.

Ann spoke to him without turning round, as though she had been following his thoughts.

"Does the Greystock family still live in Tremmouth?" she asked, her voice casual.

WYATT nodded, watching her curiously. "There would hardly be any Tremmouth without the Greystocks. They own most of the land and nearly all the fishing fleet. Why? Do you remember the Greystocks particularly?"

"I remember a wonderfully handsome house up on the bluff overlooking the harbor," Ann answered. "It had a walled rose garden. I used to stand outside it for hours. It seemed to me the most . . . most romantic and desirable place I'd ever seen."

She turned to him, smiling, as though the momentary need for subterfuge had passed. "Unluckily for me, the Greystocks and my aunt weren't on speaking terms for some reason—I never discovered why—so I didn't ever get into the house. I fell madly in love with the Greystock boy as a sort of compensation. Richard? Dick? Was that his name?"

"Yes, that's his name," Wyatt said, looking at her. "Speaking of houses, how would you like to have a look at yours?"

"To tell you the complete truth," Ann said, "I can hardly wait. But it's not fair for me to keep you any longer. You must want to get back to your office."

"No, not really. I've nothing special to do." Wyatt recognised the eagerness in his own voice and was surprised by it.

"Anyway, I'm your solicitor," he said. "I suppose I could make up some nonsense about it being my duty to take you to the house. The truth is, I'd just like to do it."

She looked at him directly for a second or two, half smiling, half serious, but without a trace of coquetry. "That's a nice reason," she said. "Can we go to the Graham Guest House first? I'm going to stay there for a few days. I could leave my luggage and get out of this city suit."

"Fine," he said, adding irrelevantly: "I live there, too."

The entrance hall of the Graham Guest House was small, and the first person Wyatt saw as they entered it was Dick Greystock, standing at the desk talking to old Mr. Graham.

Dick and Wyatt had known each other always—really always, since they could remember anything—prep school, public school, the Services, and afterwards. They were close friends; they often preferred different things and people, but their lives had always touched.

Just at that particular moment, as though he were fighting a sort of premonition, Wyatt would have preferred to encounter almost anybody on earth rather than Dick Greystock. It was absurd, he knew, but there it was.

He glanced at Ann Rogers. Dick had turned towards them and Wyatt saw a faintly perceptible heightening of color in Ann's face; it wasn't much,

but enough to show that she had recognised him instantly. Wyatt tried hard to see Dick through her eyes, hoping to discover whether Dick at twenty-eight was so very different from Dick at twenty, from the gay officer she had found so attractive.

He was slim and athletic, his fair hair as thick as ever. There was perhaps an indefinably different look about his grey eyes, a mature self-assurance which had come with time to replace the callowness of extreme youth. But even there the change was not very great. Dick Greystock had always been so sure of himself and his place in the world.

Wyatt led the way up to the desk and introduced everybody. Mr. Graham took Ann's luggage up to her room.

Dick had an easy, informal manner and an engaging smile that made people feel comfortable with him at once. "Ann Rogers?" he repeated, studying her face. "Why, I know who you are. You spent a summer here once. Oh, a long time ago—with Miss Holley, in her house down near the shore."

She looked at him incredulously. "You don't really remember?" she said.

"Of course I remember," Dick said. "Are you going to stay for a while?"

"I'm going to live here. At least, I hope I am. It depends."

Wyatt looked at her quickly. "What does it depend on?"

"On sordid economics. On whether I can support myself or not. I've been thinking of turning my aunt's house into a daytime school for little children, a sort of nursery school. I've had training with children."

She looked from one to the other inquiringly. "Does that sound like a good idea?"

Dick answered immediately with a kind of infectious energy he had. "I think it's a wonderful idea. My sister is moving down here with her two

children in a few weeks. I'll see that she sends the kids to you to start things off. Then, let's see, I could speak to—"

Ann's laugh interrupted him. "That's all wonderful," she said, "but I'm afraid you're way ahead of me. The house is just a house now. It will take a good deal of alteration to make it a school."

"I suppose so. I know—let's go over and look at it," Dick said suddenly. "We'll see what it needs."

"Dick, I've already promised Miss Rogers," Wyatt said, a little more belligerently than he had intended, "to take her over to see the house as soon as she changes."

The moment he had said it Wyatt felt like a stuffy fool. Who was he, anyway, to presume to decide what this girl was or wasn't to do? And if Ann really meant to start a nursery school in Tremmouth, he knew that Greystock patronage could practically ensure its success for her.

"Why don't you come along, Dick?" he said. "You know something about fixing up old houses."

Dick was amiably unembarrassed. "Good. I'd like to."

Wyatt couldn't help feeling a little sorry that Ann's smile was quite so pleased.

"I'll only be a minute," she said, and hurried upstairs.

The two men were alone together for only a short while, chatting inconsequentially, but the time was long enough for Wyatt to begin to feel, for the first time in his life, vaguely ill at ease with Dick Greystock, aware of the first stirrings of a sense of rivalry.

They went to see Ann's house, the three of them, and spent a couple of hours rummaging round, pacing off rooms, planning changes that would have to be made, guessing at prices.

Wyatt wasn't blind and he wasn't a complete fool. And



"Mrs. Peterson is showing off her trip."



"I should take him to a psychiatrist, but we need the fish."

J. K. M. M.



"This is great, George, but the only thing is, I walk in my sleep."



"We had a wonderful time at the Zoo, we saw the lions and the seals and we visited the monkey house."





# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

so that first afternoon he didn't try to pretend to himself that nothing was happening between Ann and Dick Greystock. Every look and smile and accidental touching of their fingers told him what was happening. It seemed almost a pre-arranged thing, a planned thing, it happened so effortlessly.

And, watching, it cut deeper into Wyatt than he could possibly explain. He had never felt so helpless about anything. Almost at once he sensed that his rival—if that's what he was—was not just another man, not just Dick Greystock, but was a memory and a dream and a longing which had reached a focus in Dick Greystock. It was like having the moon for a rival. And Wyatt didn't know any way of changing things.

Nothing did change in the next few weeks. Nothing at all changed until the night came that changed everything for all of them.

The weeks were, Wyatt could not help observing, an incomparably happy few weeks for Ann.

She went about the altering of the house, or as much as she could afford, with an almost passionate pleasure. Wyatt went over to the house late one afternoon with some papers for Ann to sign. He was not surprised to find Dick Greystock there.

"You know, Ann," Dick said. "I think houses mean more to you than people."

"Not more than people," she answered soberly, "but they do mean a lot. Not just this one because it happens to belong to me, but the idea of a house. I expect even an amateur psychiatrist could work that one out. Houses mean a lot to me because I never had one."

Wyatt looked at her, surprised. "Never had one?"

"Well, I had too many, and that comes to the same thing. My father was a civil engineer, and his work kept all of us moving. By the time I was ten I'd already lived in a dozen houses." Ann looked around her affectionately. "This was always home," she said, "this and Tremmouth, even though I had to do most of my living here in my imagination."

Wyatt was beginning to find that it was impossible to sit in a room with Ann Rogers and pretend indifference. He got up abruptly, muttering something about an appointment. But Dick stopped him.

"You're coming to Mother's dinner next Friday, aren't you, Wyatt?" he said. "Tell Ann they're not too awful, will you?"

Wyatt paused. This dinner was something he dreaded, but there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn't stop seeing people he had known all his life just to avoid running into Ann. "Yes, I'm coming," he said. "And your mother's dinners aren't at all awful."

"Dinner?" Ann said, looking from one to the other.

"I thought you'd already heard," Dick went on. "You will tomorrow. Mother is having some people in to dinner and she'd particularly like you to come. She wants to meet you and would like you to meet some of her friends. You will come, Ann?"

Wyatt watched Ann's face, remembering what she had told him about the Greystock house and what it had represented to her as a child. Now he saw the deep pleasure spread over her lovely features.

"Yes, I'll come," she said quietly. "I'd love to come." Then: "Does Miss Amy still live with you?"

"Aunt Amy? Oh, yes, she's still with us," Dick said. "Why? Do you know her?"

"I met her once. Shall I tell you how? I've never quite understood something about it. Once, during the summer a long time ago, I was standing near the high brick garden-wall when the garden door opened and Miss Amy came out. She asked me if I liked roses, and we talked a little about other things. I felt sure she was going to ask me to come into the rose garden, when a funny thing happened."

Ann stopped in her story for a few seconds, her face still puzzled by the memory. "I'd just told her my name and where I was staying in Tremmouth, when she got very much excited," Anne went on. She looked all round her quickly, as though . . . well, as though she didn't want to be seen standing there talking to me. Anyway, before I could say anything more she had backed through the garden door and shut it after her without a word to me."

"That doesn't sound much like Aunt Amy," Dick said.

"Wait. That's not the end." Ann saw that her cigarette had gone out and dropped it into the fireplace. "I walked away, but I'd only got as far as the corner when I heard Miss Amy running after me. She had an enormous yellow rose in her hand. She made me take it, saying over and over again how sorry she was. I didn't know what to make of it all, but I did manage to say: 'Don't you like my aunt?'"

"She was already backing away again towards the garden door. But there was time enough to hear her say something like: 'My dearest friend in the world, you know. My very dearest . . . And she was gone again.'"

Dick laughed good-humoredly. "I haven't any idea what the vendetta between Amy and your aunt was all about, but I'm not surprised to hear there was one. Aunt Amy is the best-natured person in the world really, but sometimes her reasons for doing things get a little hard to follow. I wouldn't worry about it. Poor Aunt Amy isn't very well these days. She had a stroke this winter and has to spend part of her time in bed."

"I'm sorry," Ann said. "I couldn't help liking her. I know she gave me the rose because she didn't want to hurt my feelings."

During the week prior to Mrs. Greystock's dinner Wyatt tried hard to get on with his life, to get on with it as it had been before Ann arrived. He tried not to see her, and what was much harder, tried not to think about her. But people were always telling him something about her—that she had gone to Plymouth to buy equipment for her nursery school; that she had moved out of the guest house and into the house by the shore; that Jean Thatcher, Dick's married sister, had arranged to send her two little girls to Ann's school as soon as it opened; that a few days later three other Tremmouth mothers had done the same.

And twice he ran into her, once in the post office and once at the railway station as she was coming back from her trip to Plymouth. The second time Wyatt thought that he had never seen anyone look so radiant.

The night of the dinner came and Wyatt put on his dinner jacket in wretched solitude. Mrs. Greystock had asked him to come a little early because she wanted to talk to him about something. Wyatt had an idea

what it was, which didn't increase the pleasure of his anticipation, and when he got there he found that he hadn't been far wrong.

Mrs. Greystock was a small,ish, good-looking woman in her middle fifties. A stranger would have known after ten seconds with her why she was Tremmouth's chief social influence. She had a strong flair for style and an impressive off-handedness which made difficult things look easy. But above all she had authority.

She went straight to the point. "Tell me, Wyatt," she said, smiling charmingly, and making sure that he was comfortable on the sofa beside her, "you know this new girl, Ann Rogers, don't you?"

"Yes, I know her."

"Well, tell me about her. Is she . . ." Mrs. Greystock made a little gesture with both hands. "I mean, do you like her?"

"Yes, I like her," Wyatt said, feeling like the idiot of the week. "She seems to be a very nice girl."

"I really don't know why you have to talk like a telegram, Wyatt, dear," Mrs. Greystock said. "Expand a little. Can't you tell me anything about her?"

"She's Grace Holley's niece, and she's going to open a—"

"Yes, yes, dear, I know all that. But you're usually so clever and satisfactory. What I really mean is, do you think Dick is interested in her?"

Wyatt made a big business out of lighting a cigarette so that he wouldn't have to look at her. "I don't know," he said. But she'd find out soon

enough for herself. "Yes, perhaps he is."

Mrs. Greystock gave Wyatt a long careful look and guessed the truth. The smile didn't leave her face, but she instantly drew back from her original purpose, surprised and wary of a rival to her son. She patted his arm amiably. "Well, we'll see, won't we?" she said.

Wyatt felt a momentary acid amusement at the fact that Mrs. Greystock, for all her cleverness, had a mother's blind spot. She hadn't bothered to ask if Ann were interested in her son, only the other way round. They talked for a few more minutes, but about other things, until Mr. Greystock put his head in at the door to say that Dick had arrived with Ann and that they were in the drawing-room.

Ann, Wyatt thought, had taken great trouble with herself for this night or, anyway, he had never seen her look quite so lovely. She wore a dinner dress of rich taffeta, which set the copper of her hair in a burning brighter than usual. In her hand she carried a pretty blue evening bag.

Wyatt had planned to be polite and reserved and impersonal. But when he saw her he found that he suddenly had to build the wall much higher than he had planned. As a result his greeting sounded to him cold and pompous.

He watched Mrs. Greystock, in one glance which was so swift that it almost never existed, take in everything about Ann that could be seen on the surface—her dress, her shoes, her hands, the way her hair was done, the way she stood in

a strange room and met new people. And Ann met the test, there was no doubt.

"Miss Rogers," Mrs. Greystock said, holding out her hand, "or perhaps you'll let me call you Ann. You're good to come." Her smile was warm, intimate. "And this is my husband."

Mr. Greystock shook Ann's hand vigorously. "I knew your aunt, Miss Rogers—years ago. We were all terribly sorry to hear about her. But it's good news that you've moved to Tremmouth. It's nice to see the same families go on in a house."

"It's something I've always wanted to do," Ann said.

"I think we should drink success to your enterprise," said Mr. Greystock. "Hang on a minute." He stepped over to a side table and came back with a tray of glasses. "Success," he said, and Dick and his mother and Wyatt repeated the word. They drank, facing her, watching her over the rims of their glasses. For a second Ann's face brimmed so full of emotion Wyatt thought she might be going to cry.

But she didn't. Instead, she said: "You're wonderfully kind. It means a great deal to me to know you wish me well."

"Wish you well! Why shouldn't we?" Mr. Greystock said warmly. "Do you know that my grandfather and your great-grandfather sailed to the Orient together? Well, they did—on my grandfather's clipper, *The Argonaut*."

He went on with the story, managing to insert in an accidental way the detail that while his forbear had been master of

the ship Ann's had been his fourth mate.

As other guests arrived, and the main group broke up into smaller groups, Dick led Ann round and introduced her to their friends. He did it with obvious pleasure, and everywhere she was met with as obvious interest.

Wyatt took a very quick inventory. These, he saw, were all important Tremmouth people, the foundation of the town's life in nearly every sphere. It was as though Mrs. Greystock had taken an occupational sampling of the place to meet and pass judgment on Ann—a doctor, a painter, a justice of the peace, a clergyman, and so on.

It was a tough proposition for a strange girl in a strange place. But even before they went into dinner Wyatt saw little signs, murmurings from certain quarters, that told him Ann was succeeding.

It was after dinner, when the party had returned to the drawing-room, that Wyatt caught a glimpse of the fragile little figure of Amy Greystock standing in the hall just outside the room. She fluttered in the doorway, half in and half out, apparently in two minds as to whether she should come in at all. Wyatt went over and led her to a sofa in the corner of the room and sat down with her.

Since his boyhood Wyatt had had a rather silly relationship with Miss Amy. As a result of some long-forgotten schoolboy high spirits Miss Amy regarded him as a comedian.

Now he took hold of her as

*Continued overleaf*

Continued from page 15

## THE JEAN DAWNAY STORY

belts just that bit tighter and generally brace their muscles. They also pay attention to good posture, "standing tall" with their hips pushed well forward so that the "tail" and "tummy" are automatically tucked in.

I realise "what you eat you are," but apart from being a great believer in the juice of a lemon in hot water first thing in the morning for keeping the skin clear I have no particular food fads.

Despite their slimmness, most models have figure faults, but they know all the tricks of the trade to camouflage them. If a girl has a very small bust she wears fashies—that is, when busts are in fashion!

If a model's back curves in too much below the waist, pads are used to fill it out. Pads also are occasionally used on the hips to give a more rounded effect. To make the waist smaller and neater, a "waspie" is worn, or, to give it its correct French name, a "guipiere," which nips the waist in and gives those wasp-like curves.

I occasionally use false eyelashes for special shows, putting them on with a white fixative, just on the outer end of the top lid—my own are quite thick, but they are not long enough.

I hope I haven't given the impression that model girls are a bundle of illusions held together with string, as most of them only resort to one, if any, of the various false aids to beauty.

But height is one drawback no model can disguise—if she is too tall or too short for a certain job, she won't get it.

I have had this problem all my modelling days (except in Paris, where models are shorter), and it has lost me a lot of interesting jobs.

Even the most fabulous beauties have their beauty and figure problems, just like any other woman, and models are no exception.

One of the most outstanding models has incredibly large hands and feet, another has very thick legs, another has arms like matchsticks, and another a very bad skin, but all of them have played down their faults and enhanced their good points so well that you rarely notice the drawbacks.

Lots of models have their teeth altered—some have jacks made, as I did; others just have temporary caps they can fit over their own teeth.

A model uses the same make-up anyone can buy at the chemist or from a beauty counter. It is only necessary to wear a slightly heavier make-up for shows and photographs than for normal use.

You see practically every brand of make-up being used by one model or another, and they all love experimenting. After the foundation come powder and lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, and eyebrow pencil.

Often two shades of powder are used: a dark over a light or a light over a dark, both of which give a more luminous effect to the skin. Lipstick is nearly always put on with a brush, and this takes getting used to, but after a while you cannot do without it, as it makes a much clearer outline.

Sometimes a lip pencil is used for the same effect.

Bluish shades of lipstick, on the whole, are better for shows, for in electric light they look a clear, strong red. It is best not to use too dark a shade for photographs, as it looks heavy.

Not all the models use rouge; it is a personal preference. A lot of photographers prefer you not to wear it for photographs, as it casts shadows, but I like wearing it for shows because it brings out the color of the eyes and gives more sparkle.

A model makes her eyes up with great skill and care, often using two shades of eye-shadow—for example, green and blue or silver and turquoise—placing it near the centre of the top lid and working it out and up towards the temples.

The doe-eye look has had a long innings. Either in modified or exaggerated form, it looks as if it has come to stay for most models, as it accentuates the eyes enormously.

Some girls paint the lines on the lid close to the lashes with a fine sable paintbrush; others use an eyebrow pencil.

Then the lashes are brushed with mascara, with more on the outside top ones than elsewhere to avoid giving a heavy, half-shut look to the eyes. I don't paint my lower lashes, because it makes my eyes look too round.

More advanced and complicated is the use of a white theatrical paint on the inside rim of the lids next to the eye. This needs a steady hand, but gives a wide-eyed look.

White paint is also useful for putting under foundation

and powder over any shadows on the face, as it lightens them considerably.

The eyebrows are usually left as natural looking as possible, but tidied if necessary by plucking. I always brush the powder from my eyebrows after I've made up, and then lightly use a grey eyebrow pencil to arch them as much as possible without making them look artificial. I prefer grey, being fair, because it is not as hard as black and not as gingery as brown.

Most models become very expert at changing their hair half-way through a show, or for pictures, sleeking it back with lacquer and pins or bringing it forward in bobs and bangs and spraying it with gold or silver dust.

I've noticed that nearly all the smartest and best-dressed women have sleek hair, especially where it frames the face, although men are inclined to prefer curls, as they are usually frightened by too much elegance. They feel they have to live up to it.

The jobs a model can change to when she gives up modelling are many and various. Some have become magazine fashion editors.

Other mannequins have opened model agencies or training schools. Others have become buyers for stores or supervisors in fashion show-rooms, or have gone into advertising.

That's a picture of the model life as I've found it. I've enjoyed it. I wanted to be a model, and I achieved my ambition. If you have the same dream as mine, I hope you are successful, too.



## "FORBIDDEN DREAMS"

a sort of diversion for himself. In a few minutes Miss Amy was giggling and pretending to be horrified at stories which could not fairly be expected to shock a bishop's wife. Presently he looked up and saw Ann standing beside him.

He got up at once, a heavy sense of restraint falling over him again. "Miss Amy," he said, "this is Ann Rogers, Grace Holley's niece, who's going to live—"

Amy Greystock didn't give him a chance to finish. "Oh, yes, I know," she said, in her funny hurried little voice. "I'd know you. When Grace was a girl she looked like you, you know. It's good to see you in this house. I was afraid—it's good to see you here."

"You won't remember," Ann said, "but we've met before. You gave me a rose."

A look of pain, so keen and near the surface that it was shocking to see, came into Amy Greystock's face.

"I'm so sorry, so very sorry to have had to close the garden door like that, you know," she said, exactly as though it had happened that morning. "I was afraid they might think—"

"But I know what you must think of me. I don't blame you."

"I only think it was very nice of you to give me a rose," Ann said, plainly trying by the way she spoke to dissipate the anxiety on the face before her. "I kept it for a long time."

"You're very kind to say so," Amy Greystock said vaguely. Wyatt could see Ann casting round haphazardly for a change of subject, then taking the first thing that offered itself. "What a beautiful brooch," she said, touching the one on Miss Amy's dress. "I've never seen anything like it."

This was a happier choice than she could possibly have suspected. Immediately the little face, touched with the grey cast of sickness, brightened with pleasure. "Oh, you noticed it," she said. "It's my Capricorn pearl. My grandfather gave it to me when I was twenty-one. Not the brooch, you know, but the pearl. He brought it back from a voyage to the East."

"Capricorn pearl?" Ann repeated. "I don't think I know what that means."

"It's Miss Greystock's treasure," Wyatt found himself saying, "as well it might be. There's a romantic tale that goes with it, isn't there, Amy? Wasn't it stolen from an idol's eye or something? I'm afraid I've forgotten."

"Wyatt Ames, what non-

sense!" Miss Amy said in a flurry of counterfeit indignation. "It isn't anything like that at all." She turned to Ann. "It's just a very old pearl. Capricorn was the name the Greeks gave it, but before that—anyway, that's the story—it belonged to an Egyptian Pharaoh. Then somehow it got to the Orient, where my grandfather bought it."

Ann was frankly impressed. "How fascinating," she said, and for the first time really looked at the brooch. It was composed of a single very large and very perfect pink pearl which was held between the butting heads of two golden rams, goats of Capricorn.

"I sometimes think of all the people who must have owned it, you know," Miss Amy was saying. "Hundreds of us, I suppose." An odd expression fled across Miss Amy's face, a curious mingling of wistfulness and pride. "In a way," she said, half to herself, "it's the only thing I've ever really owned in my life."

It was, Wyatt supposed, almost literally true. Certainly it was the only thing of real value she had ever owned. She had an inheritance from her father, he knew, but that was really Greystock family money, controlled by Mr. Greystock, and would probably go on passing from hand to hand intact as long as there were Greystocks.

Mrs. Greystock joined them. "You're not boring people about your pearl, are you, Amy, dear?" she said. She didn't wait for an answer. "Medicine time. Nine o'clock."

Like an obedient child Miss Amy got up. "I must take my medicine, you know," she said to Ann. "I'm afraid I haven't been very well this year." She made a vague, fluttery gesture and scurried out of the room.

Mrs. Greystock sat down beside Ann, smiling and shaking her head like an indulgent mother. "Poor Amy," she said, "she forgets everything. I hope she hasn't been a nuisance about her pearl."

Again she didn't wait for an answer. "Since Amy had her stroke, poor dear, we've put her down here on the ground floor in a little guest suite so she won't have to climb stairs. Her sitting-room is the room where you left your coats. But even though it's right here, only ten steps away, I honestly believe Amy would never take a drop of medicine if I didn't remind her."

Wyatt, still standing, only half listening to Mrs. Greystock, wondered if he could decently make an excuse to leave this early. A bleak picture came into his mind—a picture of himself at a dozen, a hundred, Trenmouth dinner-parties in the years ahead, wondering if he could decently leave so that he wouldn't have to remain in the same room with Ann. But that was a crazy idea. You couldn't live a lifetime like that. He decided to make himself stay another hour. He turned away, pretending he had something of interest to say to John Calthrop across the room.

Dick Greystock passed him and, behind him, Wyatt heard Dick say: "It's about time you saw the rose garden, Ann. Eight years is a long wait. You'll need a coat."

Wyatt joined a group which was listening to Mrs. Calthrop. He watched Ann go into Amy Greystock's little sitting-room off the hall, come out wearing her full blue coat and go off towards the garden through the french windows with Dick.

They were gone for what was probably fifteen minutes, but seemed to Wyatt about a week, and when they came back Ann went again to Miss Amy's sitting-room to leave her coat. She stayed inside much longer this time. At last she rejoined the party, her make-up freshened, her hair newly combed. On her face was a private sort of smile.

Wyatt forced his eyes back to Mrs. Calthrop. Mrs. Calthrop was a much more important person than her husband, the justice of the peace. He merely judged the misdeeds of individuals within the narrow limits of the law. But Mrs. Calthrop judged the whole world, and found it wanting.

The field of modern literature was just coming under Mrs. Calthrop's free-swinging cutlass when Wyatt became conscious of a stir, a heightening of sound and intensity in certain voices, at the other end of the room.

Mrs. Greystock's voice reached him, full of irritation. "But you were wearing it earlier in the evening," it said. "I heard you talking about it."

Wyatt and the others turned. Mrs. Calthrop's voice faded away. Mrs. Greystock and Miss Amy were standing facing each other near the door. Miss Amy was clutching the front of her dress where her pearl brooch had been, and on her face as she looked at her sister-in-law was very real

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# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

panic. Her mouth was working but no words came out. She seemed literally terrified into silence.

"I've told you a hundred times to have a safety catch put on it," Mrs. Greystock was saying, lowering her voice as she became aware of the room's attention. She stopped abruptly. Then, to the room in general, smiling as though she wanted to share a family joke, she said: "Amy's mislaid her pearl brooch somewhere. Isn't it a bore? She's such a bad thing."

There was a general sort of tongue-clucking sound of commiseration. All the eyes in the room turned to Miss Amy. This attention seemed to double her agitation. She looked wildly round, as though to escape.

"We'll soon find it," Mrs. Greystock said lightly. "After all, it must be here in the house somewhere."

Mr. Greystock, however, who perhaps had a rather less highly developed sense of social tact than his wife, chose that moment to cross the room to where his wife and sister stood by the door. Instead of diverting the room's attention, his action held it. Much of the good humor had left his face.

Amy retreated a step or two into the hall, still clutching at the front of her dress, her eyes on her brother's face. "I didn't mean to do anything wrong, you know, Stephen," she said in a voice that was rapid and shrill with fear. "I... I didn't mean to—"

Quite suddenly her voice was choked off. A look of blank surprise fell over her face, and her hands made a little meaningless gesture. She pitched forward as her knees gave way.

Mr. Greystock caught her as she fell. Her crumpled body looked tiny in his arms. In the general hubbub that followed she was taken into her room off the hall and Dr. Pierson went in after her. In only two or three minutes he was out again and telephoning for an ambulance from the hospital.

"It seems to be another attack, another stroke," the doctor said. "I can't tell how serious yet. It may not be... Excitement about her pearl, I suppose. I'm taking her to the hospital right away."

Somebody, some woman, had the presence of mind to say she thought they had better go and there was a general movement towards the hall. Mrs. Greystock didn't pretend to want things to go on. She led the way into the little room where the women's coats were, the men following into the hall.

What happened next was something Wyatt later went over a hundred times in his head, trying to dredge up details, trying to remember exactly how it had all come about.

He saw Dick whisper to Ann, as she passed him in the hall, that he would take her home. He himself was making his way to the front door, past the door of the little room where the women were. He glanced in as he passed, then he stopped and looked again.

Mrs. Greystock was helping Ann into her coat. Suddenly she stopped what she was doing. At first it was only as though she had caught a ring or something on the lining of the coat. She turned it round towards her for a moment to see what the trouble was. Wyatt could not see what Mrs. Greystock could see, but only her face.

The first surprise fled across it quickly and disappeared. Then it settled gradually into an expression of contempt—of scorn, rich and bitter. Finally she smiled a twisted smile that wasn't a smile at all, and said:

"Why, here's Amy's brooch. What a very odd place to find it!"

As she spoke she spread Ann's coat across her arm, the inside facing up. Just beside the right armhole, pinned to the satin lining, was the pearl the Pharaoh had fancied and the Greeks had called Capricorn.

Everyone in the little room stared blankly at the brooch.

Ann stood staring down at the pearl with the others until, after a moment, she became aware that faces were turning towards her in silence.

"How very strange," she said. "It must have fallen off Miss Greystock's dress when she came through here earlier, when she came to take her medicine. I suppose—I suppose it must have fallen on my coat and got caught in the lining somehow."

Mrs. Greystock stood holding the coat and watching Ann's face with the same twisted smile. She touched the pearl brooch with her forefinger. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I suppose it must have happened something like that—although it's extraordinary, isn't it, that the clasp seems to be closed?"

What she said was true. Feeling queasy in his stomach, Wyatt watched her very deliberately unclasp the pin, then slip the brooch out of the satin lining. Her smile was artificially bright.

"Amy will be awfully pleased to know we've found it," she said. "Of course, it's a pity it couldn't have happened sooner. Then Amy wouldn't have to be going to hospital, would she? Let me help you with your coat, Miss Rogers."

All in a second Ann's face turned perfectly white. She looked deathly pale. "You don't think," she said, "that I—"

Mrs. Greystock cut her off in her bright hostess voice. "Such a funny accident."

**A**BELL sounded at the end of the street.

The doctor came through the inner door. "I'll have to ask you to give us room to get through here," he said.

"Mrs. Greystock," Ann began, "you must—"

"It's the ambulance," Mrs. Greystock said to the room in general, as though Ann hadn't spoken. "We'd better all get out of the way, hadn't we?"

Immediately she led the way into the hall. The women, in their coats now, followed her.

No one stared at Ann. Indeed, in this well-bred company no one looked at her at all, which seemed to isolate her more completely than stares could have done.

In the hall Wyatt almost unconsciously moved over close to her, not speaking, just standing beside her. Dick was at the front door letting in the ambulance attendants.

The well-dressed people pressed silently against the wall, making a passage for the stretcher and the frail little body of Amy, now heavily wrapped up in blankets. Somebody dropped an evening bag and somebody else picked it up.

Wyatt felt a hand on his arm and turned. It was Dick.

"I think I'd better go along to the hospital with the ambulance," he said very quietly. "You'll take Ann home, won't you, Wyatt?" He turned to Ann. "You understand, don't you, Ann?"

She nodded, but her eyes seemed to be searching his face. "Yes, of course I do," she said.

At once Dick turned and

followed the doctor out of the door.

Wyatt and Ann drove along the silent roads towards the sea. He tried to talk about anything, nothing, for a while, glancing from time to time at the dark figure huddled against the door at the opposite end of the seat. It was several minutes before he realised that she was crying.

He didn't touch her. He tried to make his voice sound as unconcerned as possible.

"That silly business about Amy's brooch," he said. "I wouldn't worry about it for a moment if I were you. It will all explain itself easily enough."

He heard her choke down a sob and force her voice to be steady. "You saw Mrs. Greystock's face," she said, staring straight in front of her. "You heard her voice. She thinks I'm a thief. They all think that."

"That's nonsense, absolute nonsense," Wyatt said quickly. "Nobody knows what people are thinking." He would have said anything, gladly have told any number of lies, if they would help to diminish the despair in the voice that came to him out of the darkness. He had both seen and heard Mrs. Greystock, but he didn't let himself think about that now.

He stopped the car in front of Ann's house. "Don't you see, there are a dozen ways Amy's pearl brooch could have got into your coat," he hurried on. "Simply finding it there doesn't mean anything at all, absolutely nothing. Thoughtless people jump to conclusions. I know that. There's only one thing to do, a perfectly simple thing."

Ann was trying to stop herself crying. He could feel her hand groping for something on the seat beside him.

"I think I've left my bag," she said. "Will you lend me your handkerchief?"

He handed it to her. In a minute, she said: "I'm sorry. What is the perfectly simple thing to do, Wyatt?"

"Why, it's for us to find out how the brooch did get into your coat," he said.

"We?" Ann repeated.

"I only mean by that, that I want to help you as much as you'll let me."

"Let you?" She made a funny sound that was a half laugh and half a sob. "Are you sure you want to help?"

"I'm your lawyer," Wyatt said quickly.

"I don't think many people will want to help," she went on, almost as though she were speaking to herself. "Maybe everyone... everybody who was there tonight... will think what Mrs. Greystock thinks."

Everyone? Wyatt took a second to wonder if she really believed what she was saying, if "everyone" included Dick Greystock. He was almost certain that it didn't. Thinking about Dick, it passed through his mind that perhaps it hadn't been strictly necessary for Dick to go to the hospital with the ambulance tonight. His father had been there and the doctor and the attendants. Wyatt set that aside for the present, too.

He got out of the car and opened the door on her side. "You'd better get some sleep now," he said. "It'll all look different in the morning. We'll find the answer then—we're sure to. Whatever you do, don't worry about it tonight."

They reached her front door. The starlight showed him her face for a moment, looking up at him, pitiful, anxious, appealing. He had meant to take her hand, to make some reassuring gesture. Now he decided he'd better not. He said

quickly: "Tomorrow morning, then."

"Wyatt."

"Wyatt, you haven't asked me... I mean," she started again, "I mean, I haven't told you that I didn't steal Amy Greystock's brooch. Don't you want?"

"No," Wyatt interrupted. "I'm glad you didn't think it was necessary to tell me. It's not necessary now. Good night."

When he got to his rooms in the guest house he sent down for some coffee, then spent three hours just thinking.

He was forced to admit that the incident of the pearl brooch was not a trifle to be forgotten after a good night's sleep. Wyatt knew a good deal about evidence. He knew the only possible way to break down evidence was to look at it squarely, even in its worst possible light, before you tried to attack it. He spread out the evidence against Ann in his mind, refusing to turn back from wherever it might lead him.

She had inherited a house, come to Trenmouth and planned to open a nursery school. She had a small cash inheritance from her aunt; how much she had herself no one knew, but it was evident from her caution in remodelling the house that it wasn't much. She had some girlhood recollections, rather romantic and idealised, about the Greystock family.

Dick Greystock had taken an immediate interest in her and she in him; everyone had seen them together repeatedly. She had been invited to the Greystock house, met the family and some of their friends. Early in the evening she had noticed Amy Greystock's pearl brooch, learned its history and, by implication, its value.

Amy Greystock had gone to her downstairs bedroom to take some medicine, passing on the way her sitting-room where the women guests had left their coats. Shortly after this Ann had gone into this outer room alone, got her coat and spent about a quarter of an hour with Dick in the garden. She had then gone back to the outer room alone to leave her coat and had stayed there for several minutes.

This was the tricky bit, Wyatt knew. He went on relentlessly. A little while after Ann had rejoined the party Miss Amy reappeared without her brooch. She had been taken

to task by her sister-in-law and brother for losing it, and her excitement over its loss had brought on a stroke. Finally, the missing brooch had turned up pinned to the lining of Ann's coat, the clasp shut.

What was the simple inference? It seemed to Wyatt that it could be stated with devastating clarity. Miss Amy had dropped the pearl brooch from her dress somewhere in the outer room. While alone in the room, Ann had found it and pinned it to the lining of her coat, intending in this way to carry it away with her.

This, Wyatt would have been prepared to bet, was the conclusion a number of people who had been at the Greystock house that night had already come to.

There was only one thing wrong with this theory as far as Wyatt was concerned, and that was that he didn't believe a word of it.

**T**HE separate pieces of circumstantial evidence against Ann were bad enough by themselves, but somehow the whole picture added up to something more forbidding than the sum of its parts. There was, for example, hidden evidence against her which wasn't real evidence at all but prejudice.

She was young and pretty and she was a stranger in Trenmouth—an outsider. She had needed money, and now Amy Greystock, a well-known native of Trenmouth, was in hospital as a direct result of the loss of her pearl brooch.

Wyatt didn't believe any of it. It all made sense to him except that it was about Ann Rogers. When he got to Ann none of it made sense any more. He made himself be as honest as he knew how. He threw sentiment out as an impediment to rational thought and tried to imagine Ann—impelled perhaps by some motive much stronger than any he knew about—being driven to steal Amy Greystock's pearl. Try as he might, he could think of nothing that he could believe for more than a minute about the Ann Rogers he knew.

In the morning Wyatt went first to his office. He wanted to catch the postman—not the post so much as George Sever, the postman. Sever could tell him what he had to know better than anyone else in Trenmouth.

Wyatt timed his arrival so that he pulled up at the kerb in front of his office just as Sever was crossing the street towards the building.

He called out: "I'll take the letters, George."

Sever came over to the kerb. He was a wiry little man with an affable smile and an ageless air of innocence, which was probably the reason so many people confided in him. Whatever the reason, Sever was the best-informed man in Trenmouth. Delivering letters was a side line. His real vocation was collecting and disseminating news, which he did with the clean efficiency of an international news agency.

"Morning, Mr. Ames," he said, shuffling through a bundle of letters. "Nothing very interesting this morning, I'm afraid—unless your old school dinner is interesting. Here's your invitation to it. I've just left one of these for Dick Greystock."

"Thanks," Wyatt took the letters and pretended to glance through them. This was the time it would come if it was going to come at all. He waited.

George Sever leant sociably on the open window of Wyatt's car and smiled his smile of happy innocence.

"That must have been quite an exciting little party you had at the Greystocks' last night," he said.

"Exciting?" Wyatt repeated. "Oh, you mean poor Miss Amy having another stroke. Yes, it's a great shame. By the way, how is she today? Have you heard?"

"Bad, not good at all. Somebody was telling me she's still in a sort of coma, doesn't even know where she is. She's got to stay absolutely still, the doctor says. She can't see anybody or anything like that." Sever looked suitably solemn for a few seconds, then changed the position of the mailbox and the subject. "Funny how it happened, isn't it?" he said. "I mean, Miss Amy's pearl brooch. A nice-looking girl like that. Well, it just goes to show you, doesn't it, though?"

Wyatt only smiled and looked a little bewildered. "Wait a minute, George. What goes to show what about what?"

"Human nature," Sever said with great alacrity. "It shows you what human nature is, doesn't it? You take a girl like this Rogers girl—nice-looking, friendly and everything."

*Continued overleaf*



● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

## JUST LIKE A MAN

**I**HAD spent most of the afternoon preparing the dessert for dinner, hoping to please my husband of just a few months, who has a very sweet tooth. It seemed as if I had succeeded, for he had not one but four helpings. On finishing he said:

"Don't make this pudding again, dear. It's too sickly."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. Williams, 80 Yarrara Rd., Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

## JUST LIKE A WOMAN

**M**OTHER and I were disagreeing about the type of cream that was served on the scones at afternoon tea. She had the last word when she said:

"Don't you think I know the difference between cream that comes out of a bottle and cream from a cow?"

£2/2/- awarded to W. Lenthall, 11 Marshall Ave., Highbett, Vic.

Send your entries to "Just Like A Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

Everybody welcomes her to the town, treats her right, and what does she do? She worms her way into the Greystock house, acting all sweet as pie and everything, fools everybody right along and then, the first chance she gets, what happens? Whammy!"

Wyatt wanted to hear all of it. "Whammy?" he repeated, mildly enough.

"Well, I don't have to tell you, Mr. Ames. You were there," Sever said. "Anyhow, they caught her. That's the main thing, I suppose. Although that's not going to help poor Miss Amy much. They can't exactly send her to prison, I suppose, since she didn't get away with it. Or can they? What about that, Mr. Ames?"

Wyatt took a deep breath. "I don't know who in the world you've been talking to, George," he said, "but they've given you about the craziest story I've ever heard."

Sever squinted up his eyes keenly. He was proud of his sources of information. "Crazy?" he repeated. "What do you mean by crazy, Mr. Ames?"

"I mean that somebody has taken a handful of unrelated facts," Wyatt went on, "mixed them all together so that it looks as though they prove something and stuffed them in your ear. Actually, the facts don't prove anything."

"Now, wait a minute, Mr. Ames," Sever said, watching Wyatt shrewdly. "Excuse me saying so, but you weren't the only one at the party last night. Somebody else told me they found that pearl brooch stuck right inside the girl's coat. A lot of people saw it. It was a really clever trick to get the pearl brooch out of—"

"Suppose," Wyatt cut in sharply, "somebody found my watch in your mailbag. And suppose you didn't know how it got there. You couldn't explain it. But because it was in your bag everybody called you a thief. Would that make you a thief?"

"That's different. In the first place, I'm not a thief. In the second place, I wouldn't have any reason to steal your watch. In the third place, there'd be an explanation of how your watch got there."

"How?"

"It fell in, dropped in—a lot of different ways."

"Exactly. Or was it put there by somebody who didn't like you?"

"Perhaps. Anyhow, it's entirely different from this other thing. Here there are witnesses—ten or perhaps twelve people saw the whole thing."

"Saw? Saw what?"

"Why, saw the brooch sticking in the girl's coat, of course. If that's not evidence, I don't know what is."

"Then you don't know any-

thing about evidence," Wyatt snapped. "Look, George," he went on, "that isn't conclusive evidence against Ann Rogers. That's an isolated fact that's open to a dozen interpretations."

"Well, it's just a matter of putting two and two together," Sever said, looking puzzled. "And the girl needed money. I heard that the bank turned her down when she wanted money for her school. They must have known something—"

"Miss Rogers didn't get a loan because the bank thought remodelling would lessen the chances of selling her house, which is already heavily mortgaged. It had nothing to do with her character. I had suggested, myself, that she ask for the loan."

"All right. But now you take, for example, the wife of a justice of the peace. She ought to know a thing or two about the law, after all, shouldn't she?"

"Should she?" Wyatt said. Mrs. Calthrop—he should have guessed. The whole thing would be just her cup of tea.

"Now, this lady knows what she saw," Sever continued, "and she knows what to make of it, no mistake about that. Not to mention any names..." He told the story fairly straight. There was nothing new in it except the information that Mrs. Calthrop, too, had noticed that Ann had gone alone into the cloak-room during the evening.

"Now, I ask you," Sever finished, "is that evidence or isn't it?"

"No, it isn't," Wyatt could hear his voice rising in spite of himself. "If any of your informants had actually seen Ann Rogers with the brooch in her hand, pinning it into her coat, that would be evidence. Did they see her?"

"Of course nobody really saw her," Sever snorted at the idea. "She's too clever for that. 'Then it all means nothing.' The heat in Wyatt's voice was the measure of his frustration. Can't you see that?"

Sever continued to smile. He had a sly look in his eye now as he watched Wyatt, as though he had discovered something interesting. "Oh, it means something to me, all right," he said. "It'll mean something to plenty of other people, too. And she did need money. I know you lawyers have a special way of looking at things, but the plain facts are good enough for me—quite good enough. Well, I suppose I'd better be getting back to work."

Sever stepped back from Wyatt's car, hunching his bag into a more comfortable position on his shoulder.

"Wait a minute, George," Wyatt said, making a last attempt to be rational. "Do me a favor and don't go round the town spreading a lot of stories. Let's wait and see what happens."

"Oh, I wouldn't tell anything except what I know is true," Sever interrupted, shaking his head righteously. And Wyatt saw that he really believed what he said. It was, after all, a pointless conversation. Wyatt was on the point of losing his temper, and that would do much more harm than good.

"Good-bye, George," he said sourly. "I hope you don't find somebody's watch in your bag one day."

Wyatt drove on to the shore and Ann's house. He wished that he had something real to tell her, something she could hang on to. But the fact was, things were worse than he had expected. He made himself

swallow the probability that George Sever's attitude would be more or less typical. People didn't know Ann and, in a way, they couldn't be blamed. But if Sever's attitude was Tremouth's attitude, then Ann had already been tried, judged, and found guilty. Guilty until proved innocent.

The moment Wyatt saw Ann's face he knew that something had happened. She was controlled, as she hadn't been the night before. She even tried to smile at him, but it was an obvious fake. In reality she looked like someone who was so frightened of her real



emotions that she had hidden them under a heavy layer of false emotion where she wouldn't have to look at them.

"Good morning," Wyatt said, smiling matter-of-factly. "I don't suppose there's any sense in asking if you've slept well."

"No," she answered, as matter-of-factly. "I hope you did, though."

"Yes. All right." They went into the half-finished schoolroom and sat on canvas deck-chairs among the rolls of new wallpaper and the empty paint tins.

"I've been on to the hospital," Ann said, in a moment. "I wanted to tell Miss Amy... at least, I wanted her to know that I hadn't tried to steal her pearl brooch. But they wouldn't let me speak to her."

"Yes, I know. Nobody can speak to her for some time."

An idea occurred to Wyatt. "By the way, you're not getting something mixed up, are you? Amy isn't thinking—she can't because she was already unconscious in the next room when they found it in your coat. You hadn't forgotten that, had you?"

Ann's mouth twisted into a rueful little smile. "Yes," she said. "I think I had forgotten. Thank you for reminding me."

"Maybe there are lots of things like that," Wyatt said, "things we'll find that look one way but are really some other way." He watched her sideways for a few seconds, then asked: "Any other news?"

"No," Ann said quickly, too quickly. At once she seemed to change her mind. She turned away from him, staring into the empty fireplace, and spoke with artificial casualness. "Yes, I suppose you could call it news—of a kind. I had a little note from Dick this morning. It must have been delivered very early, before I was up. He's had to go to London for a few days. It happened very quickly, he says. Something to do with business."

"I see," Wyatt said. He felt a sharp hot surge of anger. He could only imagine what it must have been like for Ann that morning, but he could imagine pretty well. Ann knew where Mrs. Greystock stood. She must have been waiting to learn where Dick stood, as anxiously as she had ever waited for anything.

Well, here it was. A business trip to London, not ten hours after the incident at the party.

Wyatt bit down hard on the inside of his cheek to stop himself saying what he was thinking. Dick's story would have to stand now.

"It's too bad it had to happen just now," he said, "but I suppose things like that can't be helped."

Ann nodded dumbly, still staring into the fireplace. "Well," she said finally, in the same artificially casual voice, "that's my news. What's yours?"

"Not much," Wyatt didn't look at her. "I've hardly had a chance to talk to anyone. I thought we might sit down to-

as though she wanted to move on past any reference to the physical intimacy of the moment just finished. She got hold of herself enough to speak.

"Wyatt, you mustn't try to help me now," she said. "Last night I didn't believe it was really possible that people would think what they do. You're too nice a person to be hurt by trying to help me. You mustn't—"

"All right, you've said it now," Wyatt interrupted calmly. "I decline the offer with thanks."

She looked up at him, her face still damp with tears. "You mustn't treat it lightly. It could be very serious for you."

"All right, I won't treat it lightly," Wyatt said. "Just tell me one thing honestly and we'll settle this once and for all. If you were in my position and someone... someone you liked very much were in yours and you were sure—as absolutely sure as you'd ever been about anything in your life—that she hadn't done what she was accused of doing, would you try to help her or would you say it wasn't any of your business?"

"But how can you be sure?" Ann said, avoiding a direct answer. "You have only my word and... and you don't really know me very well, do you?"

"All right," he said. "If I've got to have a reason for believing you, I'll give you one. It's only one; there are others. I've been trying to remember things about you—all kinds of things, anything. I remembered a tennis match at the club. You and another girl your age were playing a deciding set and the winner was going to be allowed to play in the regular adult matches. I knew it meant a lot to you, not just for the obvious reasons, but because you might get a chance to play with Dick Greystock."

Wyatt smiled at her easily. "Do you happen to remember any of this?"

Ann nodded. "What's amazing is that you do."

"Anyhow, you got to let point," he went on. "Your point. You needed only that one point to be the winner yourself. The other girl returned your service with a long high lob that looked as though it were going to be out, so you let it go. It landed just on the very edge of the back line. It might have touched the line and it might not. Nobody would have been surprised to hear you call it either way, in or out. I knew what it meant for you to do it, but you called it in."

"Well, it was in." "That's the whole point of the story. I didn't say you pretended it was in to please the other girl. I only said that you told the truth when it would have been easy not to. In any case, the score went back to deuce and you lost the match—which only goes to show that virtue isn't always rewarded."

She looked at him, smiling a little wanly.

"Perhaps it is, Wyatt, if remembering that makes you want to help me now."

"Then we've settled that, haven't we?" "If you really want it settled that way."

"Good. Now let's get down to work."

Wyatt was conscious of a quiet sense of exhalation. He had been openly accepted as an ally in the grim business at hand. He liked the feeling of final commitment it gave him, a linking of his own fate with Ann's.

Dick Greystock could have

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# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

gone to the moon for all he cared, if only his going hadn't brought to Ann's face that look of despair, of utter and complete desolation.

Wyatt now began to think it might be possible to change even that, with luck. He didn't know why, but he was getting his chance. That was all he asked. How much of a chance it turned into was up to him.

"Let's begin," he said, "by admitting that everything looks terrible. Then nothing much can upset us, can it?"

"All right. That part's easy enough."

"Next, did you find your evening bag?"

"No," Ann said. "No, I left it at . . . at the house. I must have, unless I dropped it in your car. But it's not important. There's nothing in it, I'm sure, except a compact and a handkerchief."

"It's not in my car. I looked this morning," Wyatt pulled his brows together so that a deep perpendicular line cut into his tanned forehead. "I don't know why I keep thinking about it myself. Something's stuck in my mind. Do you remember dropping your bag—in the hall, I think?"

"No. I don't remember anything about it, except that I took it to the party and I know I left it with my coat. I suppose I must have picked it up when we started to go, but . . . but I was so upset I don't know how I lost it."

Wyatt nodded thoughtfully, then suddenly shrugged. "Well, it probably doesn't matter. We have more important things to worry about. I'll phone the house some time today, and see if they've found it. What we've got to do, as far as I can see, is just to sit and think for a while."

"I know. I wish I were better at it. I haven't been doing much else since last night."

"Neither have I and I don't pretend to be much wiser, either. But perhaps we can think better together. Anyhow, let's try. There's one thing we've got to know that's more important than anything else, isn't there? We've got to know how Amy's brooch got pinned into your coat. There are actually only two ways it could have got there—by accident or by design. Well, to tell you the truth, I can't really swallow the idea of an accident, can you?"

Ann's face as she listened, watching him, was deeply shadowed with doubt. "To— to believe anything else," she said, "is so horrible."

"Do you honestly think," Wyatt pressed on, "that a piece of jewellery could fall off Amy's dress on to your coat and pin itself into the lining? Or even if by some fluke it could, do you believe in it?"

Ann shook her head miserably. "No," she said, "I don't."

"Neither do I!" Wyatt lit a cigarette. "Then," he said, "somebody put it there, didn't they? Planted it there for a purpose—the purpose being to make it look as though you'd taken it. I don't see how it can mean anything else, and yet I admit this is where I bog down. Who would want to do such a thing? As far as I know, everybody at the Greystock house last night was a complete stranger to you, except for Dick and me. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, you're the only ones I'd ever even spoken a word to. Except, of course, Miss Ames herself—and I told you about my only meeting with

her years ago. All the others, the Greystocks and all their friends, I'd never met before."

For a moment they looked at each other blankly. Then Wyatt fished around in his jacket and brought out the letters George Sever had given him.

He selected an envelope, tore it open, took out an engraved card and stuffed the envelope and the other letters back into his pocket. He turned the card face down on his knee and wrote a list of names one below the other.

"There. That's everyone who was there," he said at last, handing Ann the list. "I've even put down the Greystock servants, who, after all, had an opportunity to go into the room where the coats were, even if it doesn't make much sense. Let's see if we can think of a reason for anybody here wanting to harm you."

Ann stared down at the list in her hand, fingering it. She seemed almost not to want to read it. She turned it over and saw what it was. "But, Wyatt, this is an invitation to your old school dinner," she said. "You'll want it, won't you?"

"No," Wyatt said, "I won't want it. I went to one once. Dick and I went together. Everybody stood around a hotel ballroom in dinner jackets while the successful ones told the unsuccessful ones how successful they were, which drove the unsuccessful ones to drink. No, I won't need it." Wyatt pointed his pencil at the top of the list.

"Now, I started with Mr. and Mrs. Calthrop. What about them? Can you remember anything at all?"

They spent two hours together over the list. When they finally stopped they found themselves considerably further away from an explanation than they had been when they started. They were further away because their combined reason and commonsense had caused them to eliminate one by one every name on the list.

"I know we're wrong," Wyatt said at last. "We've got to be wrong about somebody. One of these people must have put that brooch in your coat, but somehow or other we're overlooking an important link of some sort. Well, we'll just have to start somewhere else, that's all."

Ann still stared down at the card in her hand. "Where, Wyatt?" she said. "I can't think where."

"Oh, there are plenty of other places to start," Wyatt said, getting up and smiling down at her with a good deal more assurance than he actually felt. "For example, I want to find your evening bag, or find out what happened to it. I have to go back to my office for a bit now, but I'll phone the Greystock house from there and let you know if I find anything. Will you have dinner with me tonight?" He saw an apprehension in her eyes that made him add: "I thought we might go to a place I know that's some miles up the coast. Their lobsters are better than Tremmouth ones."

Ann nodded, smiling ruefully at him, perfectly aware that she was being taken out of town to avoid the possibility of an unpleasant incident in Tremmouth.

"Good. I'll pick you up here at seven, then. And don't worry, Ann. I know that sounds silly, but it's really good advice. Think some more about that list instead."

Back at his office Wyatt shut himself in with the telephone. With some misgiving he phoned Mrs. Greystock.

He purposely took quite a little time getting round to what he had to say, learning the same news over again about Amy Greystock and Dick's trip to London. Finally, he said: "I've just been talking to Ann Rogers. She thinks she left her evening bag somewhere over at your place last night. Has it turned up yet?"

"Evening bag?" Mrs. Greystock repeated, as though the sheer irrelevance of the question had kept her from entirely understanding it. "Why, I haven't the faintest idea. And I really can't say that I care. After the complete and utter havoc that girl managed to produce last night I would have thought she might have more on her mind than her evening bag. With Amy in the hospital—"

"Hold on a second, Mrs. Greystock," Wyatt interrupted. "I'm the one who asked you about the bag; she didn't. And everybody is sorry about Amy—Ann Rogers as much as anyone else. It's just that I have an idea that finding the bag might somehow help us to clear up the mystery about Amy's brooch."

"Mystery?" repeated Mrs. Greystock. "Are you mystified?"

"Completely."

There was a pause at the



other end of the line and then Mrs. Greystock's voice came back gently, colored only with sweet reasonableness: "Wyatt, dear," she said, "I don't want to argue with you. For all your sober legal flimflam you're a romantic. You see a lady in distress—a young and very attractive lady in this case—and you're flying to her defence with your eyes shut. Now, that's very dear and quixotic of you, Wyatt, but you're in serious danger of making a fool of yourself. For your own sake, don't do it."

Wyatt stifled the argument that was on the tip of his tongue. Mrs. Greystock was not to be confused with George Sever. Anyway, all he really wanted was information. "I know you only mean to be kind," he said, "and I appreciate it. But I'm afraid it doesn't change my mind."

"No, I didn't think it would," Mrs. Greystock continued, "so I'll tell you something else that perhaps you don't know. I get a chill down my back when I think of what a narrow escape Dick may have had and I don't want to see you go on being fooled."

"Well?"

"You know Mr. Pollock, the jeweller in High Street?"

"Yes."

"He went to Plymouth a few days ago to see another jeweller there, someone he does business with. The Plymouth man told him a story that Mr. Pollock had forgotten until he heard what happened here last night."

There was no suggestion of the gossip in Mrs. Greystock's

voice. She was simply telling a straightforward story that she believed Wyatt ought to know.

"He told Mr. Pollock," she went on, "that the Rogers girl came into his shop in Plymouth one day last week and asked whether he bought unset gems. When he told her he did, she said she hadn't got the stones yet but would have them soon." She paused, and when there was no answer, she added: "That's all."

Wyatt forced his voice to be calm. "What's this Plymouth jeweller's name?" he said.

"I've forgotten. You'll have to ask Mr. Pollock. But the point is—"

"How does he know the girl in his shop was Ann Rogers? Did she give her name?"

"She answered her description and she said she was from Tremmouth. That's how the Plymouth man happened to mention it to Mr. Pollock."

"There are twelve thousand people in Tremmouth. How does it happen that Mr. Pollock decided only today the girl was Ann Rogers?"

"I've told you why," Mrs. Greystock said, a trifle impatiently. "Because the story had no special significance for him until someone told him about last night and Amy's brooch. Then he sensibly put two and two together."

The repetition of this phrase for the second time that day set Wyatt's teeth on edge. "That's as weak a rumor as I've heard today," he said.

"You don't believe it?"

"I can't, as you say, put two and two together and come out with your and Mr. Pollock's answer."

Again it was plain that Mrs. Greystock was not inclined to argue. Her voice was perfectly pleasant, but there was a note of finality in it.

"Well, I just wanted you to know," she said. "I thought perhaps it would make some impression."

"I am glad to know about any rumors," Wyatt said, rather stiffly. "Thanks. I'll try to get to the bottom of it."

When he dropped the receiver back in place his head had begun to ache. All he could think about was getting hold of and doing some bodily harm to Mr. Pollock. He blinked a couple of times, got up and walked the short distance to Pollock's jewellery shop. The walk calmed him down a little, but not much.

Mr. Pollock looked up from the watch he was examining. "Been a nice day, hasn't it, Mr. Ames?" he said agreeably.

"What do you think you're doing, Pollock?" Wyatt blurted out, "spreading vicious rumors around the town about Ann Rogers?"

Mr. Pollock, an unexcitable man, didn't seem to be particularly offended. He even smiled interestedly. "Oh,

about her," he said. "Yes, I heard you were sort of looking after her interests."

"I'm her lawyer," Wyatt snapped.

"Oh, I see. That's the reason," Mr. Pollock's smile broadened. "Well, you've got a very pretty client, Mr. Ames."

"What's this cock-and-bull story you've been telling people you heard from somebody in Plymouth?"

"Oh, it's no cock-and-bull story—don't worry about that," Mr. Pollock continued placidly. "I heard it from a fellow jeweller, and you wouldn't want to know a more reliable man, I've done business with him for years. My father did business—"

"Tell me the whole thing from the beginning," Wyatt cut in.

Mr. Pollock did so, and while his account was full of maddeningly irrelevant comment, it was the story that Mrs. Greystock had already told him.

"Had this man," Wyatt said, when Mr. Pollock had finished, "ever seen Ann Rogers before?"

"Seen her? No, of course not."

"Then how did he know who she was?"

"He didn't know. That's why he asked me."

"And how did you know?"

"Easily enough," Mr. Pollock was enjoying the ready ease with which he gave his answers. "Arthur knows a pretty girl when he sees one, and he's not ashamed to admit it. Well, he described to me this girl who came in asking about unset gems. Remember the girl told him she lived in Tremmouth. She's about five foot three or four," he said to me, "Trim as a ship and pretty as a picture. In her early twenties. Reddish hair." Straight away I said to myself: 'That sounds like that new Rogers girl.' Now, I can see you want me to say that description might fit some other girl in Tremmouth. All right. I've got two answers to that."

"Go ahead."

"First, you and I have lived in Tremmouth all our lives—right? You can walk down the road here just as I can, say to yourself: 'That's so-and-so's daughter or niece, or cousin, or whatever.' Even if you don't really know them, you know about them, you know them by sight—right? Now, tell me some other girl who answers that description."

"I can't do that offhand, of course. But I might very well, if I had time to think about it. There are dozens of families that come and go—you know that."

"All right, then. Here's number two," Mr. Pollock continued, warming to his work. "Last night, up at the Greystocks, you know what happened to Miss Amy's pearl brooch. You know where they found it. All right. A few days before, a girl who looks just like the Rogers girl has been asking about selling an unset gem, one she hasn't yet got. I'm not a specially suspicious man, I didn't even think any more about it until I heard about last night. But I ask you a simple question—what else are you going to think?"

There was a terrifying reasonableness in Mr. Pollock's argument which Wyatt didn't want to think about, so he bolstered up his morale by a show of pretended superior knowledge.

"There are plenty of other

conclusions to come to if you'd really bother to think about it," he said. "You're liable to make yourself a laughing stock later on by spreading a story you can't prove." It seemed to him that Pollock looked singularly untroubled, so he hurried on: "What's this man's address? I may want to see him later on."

Mr. Pollock gave him the address, taking the trouble to write it out himself on a slip of paper. He was still the very essence of geniality, amused and tolerant, and utterly unshaken in his story.

Wyatt went back to his office, furious with himself for his handling of Pollock, or, more precisely, Pollock's handling of him. It was a sorry showing for a man who fancied himself as a cross-examiner of some resource. With Ann, whose vindication meant more to him than he could quite afford to admit, he became not more but spectacularly less capable, as though so deep a personal interest confused his faculties, slowed down his wits.

It frightened him to think what it could do to the rest of Ann's life if the dream she had so carefully nurtured went on forever as the nightmare it had become. He spent the rest of the afternoon laying down plans for a much more intensive campaign than any he had waged so far . . .

The dining-room of the restaurant further along the coast was less than half full when Wyatt and Ann arrived a little after seven.

When he called for her she looked wonderful, he thought. The well-cut dress she wore might just that day have come out of a smart London shop, her hands were freshly manicured and her hair had been brushed until it gleamed with life. It was as though she wanted the world to see and believe that her heart was as high as it had ever been.

He was determined to keep off the subject that engrossed both their lives unless there was some real point in bringing it up. He wanted, if possible, to make Ann forget it for a few hours.

Wyatt managed his campaign with a good deal of success for the better part of an hour. He even managed to make Ann laugh, with stories about some of his early legal experiences, silly stories in which the ridiculous aspects of the law collided with the ridiculousness in human beings.

They had nearly finished their coffee when Mr. and Mrs. Calthrop came into the room. Wyatt didn't have time to question what they were doing this far from Tremmouth. Something telegraphed to him what was going to happen before it did. He tried to avoid it by quickly lighting a cigarette and pretending not to have seen them.

But Mrs. Calthrop was not the kind of woman to be put off by such simple stratagems. She let the waiter seat them at a table nearby, and waited until Wyatt had finished with his cigarette.

Then she inclined her head at him very slightly, her eyes never by the smallest flicker leaving his face to acknowledge Ann's presence. "Good evening, Mr. Ames," she said, with the very faintest of faint smiles. Her silent, well-instructed husband only nodded vaguely.

It was the cut direct, administered by an expert, and it accomplished exactly what it was intended to accomplish.

Wyatt reached across the

Continued overleaf



# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

FOR THE CHILDREN

table for Ann's hand. "Let's get out of here," he said. They got up and left the place. They had driven halfway back to town before Wyatt spoke again. His jaw was set, and he was staring straight in front of him. "Well, how do you like Trem-mouth now?"

Her voice sounded very small and far away, but what she said surprised him.

"It's not Tremmouth," she said. "I don't blame Trem-mouth, or even people like Mrs. Calthrop. It's the way things look, Wyatt. With things looking the way they do, what else can people think?"

This had been Mr. Pollock's argument, and had a curious sound in Ann's mouth.

"I think you'd find some way to justify Tremmouth if it turned out that everyone here was a practising witch," Wyatt said.

They drove on for a while and when he parked the car at the edge of the breakwater they got out and stood where they could overlook all Trem-mouth harbor.

"Have you had a chance to think any more about that list of suspects?" he asked.

"I've done nothing else but think of it. I can recite it backwards and forwards. I even know everything it says on the other side about your school reunion dinner. It's on Thursday, and you're supposed to R.S.V.P. But that's all I know. I haven't really thought

of a single thing to help."

"Never mind. You may, if you keep thinking it over for a while longer." Then he said abruptly: "What happened to-night is my fault. I shouldn't have asked you to come out within a hundred miles of Tremmouth, with people like Mrs. Calthrop at large. I heard something today that should have warned me. I hadn't meant to tell you about it just yet, but now I think I should, so you can be on your guard against things like to-night."

"Do you mean something new?"

"I'm afraid so. There's a story going around town that was started by our local jeweller."

"A jeweller?" Ann's voice was barely audible.

"Yes. The story goes that one day last week you went—"

"That I went to a jeweller's in Plymouth," Ann continued tonelessly, "and asked if they bought unset precious stones. I said I'd come back later when I had the stones."

"Where did you hear that?"

"I didn't hear it. It's true. The whole thing." Ann stared at the water. "Oh, Wyatt, what horrible luck," she said in a desperate half whisper. "I'd forgotten all about it until you said something about a jeweller. I had four unset diamonds—

not very big ones—that belonged to my mother. They were part of a bracelet. My sister has the other four. Well,

remodelling the school-room was costing more than I'd budgeted for, and I couldn't get a loan from the bank, so I thought I'd better see if I could sell them.

"I was in Plymouth, anyway, buying things, and I went into a jeweller's, just any old jeweller's. I didn't know it had anything to do with Tremmouth. After I'd talked to the man there I found I'd forgotten to put the diamonds into my bag, so I told him I'd come back with them later. That's the whole story." She turned towards him. "Do... do you believe me, Wyatt?"

"Of course I believe you." Wyatt's mind was heavy with the ugliness inherent in the unlikely coincidence. It was, as she said, a piece of really spectacular bad luck. All he said was: "Well, I'm glad to know the facts, anyhow. I can spread them in the places where they'll do most good."

Something occurred to him. "Let me get it straight. This could make a lot of difference. When you asked the jeweller if he bought unset stones, did you say what kind of stones you had?"

"I... Yes, I'm sure I did. He asked me, I think."

"Fine," Wyatt said grimly. "That's just fine. If I can get him to remember that one thing and put it in writing, it'll kill this story dead. I'm going to go and see him."

"Wyatt, you don't have to go on with this. You've been wonderful already, and if you wanted to back out of it now, I wouldn't think for a minute—"

"I don't want to back out," Wyatt interrupted almost harshly. "I've told you that. I don't ever want..."

Without giving himself time to think what he was doing he took her face in his hand, turned her to him and kissed her mouth.

He held her tight against him for a few seconds, unaware of anything but her closeness. For an instant Ann was startled and tried to draw away. Then she stopped, neither resisting nor responding until he let her go.

"I suppose that wasn't very fair, was it?" Wyatt said. "I chose a pretty rotten time. I'm sorry."

Ann was silent for a moment. When she spoke her voice was full of pleading. "Please, Wyatt," she said, "please don't fall in love with me."

"I'm afraid it's already a good deal later than you think."

She looked at him then. "It's not you, Wyatt. It's not anything but... but me. I can't let anyone get involved in my life now. I... I just can't."

"Is it," Wyatt asked gently, "still Dick Greystock?"

Her answer was a careful evasion. "It's just that it would be desperately unfair," she said, "for me to think seriously about—about anyone, with my life in the mess it is... I think perhaps you'd better take me home now, Wyatt."

He knew there was nothing more to say. Her argument had the sound of logic in it, but Wyatt was aware of something else that towered over logic. It was the frail end of hope, and she was still clinging to it. For her own reasons, she still believed in Dick.

"All right," he said. "I'll take you home, Ann. I don't want anything that's happened to change things between us. I want to help you as much as ever. You understand that, don't you?"

She nodded without speaking. In the car she sat huddled at

the far side of the seat, looking frightened and far away...

The next few days were a nightmare of frustration for Wyatt. He felt like a man trying to stop up a leaky barrel with ten fingers, where a hundred wouldn't have been enough.

When he phoned the Plymouth jeweller, his son, a taciturn and suspicious young man, said his father was not in Plymouth at all, but was somewhere on the high seas, fishing. He would be back, the son said, on Friday, and, no, there was no way to get in touch with him. Wyatt said he would be there on Friday, but it sounded a month away to him.

Meanwhile, in spite of his ceaseless efforts, the story was getting more wildly distorted, more virulent in form. Wednesday's version had it that Ann had told the jeweller she expected to have a particular and famous pearl to sell him on a given date. Unfortunately, many of the more influential people accepted Mrs. Greystock's and Mrs. Calthrop's decision that Ann was guilty.

Thursday was probably the worst day of the week. In the morning Ann received a note, full of polite and rather flimsy explanations, from Dick's married sister, withdrawing her children from enrolment in the school. In the afternoon of the same day came two further notes on similar lines from two other Tremmouth ladies.

The effect of these communications was devastating, and Wyatt knew it. There was something frightening about the numb way Ann behaved when she told him about it. He knew she needed something tangible to cling to, and he was counting heavily on his trip to Plymouth the following day to provide it.

He planned to take the early train. He stopped at Ann's house immediately after breakfast on his way to the station. Ann opened the door and he knew at once that something had happened. There was color in her face again. She looked somehow—it struck Wyatt as an odd word to pop into his head—triumphant.

There was noticeable relief in his voice. "Well, you look as though you've slept for a week," he said. "What's new?"

Ann only said: "Come into the living-room."

Wyatt followed her. When they got to the living-room he saw Dick Greystock leaning against the mantelpiece smoking a cigarette. He looked very grave.

Wyatt stared at him for a minute, and it was only the look on Ann's face which made him swallow the two or three loud questions that clamored to be asked.

"Hello, Wyatt," Dick said, nodding unsmilingly. "I've just been finding out some of the incredible, the fantastic, things that have been going on here in the few days I've been away. It's unbelievable."

"Oh, they're happening all right," Wyatt said.

"Of course, I wouldn't have left at all if I'd had any idea people were going to put this wild-eyed construction on the accident to Amy's pearl."

"You think it was an accident, then?"

"Of course it was. What else could it have been?"

"That's what we've been trying to find out."

"I know." Dick looked directly at Wyatt; a friendly, appreciative look. "Ann has been telling me how you've gone to bat for her. I'm glad there was at least one person here she could count on."

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Wyatt looked blank. He was finding the experience of being thanked by Dick Greystock a curious one, but he said nothing.

"I must say nobody else has been much good," Dick went on, his voice growing more bitter as he spoke. "And I don't exclude my own family from that either. I'm going to knock some sense into their heads if I have to do it with a club." "That's fine," Wyatt said. "I'll tell you a good place to start. Has Ann told you about your sister's little note yesterday?"

"Note? No."

Wyatt told him the bare facts about withdrawing the children.

Dick's face seemed to grow rigid with anger as he listened. Finally he said: "What a downright rotten thing to do. Ann, I... I can't begin to tell you how sorry and ashamed it makes me feel. Well, I'll take care of her. Those kids will come to your school if it's the last thing they ever do, or I'll know the reason why."

Ann looked her thanks at him, but she said: "I don't want you to quarrel with your family, Dick."

"Well, I do," he blazed back. "How any bunch of presumably civilised people could spend even one evening with such stinking implications is something I don't understand. There might be some excuse if they'd never met you and hadn't seen for themselves what kind of person you are."

There was a puzzled look on Wyatt's face. He had so thoroughly convinced himself that Dick had run for cover that the reappeared Dick—not only reappeared, but an outraged and fighting ally—was someone he couldn't adjust his mind to. But there was no denying his presence, nor the fact that his presence could enormously help Ann's cause.

"When you've finished beating up your family," Wyatt said, "there's something else you can do. There's inevitably been a good deal of comment about your leaving town just when you did, and it hasn't helped Ann a bit. You could do a lot of good by explaining that it had no connection with Amy's brooch. I'd suggest you start with Mrs. Calthrop and move on to our local plague-carrier, George Sever."

"I'll do that gladly, of course," Dick said at once, "but I promise you they're going to hear a good deal more than that from me." He turned again to Ann, and again his fair handsome face was flooded with compassion and chagrin. "Ann," he said helplessly, "Ann, if I'd even dreamed that my going away for a few days was going to make people

think—was going to hurt you, I'd gladly have let the whole business go to pot indefinitely."

"I'm glad you didn't do that, anyhow," Ann said, meeting his look with a warm gratitude of her own. "You're here now and that's much more important."

Dick turned back to Wyatt. "What about this other thing, Wyatt? This crazy story some Plymouth jeweller is telling."

"I'm going to see him this morning," Wyatt glanced at his watch. "I've got to go right now. I'll be back this afternoon, Ann, and I'll tell you then what happens."

"Good luck," Dick said.

Ann walked to the door with him. "It's wonderful of you to go, Wyatt," she said, holding out her hand to him. "In fact, you're being pretty wonderful about everything."

"So wonderful, in fact," Wyatt said sourly, "that I haven't accomplished one concrete thing. Well, I'd better go."

He paused for a second to see if she would say anything about Dick. She didn't. And she didn't need to. She was in exactly as much personal trouble as she had been the night before, but she was like a different person. Life and the courage to fight had come back into her, and Wyatt did not need a man with a pointer to tell him why. He nodded briskly and hurried out to his car.

The Plymouth jeweller did not resemble his Tremmouth counterpart. He had an impressive head of blue-white hair, a dark grey suit, and a quiet tie. His manner was one of steely affability.

Cautiously Wyatt explained his errand. He had a distinct feeling that the man usually held out for, and got, his own way. His jaw had a stubborn set behind the smile. Readily enough, he recited the bare skeleton of his interview with Ann.

Then Wyatt said: "I suppose you asked Miss Rogers what sort of gems she wanted to sell. Do you remember what she told you?"

"Oh, now you're pinning me down, Mr. Ames," he said, almost waggishly. "Dozens of people come in here every day, you know."

"Yes. Well, perhaps I can help," Wyatt took a chance, a chance on the man's stubborn jaw. "She said she wanted to sell a pearl, didn't she?"

"No, I don't remember that."

"But she must have. A single pearl—a well-known pearl."

"There was nothing about a pearl. You may take my word for that."

To page 60







**MIXED GARDEN** of hardy flowers, such as zinnias, petunias, and hydrangeas, bordering a paved path, makes a colorful summer scene without too many gardening chores. This garden is at Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sweeney's home, at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. Pictured is Michel Ingleton with the Sweeneys' dachshund, Polly.

## Holiday garden care

● If you want a garden that does not peak and pine while you are away on holidays this season, get busy now and put it into a sound condition for your vacation.

**F**IRST get rid of the weeds, or there will be many more by the time you return, meaning months of hard work.

Go over the vegetable beds and flower gardens and put them into a condition of sound tilth by cultivating well.

Then if there are storms the shrubs, trees, and perennials on which you have spent so much money and time will still be in good condition when the holiday is over.

Spray everything that is allergic to disease or likely to become pest-infested. This will save a lot of trouble later, and probably a lot of plants.

Annuals and vegetables have a lean time during holidays. They are mostly of shallow-rooting habits, and unless watered after a heatwave or a succession of very hot days, may fade out altogether.

Most perennials and biennials go down deeper and fossick for moisture in the sub-soil. Even when you are at home, shrubs and trees that are well established usually look after themselves, and rarely react to dry weather.

At the same time a light cultivation all round valued shrubs and trees, followed by a sound saturation a day or two before you leave, will be all to the good of their health and vigor.

Pot plants, window troughs, and boxes, and tubs carrying azaleas and similar plants, really suffer while you are away, unless you

provide for their care during your absence.

It pays to employ a boy, a girl, a man, or a woman with some gardening knowledge to water them every day or two, for in hot weather plants confined in limited space, even in a shady spot, can dry out and wither or die if neglected for long.

In summer, too, cymbidiums and many others are making new growths and need regular moisture.

Many pot plants can be "plunged" into fairly deep beds of medium-sized cinders or coke. Water these well before you leave, and tell your deputy how often to water them.

Don't forget the lawn. Cut and water it before you go, or get your regular man to do the job for you.

In the vegetable garden, root crops probably will be still standing when you get back, even if you don't employ anyone to look after them.

Tomatoes will fade out after a few really hot days, so will lettuces and beans. Beans can be hilled up slightly with soil before you go, unless they already have partly cropped, for they will be finished if you are away two or three weeks.

Rhubarb, chokos, passionfruit vines, grape vines also will forage for themselves for most of the time, but in almost every instance a few shilling or a few pounds spent on labor in your absence will be repaid by the condition of everything when you return.

Continuing ...

## The Gardener's ABC

**HORMONE:** Substance produced in one part of a plant that affects the function or regulates the action of another part. Students of plant physiology assume that there are root-forming, flower-forming, and other process-regulating substances present in plants as hormones. Also applied to synthetic chemicals such as 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, which act as weed-killers, and to others used for accelerating root-forming on cuttings.

**HUMUS:** Organic or non-mineral material that makes up a large part of any good soil. It usually consists of more or less decomposed remains of vegetable and animal matter.

**HYBRID:** Variety resulting from cross-fertilisation; a crossbred.

**INARCHING:** Type of plant propagation in which one plant, providing the scion, is joined to another plant, providing the stock, while each grows on its own roots.

**INFLORESCENCE:** Manner in which flowers are arranged or borne on plants. This can apply to clusters, spikes, racemes, panicles, etc.

**INORGANIC:** Not living, such as rock or sand, as contrasted with organic or living matter, which comprises all plant and animal life.

Next week: Continuing the I's.

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# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS," by Lawrence Williams

"It's not your word I doubt, but your memory. A good many people seem so positive Miss Rogers asked about a pearl . . ."

"It was not a pearl she asked about, and I'll tell you why," the jeweller said flatly. He was getting just the faintest bit pink above his collar, and Wyatt knew it was all over now. "She said she wanted to sell some diamonds."

"Diamonds?"

"Four small heirloom diamonds of no very great worth, I gathered. He had forgotten to put them in her bag."

Wyatt frowned into space. "Diamonds, eh? Nothing about a pearl. You'd swear to that?"

"Naturally."

"Well, all right," Wyatt said rather reluctantly and produced a typed statement which needed only a few words written in ink to make it all he wanted it to be.

The jeweller studied it carefully, striking out and adding a word here and there to save his dignity, though the effect was the same, and at last he signed it.

The whole business hadn't taken a quarter of an hour, and Wyatt was out in the street again with the paper in his pocket hours before the train back to Tremmouth. He went into a phone box and asked for Ann's number, but there was no answer. His news would have to wait.

He started to walk. For a short space of time he felt quite elated at his quick victory over the jeweller. His satisfaction didn't last long, however. It was true that he could now choke off the story about Ann and the jeweller, but he had to face the fact that the story was not and never had been the central issue. The hard core of the problem remained, and he was no closer to it than he had been on the night of the Greystocks' dinner party.

Wyatt kept walking round and round, and, like his feet, his mind always brought him back to the same place. He realised at last he wasn't working on the problem at all, but was only flashing pictures across his mind—pictures of Ann opening the door to him that morning with a returned Dick Greystock in her living-room, of Ann pleading with him not to fall in love with her.

These were the first few hours of enforced leisure he had had for days, hours in which there was nothing to do but think, and he was finding them too much for him. The fact was, he didn't dare think too far, not about Ann. He was afraid of where honest thought might lead him.

There was a means at hand of obliterating private thought, and Wyatt decided to take it. He walked until he came to the first cinema on his side of the street, bought a ticket and went in.

It turned out to be a news theatre, which was as good as anything else for his purpose. Or, at least, so he thought. But after ten minutes of watching an odd intermingling of the world in chaos and a fashion show, his mind began to stray back to Ann. His eyes continued to watch the screen, but he could really have been anywhere.

It was perhaps half an hour later that the thing happened.

President Eisenhower was attending some sort of diplomatic function, a banquet perhaps, because Mrs. Eisenhower was with him, and they were in dinner clothes. Wyatt's mind simply registered this much, and no more. An an-

nouncer's voice was explaining what the occasion was, but he didn't really hear.

Somebody in the scene—it might have been Mrs. Eisenhower—dropped something. The President stooped over, picked it up and put it in the side pocket of his dinner jacket.

Wyatt leaped out of his seat and rushed up the aisle towards the door. He knew now where Ann's evening bag was. President Eisenhower had done the trick. There was no physical resemblance at all between President Eisenhower and Dick Greystock, but when the President had picked up something and put it in the pocket of his dinner jacket, across Wyatt's memory had flashed a picture of Dick doing exactly the same thing.

It had been in the hall of the Greystock house during the nervous excitement of taking Miss Amy out to the ambulance. The bag had slipped from Ann's fingers, and Dick, probably unconsciously, had picked the bag up and dropped it into the side pocket of his dinner jacket.

Wyatt was as sure of the accuracy of the picture in his mind as he had ever been of anything. He hadn't any idea of what the memory meant or whether the discovery would lead anywhere at all, but he knew he wanted to hold the bag in his hand. He had a vivid picture of Dick's dinner jacket hanging in a wardrobe with the little bag unnoticed and forgotten in the pocket.

Wyatt took a taxi to the station and spent an infuriating forty-five minutes pacing up and down the waiting-room. At Tremmouth his car was parked at the station, and he drove at once to Dick Greystock's office. He found Dick on the telephone.

"I've phoned half the population of Tremmouth today," Dick said, as he hung up. "I've given a lot of people something to think about."

"Come with me for a few minutes," Wyatt interrupted. "I think I know where Ann's bag is."

"Good," Dick got up at once. "Where do we go?"

"To your place. It's in your dinner jacket, or was Ann

dropped it the night of the dinner party and you picked it up. You put it in your pocket."

"I did? I don't remember anything like that."

"All of us were excited that night. You probably didn't know you did it. Have you worn your dinner clothes since?"

"No. You know I've been away." Dick stood frowning, apparently trying to remember.

"Let's go," Wyatt said impatiently. "My car's outside." They drove quickly across town to the Greystock house.

As they got out of the car Dick asked: "Did you have any luck with the jeweller?"

"Yes. That part's all right," Wyatt said shortly. "He's signed a statement."

"Good for you. Tell me, Wyatt, why all this excitement about Ann's evening bag? Is there something valuable in it, or what?"

"No. I don't know myself. It's just something that hasn't made any sense from the beginning. Perhaps it won't help at all, but let's find out."

They hurried up the front steps together.

"I'll be straight down," Dick said.

Wyatt waited in the big drawing-room while Dick went up to his own room. In a minute or two he heard Dick's steps coming down the stairs and he went out into the hall to meet him.

Dick was looking very strange, half bewildered, half excited. "I honestly thought this thing was a wild goose chase," he said, "but look!" He held out the little bag in his hand.

Wyatt took it. It looked disappointingly unprovocative. He opened it.

There came from inside a faint, delicate scent of perfume. There were four objects in the bag—a tiny flat compact, a comb, a handkerchief, and a folded piece of white note-paper.

Wyatt took out the paper, unfolded it and read a hurriedly scrawled note in pencil, which said:

"My dear Ann Rogers,

"I have just this minute pinned my Capricorn brooch

into the lining of your coat, where you will surely find it when you get home. This note will tell you why I have put it there. I want you to have it because I want to repay you—or I suppose I mean want to repay through you—something I can now never repay you. Aunt Grace Holley. She was the kindest and closest friend I ever had in my life, and I did more to hurt her than I have ever done to anyone."

"A long time ago, before you were born, Grace and my brother Stephen were engaged to be married. But before the wedding Stephen met another girl—his wife, whom you met tonight—and they eloped."

"Then I did something I have been ashamed of all the rest of my life. I was very weak, and yielded to pressure to turn against Grace for the sake of harmony in my brother's house. I never spoke to Grace again, and I suppose she grew to hate me."

"I want you, her niece, to take my brooch, because it is the nicest thing I have, and knowing that you have it will make me feel a little less ashamed. I am still too much of a coward to give it to you openly."

"I know my brother and his wife would not like me to tell you all this, but I am not well now, and so I don't care as much as I used to. You admired my brooch tonight, which makes me hope that you will enjoy wearing it sometimes."

"Yours sincerely,

"Amy Greystock."

Wyatt handed the note to Dick, then carefully put everything back into the bag. The victory was complete and absolute. But the triumph he might have felt in it was tempered by the thought of Amy Greystock, frightened into a heart attack by trying to face out the disappearance of her brooch with her brother and sister-in-law. At least she didn't know what havoc her intended kindness had created in Ann's life. While she had been the cause she was also now the instrument of its end.

Dick finished reading. "When I think of this thing just hanging up there for a week it makes me—" He interrupted himself sharply. "Ann's got to

know about this right away."

Wyatt nodded without speaking and they left the house . . .

The two men flanking Ann watched her as she read. When she finally looked up there were the beginning of tears in her eyes. "I . . . I've got to talk to her somehow," she said. "I've just got to."

"It's all right. You can in a few days," Dick said. "The doctor told me so this afternoon." At once he launched into a description of the discovery of the bag in his dinner jacket. "It makes me feel horrible," he finished. "I mean, if I hadn't picked up your bag in the first place, or at least if I'd—"

"It's silly to blame yourself, Dick," she said, looking up at him, her lips trembling uncertainly. "Anyway, now it's . . . it's all over. It's all—"

The tears that had sprung up were past denying now, and in relief she let them come.

In a step Dick had her in his arms. Wyatt watched her for a moment, standing there sobbing like a child. Then he turned and walked out of the house.

Outside it was already dusk, and a mist dropped across the harbor. Wyatt got into his car and began to drive without any direction. He wanted to be somewhere away from Tremmouth, away from the place where Ann and Dick Greystock were together.

It was pitch dark, and he found himself in a town he knew to be miles up the coast when he finally pulled up at the side of the road telling himself that he was acting like a fool.

Sitting there, he forced out of himself one small, rather self-evident decision. This was simply that he must make himself go back again into the regular pattern of his working, everyday life as the only possible antidote to thought. Sooner or later he would have to do it, anyway, and this running away was only postponing it.

He turned the car round and began the long drive back. At about ten-thirty he saw that he was about to pass a big roadside hotel about five miles from Tremmouth, and he turned into it. He was aware that he hadn't eaten since morning, and he wanted to avoid some more familiar restaurant in the town itself.

Inside the place was full. He was told he would have to wait for a table, so he began to make his way to the lounge.

Almost at once he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and heard a voice speak his name.

The speaker turned out to be a man named Colin Drane, who had been at school with Wyatt. Colin was an enormous man, a notable athlete in his schooldays. Now he was a salesman for a company that handled expensive cars.

Wyatt was almost glad to see Colin Drane, because Colin always talked a lot. The more he talked the less Wyatt would be able to think. "Hello, Colin," he said. "What are you doing down here?"

"You're a rotten type, Wyatt, you really are," Colin said, with obvious pleasure. "You never let your old friends get a look at you any more. Shame, Wyatt, old boy. What am I doing here? Why, I've just sold a little old horseless carriage to a man in Tremmouth, that's what. He's a smart man, Wyatt. A really smart man . . . Hey, I've got a bone to pick with you," Colin veered suddenly. "Where were you last night?"

"Last night?"

"The dinner, old boy. The old school dinner," Colin said, with the impatience of a man

required to belabor the obvious.

"Oh. I was busy."

"No excuse. It comes but once a year, like Christmas—and you were busy. Oh, Wyatt. Well, I'll forgive you this time, but you'd better make it next year, that's all." Colin dropped this topic and smiled amiably. "Tell me something, Wyatt. What kind of car do you drive?"

Wyatt told him. "They're all right, perfectly all right—good adequate transport." Colin nodded, looking fair and square. "Of course, the only thing is, everybody and his brother has got one just like it. I drive a pretty little job, myself."

Wyatt began to concentrate on whether being alone was altogether less desirable than having Colin Drane try to sell him a car. He looked past Colin into the dining-room to see if he could tell how much longer he would have to wait. The door of the restaurant opened as he looked, and Dick Greystock and Ann came in.

Ann saw him at once and came straight towards him, Dick following close behind.

Her face was half pleased, half anxious. "Wyatt, I tried to telephone you earlier, but I couldn't get you," she said. "You just disappeared."

"Disappeared!" Colin repeated instantly. "Wyatt, you're no gentleman. How could you disappear, with such a pretty lady looking for you?"

"I just went for a drive," Wyatt said to Ann, then immediately introduced Colin, who was effusively gallant.

Dick shook hands with Colin briefly, and said: "Let's get a table, Ann, and have some dinner. I'm starving."

"No tables, Dick, old boy," Colin said philosophically. "Gotta wait, like the rest of us."

"I think we'd better go back to town," Dick said, running his eye quickly over the dining-room. "It may be a long time."

Ann looked uncertainly at Wyatt as though she wanted to understand what he was doing here in this particular company.

It was Colin who answered Dick. "Relax," he said. "You ought surely to be in need of a quiet cigarette or two after last night, friend Dick."

Wyatt heard only the end of this. "Did you go to the dinner last night, Dick?" he asked.

Dick turned again to Ann more insistently, ignoring the question. "We're never going to get a table here," he said. "Let's go."

"Was he at the dinner?" Colin repeated, hilarity rising into his voice. "Was he? Large as life, he was there. Come to think of it, maybe a little larger than life."

This witticism tickled Colin beyond speech for a time. He seemed utterly oblivious of the angry stare Dick was giving him.

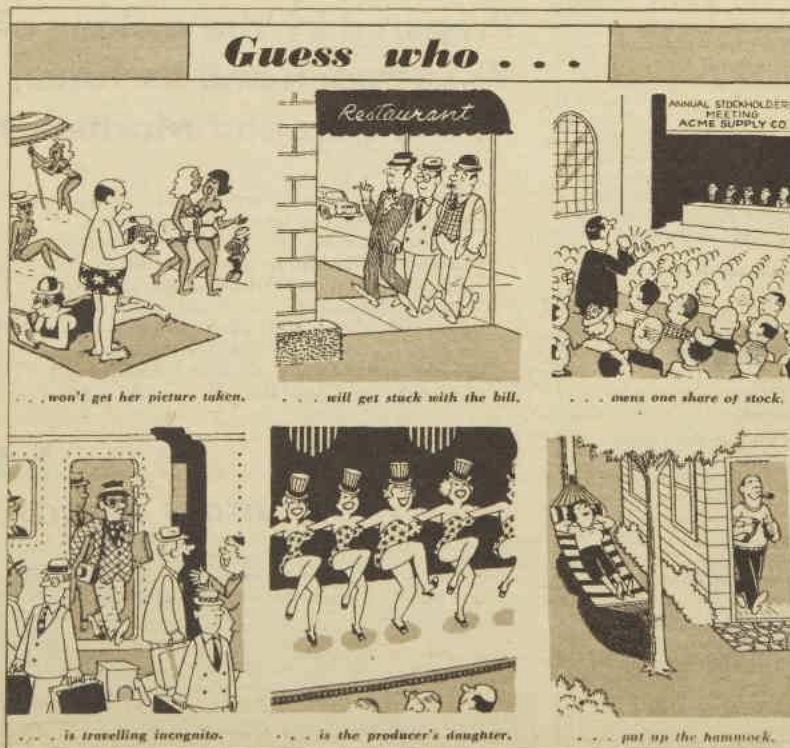
An idea shot through Wyatt's mind, and he glanced quickly at Ann, but Dick was monopolising her attention.

"Come on, Ann," Dick said shortly, taking her arm. "This isn't getting us anything to eat, is it?"

Ann looked up at Dick for a moment, then nodded agreement. "All right," she said. "Let's go somewhere else then. Good-bye, Wyatt." She nodded to Colin, and Dick propelled her quickly through the crowded room and out the door.

The whole thing had taken no more than two minutes, but Wyatt felt as though somebody had suddenly pushed him into an icy lake and held him

To page 61





# BEGINNER'S PATTERN

F4390.—Beginner's pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's dress - and - ribbon - trimmed party dress. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 2 yds. material; 2 yds. 4 in. edging; and 1½ yds. 4 in. ribbon. Price 2/6.



# Fashion PATTERNS

\* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



F4392.—American-styled skirt and separate blouse. Sizes 30 to 36 in. bust. Requires: Skirt, 3 yds. 36 in. material; blouse, 2 yds. 36 in. material. Price 3/9.

F4393.—Sleeveless slender-line sheath dress. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3 1/3 yds. 36 in. material. Price 3/9.



F4396



F4393



F4395

F4394

# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

\* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

No. 392.—SMALL GIRL'S SUN DRESS. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pin-spot summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes pink, green, red, and blue all printed with a white spot. Sizes: Length 18 in. for 2 years 17/3, 20 in. for 3 to 4 years 18/3, 23 in. for 5 to 6 years 18/11, 26 in. for 7 to 8 years 19/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 394.—BARBECUE CLOTH AND SERVETTES. The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is headcloth and the color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The serviettes are in check cotton gingham in red and white; blue and white; pink and white; and green and white. Sizes: Cloth, 36 in. by 36 in. 10/8. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Serviettes, 11 in. by 11 in. 9d. each. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 395.—SET OF TEA-TOWELS. The tea-towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is white linen; each towel is finished with multi-colored stripes. Sizes 20 in. by 30 in. 5/11 each, postage 1/- extra. Set of three 17/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 396.—DAY-TIME DRESS. Smart day-time dress designed for easy laundering is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes black and white; green and white; red and white; brown and white; and pink and white. Sizes: 32 and 34 in. bust 15/6, 36 and 38 in. bust 16/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.



F4396.—Smart dress and jacket ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 7 yds. 36 in. material; 1½ yds. 36 in. light-colored contrast material; ½ yd. 36 in. dark-colored contrast material, plus 10 yds. braid. Price 4/6.

# "FORBIDDEN DREAMS"

under. What he had just heard was paralysing in its implication, and he wanted to be by himself so that he could discover if it meant what his reason already told him it meant.

"I think I won't wait either, Colin," he said. "It's getting late."

"Rush, rush, rush," Colin said plaintively. "Don't you know, Wyatt, that's the reason why people have ulcers . . ."

But Wyatt was already out of carshot. He drove towards the shore and parked the car at the end of a road near the beach. He lit a cigarette, and let his mind race over the things he had just heard.

Dick had gone to the school dinner the night before. That meant he had worn his dinner jacket, because it just wasn't done not to.

Wyatt then asked himself if it were possible for a man to wear a suit for a whole evening and not discover even a small evening bag in the jacket pocket. As a man, his immediate answer was no. Then, if Dick had discovered the bag last night and read Amy Greystock's note, his reappearance this morning as Ann's champion had been a man betting on a certainty. He must already have known she was innocent. Dick had thought she was guilty, just as his mother and so many others did, until he had stumbled on positive proof that she was not.

But it was what Dick had done with this proof that boggled Wyatt's mind. Deliberately prolonging the misery of Ann's situation, Dick had concealed the proof while he set about restoring himself to a strong position in her eyes. How long he might have gone on with it was anybody's guess. As long as it served his purpose, Wyatt supposed. Until one day when he would suddenly have found the bag and the note in some likely hiding-place and proved to the world Ann's innocence. It was a strange way of being in love. And yet Wyatt believed that Dick was in love, as much as he would ever be in love with anyone.

Wyatt's memory of the bag in his pocket had, of course, been the monkey-wrench in Dick's plan. But he had adapted himself very quickly and carried it off with amazing calm. He had simply gone up to his room, taken the bag from wherever he had put it for safe keeping, brought it down to Wyatt, and witnessed the discovery of the note as though for the first time.

All this, Wyatt was absolutely convinced, was true. But the next step was much harder. What if it was true? What could he do about it? He couldn't simply go to Ann and tell her what Dick had done. He wasn't made like that and, anyway, would that really help her?

Tomorrow everybody would know the truth about Amy Greystock's brooch — if they didn't know it already — and Ann would take up her life again. She could go back to it with a whole town's apologies and a clean slate. It would not be much of a favor to take from her the faith she had in Dick Greystock. He knew he couldn't do it.

And Wyatt decided he wouldn't do it. He had to make a second decision immediately to keep the first one down. He would leave Trenmouth and set up somewhere else. He'd had several good offers over the years to go with legal firms here and there. It would be necessary to go somewhere. He couldn't spend his life hiding what he knew from

Ann; and it might be even harder hiding it from Dick.

There was nothing more to think about, so Wyatt turned the car back towards Trenmouth. He felt cold and dead and empty inside. After a time he stopped at a roadside cafe and ordered a sandwich, because eating seemed to be an ordinary, normal thing to do. But he left it half finished.

The clock on his dashboard said it was almost eleven-thirty when he got back to the Graham Guest House. There was no longer anyone behind the desk and Wyatt leaned across and flipped his key off the rack as he had done a hundred times before. He walked to the stairs.

"Wyatt?" The voice came softly out of the shadows of the little lounge off the hall, but Wyatt spun round as though a gun had gone off in his ear.

She stepped tentatively into the light, watching him.

"Ann!"

"I've been waiting for you," she said. "I . . . I want to tell you . . ." Her voice faltered as Wyatt stood staring at her. Then she took a step towards him, looking up into his face. She said suddenly: "Oh, Wyatt, can't you see what I want to tell you?"

Wyatt saw. He had her in his arms and she was clinging to him as though she couldn't let go.

At last Wyatt said: "You know, Ann?"

She spoke rapidly, her cheek pressed tight against his, the words spilling out of her. "Yes, I know," she said. "I know everything. I knew Dick must have found my bag when he went to that dinner, because I remembered your invitation to it. I've been staring at it for a week. You wrote that list of names on it and I remembered it said you had to dress. Oh, Wyatt, he knew—he'd already read the note and he knew. But you . . . you—Wyatt, I've been such a complete idiot."

He kissed her hair. "No," he said. "No, you haven't been an idiot. Everything went against you."

"Yes, an idiot," she swept on passionately. "I invented something a long time ago, a silly dream that was too good to be true. I wanted Trenmouth to be heaven and the Greystocks to be saints. Neither of those things is true, but that's not a bad discovery. It's a wonderful discovery. It's only the truth, and the truth is better than dreams any day."

"Of course it is," Wyatt said. "Of course it is. This is no worse than any other town, and it's no better. The people are the same. The place doesn't matter."

"But you're not a dream, Wyatt," Ann said softly. "You're real, the most real thing I've ever known. I don't want you to be a dream."

Gently Wyatt held her a little away from him so that he could see her face. "I was going to go away, Ann," he said, "and set up again in some other town. Will you come with me?"

"I'll go with you anywhere in the world," Ann answered. "But you said the place didn't matter. And it doesn't matter to me any more. I'll go anywhere, but I'll stay in Trenmouth with you, too, if you want me to."

It was then that Wyatt knew everything would be all right. Looking into her face, he saw that she wasn't even afraid of a shattered dream now.

Two people who really put their hearts into it could make one place pretty much like another. Everything would be fine now.

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## Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, sets out to search for his sister Lenore, the famous explorer. When Mandrake receives a month-old letter from Lenore, he learns that she planned to investigate the mystery of Witchmen's Peak,

the mountain feared by the natives. Hearing nothing from her since, they go to Africa. They hope their arrival will be a surprise to the local witchmen, but news travels fast in the jungle, and huge crowds welcome Lothar, King of the Federated Tribes. **NOW READ ON:**



### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By **RUD**





# GOT THOSE musty wardrobe blues?



## Quick! the Air-wick

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You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural or freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, go to work—give you golden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



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KILLS  
SMELLS  
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## HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOIDS**



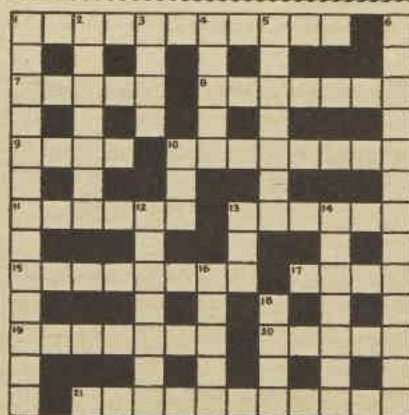
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- For these chains of mountains colder rails are needed (11).
- Means of communication or aid mixed (5).
- Such place is the bed and the grave (7).
- Measuring length in a javelin challenge match (4).
- Understand a crib with a heavy weight on (6, 2).
- A widow takes what has missed destruction with tea (6).
- Stationed but usually happens to every letter (6).
- They are dead, but they still stick to the branch (8).
- It intoxicates, mostly in the Levant (4).
- Stimulated and the end is quoted (7).
- The white poplar (5).
- Promotions not unknown to the Vicar of Bray (11).

IMPASSE EXACT  
N R H S M E I  
DRAPE CABARET  
M T A O R I T  
SLIP ARBOREAL  
N C T W E  
FAGGOT ANTICS  
O N M S N  
REACTION SHOT  
E R I T S E U  
MESSIAH APRON  
B O T E L I E  
NONCE ROASTED

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Used to bring the airmail and sometimes it still does (7, 6).
- Inherent in a cad and a liar (7).
- I study a sacred image (4).
- Look, there is a torn rag in this musical direction (5).
- If Bismarck had been backwardly knighted he would have made an Italian dish (7).
- Their field of action is laid down well in advance (6, 7).
- In every composition played staccato this animal appears twice (3).
- Clay crucible for glass-making is cute outwardly (7).
- Walk tiptoe, lose the bird, and get the poet (3).
- Crested dog's-tail grass is near ten (7).
- Join the French article and make it muddled (5).
- Ardent and at the end preparing for war (4).

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# Arnott's

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## JATZ

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